

CANTERBURY

TALES



LEE

CANTERBURY TALES.

BY

SOPHIA LEE.

Fancy, like the finger of a clock,
Runs the great circle, and is still at home.

COWPER.

BOSTON AND NEW YORK :
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY.
The Riverside Press, Cambridge.
1886.

The Riverside Press, Cambridge :
Printed by H. O. Houghton and Company.

INTRODUCTION.

THERE are people in the world who think their lives well employed in collecting shells; there are others not less satisfied to spend theirs in classing butterflies. For my own part, I always preferred animate to inanimate nature; and would rather post to the antipodes to mark a new character, or develope a singular incident, than become a fellow of the Royal Society, by enriching museums with nondescripts. From this account, you, my gentle reader, may, without any extraordinary penetration, have discovered that I am among the eccentric part of mankind, by the courtesy of each other, and themselves, ycleped poets:—a title, which, however mean or contemptible it may sound to those not honored with it, never yet was rejected by a single mortal on whom the suffrage of mankind conferred it;—no, though the laurel-wreath of Apollo, barren in its nature, was twined by the frozen fingers of Poverty, and shed upon the brow it crowned her chilling influence. But when did it so?—Too often destined to deprive its graced owner of every real good, by an enchantment which we know not how to define, it comprehends in itself such a variety of pleasures and possessions, that well may one of us cry—

“Thy lavish charter, taste, appropriates all we see!”

Happily, too, we are not like *virtuosi* in general, encumbered with the treasures gathered in our peregrina-

tions. Compact in their nature, they lie all in the small cavities of our brain: which are indeed often so small as to render it doubtful whether we have any at all. The few discoveries I have made in that richest of mines, the human soul, I have not been churl enough to keep to myself; nor, to say truth, unless I can find out some other means of supporting my corporeal existence than animal food, do I think I shall ever be able to afford that sullen affectation of superiority.

Traveling, I have already said, is my taste; and, to make my journeys pay for themselves, my object. Much against my good liking, some troublesome fellows, a few months ago, took the liberty of making a little home of mine their own; nor, till I had coined a small portion of my brain in the mint of my worthy friend, GEORGE ROBINSON, could I induce them to depart. I gave a proof of my politeness, however, in leaving my house to them; and retired to the coast of Kent, where I fell to work very busily. Gay with the hope of shutting my door on these unwelcome visitants, I walked in a severe frost from Deal to Dover, to secure a seat in the stage-coach to London. One only was vacant; and, having engaged it, "mauger the freezing of the bitter sky," I wandered forth to note the *memorabilia* of Dover, and was soon lost in one of my fits of exquisite abstraction.

With reverence I looked up to the cliff which our immortal bard has, with more fancy than truth, described. With toil mounted, by an almost endless staircase, to the top of a castle, which added nothing to my poor stock of ideas but the length of our virgin queen's pocket-pistol—that truly *Dutch* present:—cold, and weary, I was pacing towards the inn, when a sharp-visaged barber popped his head over his shop-door, to *reconnoiter* the inquisitive stranger. A brisk fire, which I suddenly cast my eye on, invited my frozen hands and feet to its precincts. A

civil question to the honest man produced on his part a civil invitation; and having placed me in a snug seat, he readily gave me the benefit of all his oral tradition.

"Sir," he said, "it is mighty lucky you came across *me*. The vulgar people of this town have no genius, sir,—no taste—they never show the greatest curiosity in the place.—Sir, we have here the tomb of a poet!"

"The tomb of a poet!" cried I, with a spring that electrified my informant no less than myself—"What poet lies here? and where is he buried?"

"Aye, *that* is the curiosity," returned he, exultingly.—I smiled: his distinction was so like a barber. While he had been speaking, I recollected he must allude to the grave of Churchill: that vigorous genius, who, well calculated to stand forth the champion of freedom, has recorded himself the slave of party, and the victim of spleen! So, however, thought not the barber; who considered him as the first of human beings.

"This great man, sir," continued he, "who lived and died in the cause of liberty, is interred in a very remarkable spot, sir. If you was not so cold and so tired, sir, I could show it you in a moment." Curiosity is an excellent great-coat: I forgot I had no other, and strode after the barber to a spot surrounded by ruined walls, in the midst of which stood the white marble tablet, marked with Churchill's name—to appearance its only distinction.

"Cast your eyes on the walls," said the important barber:—"they once inclosed a church, as you may see!"

On inspecting the crumbling ruins more narrowly, I did, indeed, discern the traces of Gothic architecture.

"Yes, sir," cried my friend the barber, with the conscious pride of an Englishman, throwing out a gaunt leg and arm—"Churchill, the champion of liberty, is interred *here*!—Here, sir, in the very ground where King John did homage for the crown he disgraced!"

The idea was grand. In the eye of fancy, the slender pillars again lifted high the vaulted roof—*that* rang with solemn chantings. I saw the insolent legate seated in scarlet pride. I saw the sneers of many a mitred abbot. I saw, bareheaded, the mean, the prostrate king—I saw, in short, every thing but the barber, whom, in my flight, and swell of soul, I had out-walked and lost. Some more curious traveler may again pick him up, perhaps, and learn more minutely the fact.

Waking from my reverie, I found myself on the pier. The pale beams of a powerless sun gild the fluctuating waves, and the distant spires of Calais, which I now clearly surveyed. What a new train of images here sprung up in my mind! borne away by succeeding impressions with no less rapidity. From the monk of Sterne, I traveled up, in five minutes, to the inflexible Edward III. sentencing the noble burghers; and, having seen them saved by the eloquence of Philippa, I wanted no better seasoning for my mutton-chop; and pitied the empty-headed peer, who was stamping over my little parlor, in fury at the cook for having over-roasted his pheasant.

The coachman now showed his ruby face at the door, and I jumped into the stage, where were already seated two passengers of my own sex, and one of—would I could say, the fairer! But, though truth may not be spoken at all times, even upon paper, one now and then may do her justice. Half a glance discovered that the good lady opposite to me had never been handsome, and now added the injuries of time to the severity of nature. Civil, but cold compliments having passed, I closed my eyes to expand my soul; and, while fabricating a brief poetical history of England to help short memories, was something astonished to find myself tugged violently by the sleeve; and not less so to see the coach empty, and hear an obstinate waiter insist upon it that we were at

Canterbury, and the supper ready to be put upon the table. It had snowed, I found, for some time ; in consideration of which mine host had prudently suffered the fire nearly to go out. A dim candle was on the table, without snuffers, and a bell-string hanging over it, at which we pulled ; but it had long ceased to operate on that noisy convenience. Alas, poor Shenstone ! how often, during these excursions, do I think of thee ! Cold, indeed, must have been thy acceptation in society, if thou couldst seriously say—

“ Whoe’er has traveled life’s dull round,
Where’er his various course has been,
Must sigh to think how oft he found
His warmest welcome at an inn.”

Had the gentle bard told us, that, in this sad substitute for home, despite of all our impatience to be gone, we must stay, not only till wind and weather, but landlords, postillions, and hostlers, choose to permit, I should have thought he knew more of traveling ; and, stirring the fire, snuffing the candles, reconnoitering the company, and modifying my own humor, should at once have tried to make the best of my situation. After all, he is a wise man who does at first what he must do at last ; and I was just breaking the ice, on finding that I had nursed the fire to the general satisfaction, when the coach from London added three to our party ; and common civility obliged those who came first to make way for the yet more frozen travelers. We supped together, and I was something surprised to find our two coachmen allowed us such ample time to enjoy our little bowl of punch ; when, lo ! with dolorous countenances, they came to give us notice that the snow was so heavy, and already so deep, as to make our proceeding by either road dangerous, if not utterly impracticable.

"If that is really the case," cried I, mentally, "let us see what we may hope from the construction of the seven heads that constitute our company." Observe, gentle reader, that I do not mean the outward and visible form of those heads; for I am not amongst the new race of physiognomists, who exhaust invention only to ally their own species to the animal creation, and would rather prove the skull of a man resembled an ass, than, looking within, find in the intellect a glorious similitude of the Deity. An elegant author more justly conveys my idea of physiognomy, when he says that "different sensibilities gather into the countenance and become beauty there, as colors mount in a tulip and enrich it." It was my interest to be as happy as I could; and that can only be when we look around with a wish to be pleased: nor could I ever find a way of unlocking the human heart, but by frankly inviting others to peep into my own. And now for my survey.

In the chimney-corner sat my old gentle-woman, a little alarmed at a coffin that had popped from the fire, instead of a purse: *ergo*, superstition was her weak side. In sad conformity to declining years, she had put on her spectacles, taken out her knitting, and thus humbly retired from attention, which she had long, perhaps, been hopeless of attracting. Close by her was placed a young lady from London, in the bloom of nineteen: a cross on her bosom showed her to be a catholic, and a peculiar accent an Irish woman: her face, especially her eyes, might be termed handsome; of those archness would have been the expression, had not the absence of her air proved that their sense was turned inward, to contemplate in her heart some chosen cherished image. Love and romance reigned in every lineament.

A French abbé had, as is usual with gentlemen of that country, edged himself into the seat by the belle; to

whom he continually addressed himself with all sorts of *petits soins*, though fatigue was obvious in his air; and the impression of some danger escaped gave a wild sharpness to every feature. "Thou hast comprised," thought I, "the knowledge of a whole life in perhaps the last month: and then, perhaps, didst thou first study the art of thinking, or learn the misery of feeling!" Neither of these seemed, however, to have troubled his neighbor, a portly Englishman, who, though with a sort of surly good nature he had given up his place at the fire, yet contrived to engross both candles, by holding before them a newspaper, where he dwelt upon the article of stocks, till a bloody duel in Ireland induced communication, and enabled me to discover that, in spite of the importance of his air, credulity might be reckoned amongst his characteristics.

The opposite corner of the fire had been, by general consent, given up to one of the London travelers, whose age and infirmities challenged regard, while his aspect awakened the most melting benevolence. Suppose an anchorite, sublimed by devotion and temperance from all human frailty, and you will see this interesting aged clergyman: so pale, so pure was his complexion, so slight his figure, though tall, that it seemed as if his soul was gradually divesting itself of the covering of mortality, that when the hour of separating it from the body came, hardly should the greedy grave claim aught of a being so ethereal! "Oh, what lessons of patience and sanctity couldst thou give," thought I, "were it my fortune to find the key of thy heart!"

An officer in the middle of life occupied the next seat. Martial and athletic in his person; of a countenance open and sensible, tanned as it seemed by severe service, his forehead only retained its whiteness; yet that, with assimilating graceful manners, rendered him very prepossessing.

That seven sensible people, for I include myself in that description, should tumble out of two stage coaches, and be thrown together so oddly, was, in my opinion, an incident: and why not make it really one? I hastily advanced; and, turning my back to the fire, fixed the eyes of the whole company—not on my person—for that was no way singular—not, I would fain hope, upon my coat, which I had forgotten till that moment was threadbare: I had rather of the three imagine my assurance the object of general attention. However, no one spoke, and I was obliged to second my own motion.

“Sir,” cried I to the Englishman, who by the time he kept the paper had certainly *spelt* its contents, “do you find any thing entertaining in that newspaper?”

“No, sir!” returned he, most laconically.

“Then you might perhaps find something entertaining out of it?” added I.

“Perhaps I might,” retorted he, in a provoking accent, and surveying me from top to toe. The Frenchman laughed—so did I—it is the only way when one has been more witty than wise. I returned presently, however, to the attack.

“How charmingly might we fill a long evening,” resumed I, with, as I thought, a most ingratiating smile, “if each of the company would relate the most remarkable story he or she ever knew or heard of!”

“Truly we might *make* a long evening that way,” again retorted my torment, the Englishman. “However, if you please, we will waive your plan, sir, till to-morrow; and then we shall have the additional resort of our *dreams*, if our memories fail us.” He now, with a negligent yawn, rang, and ordered the chambermaid. The two females rose of course, and in one moment an overbearing clown cut short “the feast of reason and the flow of soul.” I forgot it snowed, and went to bed in a fever of rage. A

charming tale ready for the press in my traveling-desk—the harvest I might make could I prevail on each of the company to tell me another—Reader, if you ever had an empty purse, and an unread performance of your own, burning in your pocket, and your heart, I need not ask you to pity me.

Fortune, however, more kindly than usual, took my case into consideration; for the morning showed me a snow so deep, that had Thomas à Becket condescended to attend at his own shrine to greet those who inquired for it, not a soul could have got at the cathedral to pay their devoirs to the complaisant archbishop.

On entering the breakfast-room, I found mine host had, at the desire of some one or other of the company, already produced his very small stock of books, consisting of the Army List, the Whole Art of Farriery, and a volume of imperfect Magazines: a small supply of mental food for seven hungry people. Vanity never deserts itself: I thought I was greeted with more than common civility; and having satisfied my grosser appetite with tea and toast, resumed the idea of the night before—assuring the young lady that, “I was certain, from her fine eyes, she could melt us with a tender story; while the sober matron could improve us by a wise one:” a circular bow showed similar hopes from the gentlemen. The plan was adopted, and the exultation of conscious superiority flushed my cheek. I declined being the first narrator, only because I desired it too much: and to conceal from observation the rage for pre-eminence burning in my heart, I made a philosophical and elegant exordium upon the *leveling principle*; ending with a proposal, that each person’s story should be related as numbered lots might determine. On purpose to torment me, my old competitor, the Englishman, drew number one; the second lot, however, fortunately was mine; the third the Frenchman’s, the fourth the Old Woman’s,

the fifth the Young Lady's, the sixth the Officer's, and the venerable Parson had the seventh.

I had now only one hope, which it must be owned was, that the first speaker might *prove* as dull as he looked: when, after a modest pause, he totally discomfited me by saying, "that, as he had been a great traveler, and in his various peregrinations had seen and heard many singular things, the one most present to his memory should serve for the occasion."

And now, courteous reader, with some palpitations of the heart, I give up myself and my companions to your mercy. Forget me not when my turn comes, though it is that of the Traveler first to address you!*

S. L.

* The collocation of the Tales here indicated was changed, necessarily, when the productions of the sisters were separately published, after the death of Sophia Lee.

THE CLERGYMAN'S TALE.

PEMBROKE.

"Let your gentle wishes go with me to my trial ; wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious ; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so.—I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me—the world no injury, for in it have I nothing ; only in this world I fill up a place that may be better supplied when I have made it empty."

SHAKSPEARE.

AT a county meeting of Warwickshire gentlemen in the month of August, a proposal was made for a party to shoot game in North Wales during the season next ensuing. Among those who joined to form it was Mr. Pembroke, a gentleman whose situation entitled him to lead in any pursuit he adopted, but who was without the least taste for the one in question, save that it was exercise. He had too discriminating a mind not to discover that the company, with the train of servants, dogs, and horses, must be an intolerable grievance to the rustics, who yet dared not complain. Game the party rarely could find : but the riotous enjoyment of luxurious suppers, and a boundless indulgence of the bottle, made the major part of the company what is rather indefinitely expressed by the term *jolly*—a mode of felicity which it had never been the fortune of Mr. Pembroke to partake in :—he often, therefore, separated from his associates, to seek in

the sequestered and wild scenes around him an indulgence more congenial to his taste ; and to ponder upon a strange though common calamity that impoisoned the lot which so many of his neighbors were for ever tempted to envy.

Mr. Pembroke was a younger branch of that celebrated family ; which, not valuing itself more on antiquity than achievements, had always proudly refused to bury *name* under *title*. A retired and literary taste, which he early discovered, had made his father, whose fortune was scanty, destine this son for the church. After a due progress he was sent to Oxford, to finish his studies, and take orders. With the solemn considerations of his future life, romantic visions often blended in the heart of the young man ; and his circle of society was so confined, that a cousin of his own name, as poor as himself, soon became their object. Nature had not been so niggardly as fortune to the lovers ; therefore, in mutually pleasing, there was no other difficulty than the sweet doubt which it is almost happiness to know, though it is absolute felicity to end. A remote prospect of church preferment was, however, all that flattered their wish of uniting ; and, till that uncertain good should be attained, the enamored pair cherished a tenderness which, while it governed the heart of the young lady, guided and elevated that of him whom she had chosen. By the singular whim of a very distant kinsman, and a happy coincidence of both christian and surnames, it was pointed out to Mr. Pembroke, that he might claim, under a will made ere he received existence, the large possessions of the famous, or rather infamous, miser, Henry Pembroke of Farleigh—a lonely cipher in creation, who lived unbeloved, and died unlamented ; having gratified the poor but single pride of his nature, in erecting, merely to fill up his hours, and tax the strength of those laborers whom he scantily paid,

a magnificent mansion, the very worst room in which he thought too good for himself. Hardly had he accomplished this sole labor of his almost animal existence, ere death enclosed him in a much smaller habitation; and his large possessions became an estate in fee to the lawyers, rather than to his heirs, so questionable was his whimsical testament. By a happiness in his fortune rather than any peculiar right, together with the professional exertions of a counsel not more eminent for talents than a generous use of them, the young Henry Pembroke established his claim; and had no sooner taken possession of Farleigh, and its domains, than he gratified his heart and married his cousin. And now, then, he was surely happy.—Ah, no! he soon became painfully sensible that the speck scarce seen in a character, when contemplated through the medium of partiality, and at a distance, forces itself for ever on the perception when the object is contiguous; and, when that object is beloved, in time spreads over even the heart. Mrs. Pembroke no sooner found an ample fortune added to that name which she had always regarded with a childish veneration, than she buried a thousand merits under one failing. Lovely in person, accomplished, and sensible, with a benevolence of nature that made her, to all whom she thought inferior to herself, a ministering angel, as such was she worshiped by her poorer neighbors; while to her equals, or superiors, her air became repulsive, her manners almost forbidding.—Her husband was the last person to discover this foible, but not even he had influence enough over her to correct it.—Happily, though the vicinity of Farleigh supplied many genteel associates, it had not any family entitled to dispute consequence with Mrs. Pembroke; of course she lived amicably with all, and beloved by many of her neighbors: but whenever the season for visiting London recurred, her miseries annually re-commenced;

and her *rights* in society became the only subject of her conversation, the unremitting cause of domestic contention and rage. In vain her footmen were drubbed,—in vain her coachman was often pulled from his box; she constantly dismissed the clowns who gave way to an upstart of yesterday, though a coronet was on the carriage; and by this single foible, not only kept herself and servants, but her husband, in an eternal fret. After a thousand broils, that made Mr. Pembroke blush, and a thousand impertinences which he was sometimes in danger of being obliged to defend, his lady declared the modes of a London life insupportable to her, and gave up her town-house as a needless expense. With a fond predilection for domestic society, and a right to every indulgence that fortune can give, Mr. Pembroke was, therefore, condemned to pass the few months he necessarily attended the house of commons in a paltry confined lodging in London, while the remainder of the year he spent in a home so magnificent as to make him but the more sensible of the folly by which he suffered. Nor was the arrogance of the Londoners Mrs. Pembroke's only affliction. A few years after her marriage she began to experience the *family* grief, and, not having yet borne a child, she was obliged to conclude that the noble name she inherited, for many generations renowned, would never be continued by herself.—No medicine did she leave untried—no mineral-water untasted, which was recommended as likely to enable her to bring an heir to the *ancient house* of Pembroke. Eighteen years had elapsed in vain hopes and new experiments, when, to the equal astonishment of herself and husband, Mrs. Pembroke was obviously pregnant. Farleigh was immediately half pulled down, and new nurseries adjoining to her own apartments erected for the expected stranger, with every modern improvement which architects recommended, or her read-

ing had suggested.—The appointed time made Mrs. Pembroke mother of—a girl.—Hardly had she gratitude enough to thank God for her own safety, or a living child, so mortified was she at not having borne a boy. Her husband, surprised to see himself in reality a father, felt no want of a son, while clasping the infant Julia to his bosom; and the mother at length reconciled herself to the cruel disappointment.—Miss Pembroke was committed to the care of her nurse and maids, with an almost regal parade:—before she could walk her anxious mother lost whole sleepless nights in considering what other misses she might with propriety visit, and, before she was able to speak, who it was possible she could, without derogating from her birth, marry. Mr. Pembroke soon became sensible that it was not proper for him at all times and seasons to run in and out of the apartment of Julia; and he had generally the ill luck to be too early or too late in seeking her company in the garden: for the apprehensive mother kept a watch even upon the sun, lest he should rudely visit the delicate complexion of Miss Pembroke.

Accustomed soon to submit to what he could not approve, the liberal mind of the father saw in this childish pride and weak anxiety a thousand dangers growing with the infant. With more eagerness than he ever prayed for one child did he now implore the saving blessing of a second, that the hopes and attentions of his wife might at least be divided:—of this he, however, found no probability; and he too fondly loved the mother of his darling daughter to pain her by a secret or illicit attachment.—*Julia*, therefore,—*her Julia*—*Miss Pembroke* rather—to all human appearance was the sole heiress of Farleigh:—the doting mother daily assured the servants of this; they circulated the assurance among the neighbors; and all

with one voice enforced it to the very child, as soon as her mind became equal to comprehending the term.

Accustomed to ruminate on these domestic errors, and probable evils, Mr. Pembroke, as he grew into life, acquired a pensive, abstracted air, and a habit of wandering alone.—During this shooting excursion, nothing had occurred to call forth the social principle, still less any partial sensibility, in the generous soul of Mr. Pembroke, and his thoughts insensibly sunk into their habitual channel. He soon found himself thoroughly tired; and taking his horse early one morning, he separated not only from his friends, but his servants, to follow without choice the path before him—it led to rich and solitary scenery; yet the hanging cots of the peasants on ridges of the mountains sometimes added the softer shades of life to those which were almost savage. The woods soon sheltered him from the observation of his jolly party, and he found even loneliness enjoyment. Yet the beauties of nature upon which his eye dwelt only shared his contemplations with his own peculiar destiny; and even while his senses luxuriously partook of pleasure, his heart was pinched to the core by a hopeless, a secret vexation.—To have Julia, his lovely, his amiable Julia, fostered in arrogance, while yet too young to rise to dignity, was indeed a cruel reflection. Yet, alas! how was it to be prevented?

The rude path which the cattle had worn on the side of the mountain was overhung at intervals by red crags of rock, and at others by wildly spreading oaks; while here and there an humble hut exhibited the promise of society which it could hardly be said to supply: from these the playful babes ran in and out, almost in a state of nature, and seemed, like the blossoms around them, to ripen on the breath of heaven. While gazing on a cluster of these young ones, it suddenly occurred to Mr. Pembroke's mind that could he obtain, or purchase, a

boy, by presenting it to his wife as his own, he should at once indirectly check the weak pride that shocked him, and, by limiting her hopes of Julia's fortune, oblige her, in the education of a child so dear, a little to regard his opinion. He recollected with surprise and pleasure that he was alone, and it was the first time for many years that he had ever been so. Secure, by this means, that no prying domestic could publish the truth, he resolved to attempt obtaining an infant boy, to whom his patronage, and a liberal education, would eventually make an ample amends for the maternal endearments of which he must necessarily deprive him.

At this juncture a fine chubby-faced child peeped over a crag just above his head, and shouting, gayly clapped his hands, and ran away. Mr. Pembroke hastily alighted, and, hanging the bridle of his horse over an antique stump of a tree, mounted the rude steps cut in the rock, and soon saw, at the door of a miserable cot, a little withered old woman knitting; while in the house one of the same sex, but younger, was distributing a scanty breakfast to five children, of whom the boy in question seemed to be the third.—On finding that he was neither the youngest, nor the elder, Mr. Pembroke was persuaded this boy would prove the one whom the mother would soonest consent to part with. He therefore addressed the poor woman in the most ingratiating terms, but was in a manner confounded on finding that she did not understand him, and replied in a tongue to which he was no less a stranger. He now tried to engage the regards of the children; won them to play with his watch-chain; and placing its appendage at the ear of each, delighted in the innocent surprise which they all united to express in the same unintelligible manner. Even their mother modestly drew near to survey the ticking wonder; and Mr. Pembroke saw with astonishment that his

own country could afford beings as wholly unversed in the improvements of polished life as the savages of America. Of gold and its importance the woman had, however, a vague idea, by the air with which she surveyed a well-filled purse which he had inadvertently put up when he left home, and till this moment found a troublesome companion.—Gladly throwing it into the lap of the careworn matron, he thought his view accomplished, and the boy, whom he now took into his arms, henceforward his own. Here he, however, erred. Nature, most active in the most ignorant, made the mother, when she learned from this action his design, fly into a transport of fear and fury: throwing back the purse, she appeared ready to second her incomprehensible oration with blows. Mr. Pembroke therefore judged it prudent to remount his horse hastily, and pursue his way down the path of the mountain. As is natural in all cases of disappointment, he sought, and found, every possible argument that might console him.—“How,” sighed he, “had I obtained this boy, could I ever have gained his affections? Ah, what babe have I ever loved like my own sweet Julia? Nature, true, though indefinable, in all her operations, binds the parent to the child, and the child to the parent, by a ligament too fine for human skill to form, or break. Yet, could I once have a boy, how sweetly might my remaining years pass away—in guiding, guarding, loving him, as well, though more rationally, as my wife does her daughter.”

Mr. Pembroke’s attention was suddenly detached from these contemplations by the exquisite beauty of the solitude into which he had at length sunk. The road was cut through a woody dell, while jutting hills on either side half embowered him in variety of verdure, slightly tinted with the early hues of autumn. This beautiful road meandered in its course like a river; while the in-

closing hills changed their appearance at almost every step his horse made ; now clothed to the round tops with velvet verdure ; now only broken crags of richly shaded rock ; now overhung with lofty woods. The dewy freshness of the morning improved the romantic charm of the scene ; for while the one enchanted the sense, the other indulged it. That intuitive elegance and refinement which enables some minds to give half the graces they discover, made Mr. Pembroke check his horse ; and sweetly loitering at every new turn, survey with regret the one which he could no longer continue to behold. He was now in the very depth of the dell : an antique gray rock seemed cleft by the club of some giant, and hanging over his head, discharged a mountain torrent, which, having first formed a pool, rushed along a stony, moss-grown bed, with a meandering course, similar to that of the road. On surveying the impending rock more curiously, he perceived a plank thrown as a bridge over the fall of water, from one point of stone to the other, with a slight balustrade ; but so tottering and aerial appeared the whole construction, that Mr. Pembroke rather concluded it to be an object from the window of some unseen dwelling, than erected for any accommodation to man. Goats hung browsing about the bridge, and the whole wild scene struck him as so picturesque and interesting, that, alighting, he rudely sketched the outline in his pocket-book, resolving to employ the evening in finishing the drawing, while yet the objects lived in his imagination.

When again on horseback, the turn of the ground shut at once from his eyes the road and brook that had so charmed them. He had not, however, proceeded far on his way, before he was aroused by a deadly shriek, as of a human voice. He started—listened—but it was not repeated. Convinced that he had passed no vestige of a habitation, he was again proceeding when a strong con-

viction that the cry could not be that of any animal, struck upon his recollection : the mere possibility that the bridge might have endangered some human being, made him feel it his duty to return and satisfy his mind. The pool formed at the foot of the rock, by the fall of the streamlet, was so overgrown with bushes, that it was not easy for Mr. Pembroke to penetrate through them ; but how did he rejoice in his humane exertion when he found that it would save the life of a fellow-creature. Close under the rock, upon its face, he beheld a child, either stunned by the fall, or choked by the water. With the crook of his whip he caught the petticoats of the babe, and drew it near enough to take it up. Laden with the precious burden, he again forced his way through the brake. The usual means soon made the infant disgorge a quantity of water ; and its kind preserver tenderly chafed its little hands and temples. Yet he feared that all his cares were too late, as the only signs of life he could discover were a faint warmth, and almost imperceptible motion about the heart. Apprehending the child's head might be hurt, he threw up a profusion of rich auburn ringlets which hung over a face that, though burnt by the sun, appeared a model of beauty. A slight contusion was discernible on the temple of the lovely boy, for such Mr. Pembroke found his *protege* to be. Happily, he had in his pocket a hunter's bottle of brandy, which his wife ever carefully ordered his servant to put there ; and pouring a little of it down the throat of the child, he used some to bathe the swelling. Still the lovely infant continued motionless. Mr. Pembroke anxiously looked for some vestige of a human dwelling, but in vain—never was scene more solitary ! He hallooed ; but the echo of his own voice was the only sound that reached his ear. Distressed at the idea that the precious babe might die for the want of proper assistance, he now lamented hav-

ing dropped his company and servants. And who could the sweet boy be? Lovely as a babe of Paradise, yet clad in the raiment of poverty:—even his little feet were without shoes, and cut by the flint of the rock. While exerting himself to wring the infant's wet clothes, ah! whispered his heart, if heaven should have heard my prayer, and given me this boy to accomplish my pure view, how happy will I make him. It is plain, whoever he belongs to, his parents can hardly maintain him: yet heaven, that denies me a son of my own, has given to these peasants a Grecian Cupid. But while I thus commune with myself, may I not suffer the blessing to escape me, and the babe to perish for want of a surgeon? Mounting his horse again, with the lifeless child before him, nestled close under his coat, Mr. Pembroke hastened onward; vainly hoping that each turn of the road would bring him to a village or town; and no longer finding from his anxiety for his charge any charm in sequestered scenery: but after descending another irregular mountain he saw only a barren moor, across which the road lay. His patience was nearly exhausted, when, happily, nature did her own work, and relieved him from all fear on the infant's account. The brandy which the little creature had insensibly imbibed, threw into his cheeks a richer crimson than usual; and opening at last a pair of beautiful black eyes, he stared confusedly at Mr. Pembroke, and, bursting into tears, demanded vehemently some unknown person, in the same unintelligible tongue that had already embarrassed his protector. That gentleman now seriously reprobated the supineness of the clergy, and the negligence of the schoolmasters, who ought long since to have made English the only language in the king's dominions: yet, satisfying himself from this mark of infantine ignorance, that the boy whom his heart already adopted, was, however eminently endowed by

nature, only the son of a herdsman, he no longer made it a question whether he should henceforward call him his own. In his diurnal stores he had some biscuits and spiced bread, with which he sought to calm the little agitations which a moment produces, a moment disperses, at the happy age when reflection points not the pang. Of the first the babe partook with a heartiness that showed his breakfast had been but scanty; then, playing with the rest, he would in turn feed his benefactor; at intervals, hiding his lovely head under the protecting coat, then archly peeping it out again with smiling irresistible confidence and fondness. "The child *may*, perhaps, love me," cried Mr. Pembroke, pressing him yet closer—"yes, this child *will* love me, for he is too young to be sensible of any tie stronger than that which my heart now forms between us.—Precious smiler!" added he, kissing the beautiful eyes of the endearing infant, "thou shalt be my own Henry—Henry Pembroke! I will join thy hand to Julia's as a brother; and to the last hour of my life shalt thou find father, mother, friend, in the man to whom Heaven itself surely has given thee!"

Every moment confirmed this generous resolution. Those short sobs and imperfect moanings of the interesting babe, that seemed to spring from the probable loss of a maternal bosom to lean on, now gave way to exquisite delight. Mr. Pembroke almost fancied a horse must be a new object to his *protege*: yet, soon familiar with it, the child threw one of his graceful limbs over its neck, and with sweet mimicry he too would manage it, he too would stroke its mane, and lavish fond caresses; till quite tired out, his little head sank against Mr. Pembroke's bosom, where fatigue soon threw him into a deep sleep.

In this situation the travelers rode into a small town, where, alighting, Mr. Pembroke retired to a chamber;

and putting with his own hands the sleeping Cupid to bed, he hastily summoned both a surgeon and a tailor: the former declared the contusion trifling, and the limbs of the babe unhurt—the latter measured him, as he slept, for a masculine habit, which for a double payment he agreed to sit up all night to make.

The wish of knowing who the child at intervals yet moaned for had already vanished from the mind of Mr. Pembroke, since it now included a discovery of his parentage, which, strangely qualifying with his own conscience, he was secretly determined *not* to know. Every person in this inn spoke Welch, for which reason he would not suffer one of the servants to come into the chamber, rather choosing to sleep with the babe himself. The flood of tears, and new demands of the child on missing some one when he first waked, were at once, however, forgotten, when Mr. Pembroke produced his fine boy's habiliments in the morning. Wholly taken up with this important change and acquisition, the babe displayed a grace and manly spirit that bound for ever to his fate his generous benefactor.

A post-chaise was ordered, into which Mr. Pembroke lifted his little treasure, and hastily drove towards Warwickshire; having sent back a Welch lad to order home his suite from the mountains. The apprehension which he at first entertained of the child's addressing strangers, soon gave place to a degree of surprise at perceiving the terror he always showed on the approach of unknown persons, when he never failed eagerly to fly to those arms which fondly folded him, grateful for the generous confidence.

It was not till the travelers were fairly out of Wales that Mr. Pembroke found himself at leisure enough to reflect upon the difficulty of disposing of a little creature, for whose future welfare he had voluntarily made himself

wholly responsible. On mature deliberation, he diverged from the line to his own house to put up at the Swan at Stratford upon Avon, which was among the demesnes of Farleigh. Mrs. Fenton, who, with her husband, had long been his tenants, was herself a mother, and readily took to her good graces the little unintelligible Welchman. She summoned both her sons from school to play with and teach him English. Mr. Pembroke found, on examining those boys, that they were in so good a train for education, as to determine him to place Henry with them, under the same master. That the lovely child might have a legal right to the name his benefactor was resolved to give him, Mr. Pembroke requested Mr. and Mrs. Fenton to answer for him at the font, where he himself attended, and saw the interesting stranger registered by the name of Henry Pembroke. The good folks at the Swan melted into tears when they found the squire was "so main good to his little by-blow." Mr. Pembroke, with hardly less emotion, recommended him to their kindness, and implored Heaven to render him affectionate and grateful to his *fond father*. Having seen the sweet boy provided with every necessary, and established a strict intercourse with Mrs. Fenton and the schoolmaster, Mr. Pembroke sat out for Farleigh.

An absence so unusual as the first surprised Mrs. Pembroke; its strange continuance at Stratford distressed her: nor could she forbear mingling some reproaches with the welcome which her heart yet gave her husband. — Julia knew only indulgence, felt only joy, and hanging round the neck of her dear, dear papa, implored him to stay with her for ever and for ever. The tender father felt shocked at recollecting the mortifying check which her mother's error must subject both to endure: not that his tenderness for his daughter had suffered any diminution;

his liberal heart was large enough to contain both Julia and the interesting Henry.

He was so near Stratford that he had often occasion, and always opportunity, to visit Henry; nor did he ever see him without renewing his thanks to Heaven for singling him out to save so striking, so superior a creature. The affectionate boy was told that the arms he flew into were those of a father, and soon found English enough to impart to the beloved visitor all his little joys and sorrows; but with the Welch language he seemed to lose all recollection of those to whom he had spoken it. In reality, the age he had now reached, with the change in his dress, the variety of scenes and objects, together with the busy, though uniform duties of a school life, had at once effaced whatever had been impressed on his infant mind, which was in too crude a state to know more than wants when Mr. Pembroke found him: these were cherished into wishes which his fondness delighted to gratify. The more dear the foundling became, the more difficulty did the nominal father find in avowing that title, lest he should be obliged to withdraw to a certain degree from the endearments of the child, or see Mrs. Pembroke's jealousy and disgust embitter the sweet boy's life, and perhaps his own. Almost forgetting the object which he at first had in view, he half resolved to bury in his bosom the secret, and, by educating Henry at a greater distance from the family, keep his existence for ever from his lady's knowledge.

This question was, however, only one to his own bosom; for not a being around him was ignorant of the claim which he had given the young Henry to his name; nor did any one doubt the child's natural right to it. The grooms sent the tidings through the maids to Mrs. Pembroke's and Miss Julia's own women; who felt so much indignation at finding the latter had a rival in her father's

affection, as to venture hinting this painful tale in Mrs. Pembroke's hearing. Though pride made that lady command them both to be silent, she could not, alas! "unknown" what they had told her:—the conviction sunk deep; for even her neighbors, as if impatient to convince her that she had no more power to fix a husband's fidelity than themselves, sent her in one day three anonymous letters; various in spelling and style, but agreeing in matter. Each separately apprised her that Mr. Pembroke spent his whole time at the Swan at Stratford, where he kept a pretty bar-maid, by whom he had a bastard son. The pride which made Mrs. Pembroke a troublesome member to society, prevented her from becoming a torment to her husband: she burnt the letters without mentioning them, silenced the servants, and conducted herself with a dignified mildness to Mr. Pembroke. But though the torch of jealousy was turned inward, it was not extinguished: the cruel flame preyed on her very vitals. Constraint, sadness, nervous complaints, tremulous anguish, at length proved to the husband that his wife had found or felt the secret, and it became the least pain he could give her to avow it. A word on her part concerning his absence drew from a heart wholly her own the preconcerted tale by which he was resolved to abide:—"a hunting-match—a country inn, a light, but lovely girl, who was determined to seduce him—intoxication—a moment of folly—an age of repentance—an angel boy whom the mother had died to give birth to, and whom it was his duty to love and provide for." Mrs. Pembroke heard this recital with a variety of emotions: the man of her choice, the delicate, the refined Henry,—he whom alone she loved,—had then been capable of a gross and vulgar inclination—and for a low and vulgar woman, too!—strange! incomprehensible!—A moment's thought reminded her that this vulgar creature was

dead, and that she had no longer the mortification of sharing her husband's affections with such a rival. But then the child was yet living—Heavens! and could the lovely Julia be leveled one moment in the heart of her father with the offspring of a bar-maid! Mr. Pembroke's penetrating eye saw in that of his wife the whole chain of her ideas, and as it was only necessary to moderate her pride, he soothed her heart with new vows of faith, no more to be broken—of love that should last for ever. She, something fretfully, replied, that since the thing had happened, and could not now be otherwise, she should forgive him: though much she wondered that he could forgive himself. What would *he* have thought, had she for one moment descended to turn her eyes from himself to his groom? She hoped, however, that it did not form a part of his view to educate the poor wretched infant on a level with Miss Pembroke. Should the boy hereafter turn out well, she might, perhaps, be brought to countenance him; and should get her uncle in the Indies to push his fortune there: but this must be on the express condition that he never attempted to take the name which her daughter and the heiress of their house bore, since that could only be perpetuated by her husband's assuming it. “Do you recollect, madam,” cried Mr. Pembroke, coldly withdrawing the arms that a moment before fondly clasped her, “that you speak to the father of Henry? Forget not either that I can give a child so dear more than the name of Pembroke: correct this intolerable arrogance in yourself—check it early in Julia—educate her more humbly than heretofore; and when I see how she adorns the vaunted name of Pembroke, I shall better know what share of my fortune to bestow on the dear boy, who has no friend on the earth but myself. I shall not trouble you to procure him the

patronage of your uncle: he will not need any, while Heaven spares him a father."

Confirmed by this conversation in the propriety of checking the aspiring haughtiness of his wife, Mr. Pembroke no longer sunk the name or supposed rights of Henry among his own family and dependents—he soon found it right to remove him to a more expensive and improving school, where, under a clergyman of the first manners and information, he saw the youth rapidly acquiring all that could either qualify him for society, or embellish it.

Accustomed, at length, to admit a tie to which she found it impossible to object, Mrs. Pembroke's tenderness for her husband returned in all its force. She sighed to think that Julia had a partner in her father's heart; but satisfied she herself had not any, she relied on his acting generously towards his legitimate child. To judge what was to be expected, she hinted a wish to "see the poor, unhappy boy." A word was sufficient; for Mr. Pembroke longed to make his *protege* an inmate at Farleigh: and, despite of prejudice, his lady soon beheld in all their force the charms and mental graces of Henry. "That I should ever wish to have been the mother of a bar-maid's son!" cried Mrs. Pembroke, turning to throw herself into the arms of her husband. "But is not this lovely child the son too of my Henry?" The little Julia, enchanted to have got a brother she knew not how, entwined her arms every moment round his neck, and he amply returned her infantine caresses.

Henry from this moment became a part of the family; and as Mrs. Pembroke promised never to refer to the misfortune of his birth, and faithfully kept her word, it was wholly dropped among the domestics. Mr. Pembroke heard from that time more of his daughter, and less of his heiress; nor was this tender condescension in the partner

of his life lost on him. He no longer held up Henry to her as the rival of Julia, whose rights he regarded as inviolate: always declaring that her brother should, at a proper age, embark in whatever liberal profession he might prefer, and derive no more from himself than an income that would give him safety in launching into life.

The amiable Julia, as her years increased, saw the situation of Henry in a more interesting point of view. Her maid, affectionate but ignorant, had early informed her of her own advantages, and the humiliation annexed to her brother's birth. Far from exulting in her superior rights, as Julia grew old enough to estimate, she learnt to blush for them; and took delight in giving the lead on all occasions to Henry; from whose more improved understanding she derived infinite advantages. This was, indeed, a recompense to her father. What could he desire but to see this generous principle actuating the soul of his Julia, and the son whom he had adopted so worthy to excite it? The purest peace and pleasure seemed to have fixed their abode at Farleigh, when an unforeseen occurrence put them both to flight in a moment.

The day that gave Julia to the world had been, from its first return, annually celebrated in a sumptuous manner by her fond mother. That which made her fourteen demanded more than usual consideration, and all the neighboring young families were invited to a *fête champêtre*, at which Julia and her brother were to preside; while the various parents formed a separate party. The latter were yet in the dining parlor, when Master Vernon rushed in with a swelled forehead and a bloody nose, to claim his mother's protection from the fury of Henry. The youth in question followed, though apparently without any hostile intention. Mr. Pembroke, vexed at seeing the pleasure of the young ones thus broken in upon, and particularly hurt by this breach of hospitality and decorum on the

part of Henry, threatened hereafter to call him to a severe account for the insult to Master Vernon. "I know of none, father," returned Henry, "committed by me.—Master Vernon, because he was a great hulking fellow, thought that he might haul and kiss Miss Pembroke, whether she would or no.—She called on me to protect her, but he would not let her go—so I knocked him down—that's all."—"No, that is not all," cried his sobbing antagonist, whose face his mamma was tenderly dabbing with her cambric handkerchief. "Well, if I must tell the rest," sullenly added Henry, "I must."—"Ay, do, young man," said the incensed Mrs. Vernon, in a flame:—"my Frank is the gentlest, dearest creature in the world!"—"He knows how to give a provocation, though he does not know how to take a punishment," rejoined Henry.—"I am sure, angry as my father seems, he would not wish me to allow any body's son to call his a bastard—a base-born brat."—What became of Mr. Pembroke at these words? He pressed the indignantly glowing face of the gallant boy to his bosom, while his own was suffused with even a deeper scarlet. Mrs. Vernon completed the distress of both by a coarse-minded apology for her dear Frank's coming out with this unlucky truth. The bright eyes of Henry, now fixed in astonishment at the *éclaircissement*, and now flashing fire at the manner of it, turned from his father to the lady, from the lady to his father.—Seeming at length to recover utterance—"Am I then indeed a bastard, sir?" cried he to Mr. Pembroke:—"only tell me that—am I indeed a base-born beggar's brat?" "This matter must be discussed hereafter," returned that gentleman in a faltering voice, and with a disorder that struck conviction, like a dagger, through the heart of Henry. The tears which his pride had hitherto suppressed, now fell in torrents from his eyes:—he raised them and his innocent hands in speechless reproach to heaven;

then, fondly clasping his father, ran abruptly out of the room.

The necessity of appeasing an ignorant woman, with other attentions to his guests, had a little withdrawn Mr. Pembroke's thoughts from this painful occurrence, when now Julia, with hardly less perturbation, made her appearance, to inquire of her father where he had sent Henry; as the whole young party waited only for him to begin the ball. This question produced a general alarm, but no information. Henry, after a minute inquiry, was not to be found;—the gayety of the day vanished with him—Julia cried herself sick—her mother was solely intent on soothing her—Mrs. Vernon in a manner miserable at her son's disfigured face—and Mr. Pembroke, half-distracted, lest the high spirit of Henry should produce any further ill consequence. All the servants ran different ways, inquiring for him; but the gardener, who particularly loved, was determined to seek, till he found, the truant. The probable protectors of the boy were not so numerous as to perplex those in pursuit; and Henry's humble friend at once traced him to the Swan at Stratford.

Mrs. Fenton with great surprise greeted the faithful inquirer, and informed him that Master Henry was safe, and fast asleep: having arrived early in the morning (he too probably had walked half the night,) with swollen eyes and blistered feet. He then immediately embarrassed Mrs. Fenton with questioning her closely about his birth. Her answers were, however, far from soothing his feelings, or satisfying his pride. He stood awhile quite aghast and silent, then sadly sighed, and faintly repeated, "The illiberal scoundrel was in the right, and I have no friend but Almighty God!—to him, then," cried he, falling on his knees in a passion of tears, "do I commend myself, and

abjure any other father!" Mrs. Fenton now persuaded him to bathe his weary feet, and retire to bed.

The gardener, holding it wise to stay with the youth, dispatched a messenger to relieve Mr. Pembroke's anxiety; and Henry, on awaking, learnt from his sorrowful friend, Mrs. Fenton, that the trusty Thomas had been sent to attend him home.—"No, madam," replied the gallant boy, "I have no home—I know not how to blush before my father's servants!—If he was ashamed to marry my mother, it is a punishment imposed upon him to blush before the son, to whom he has given an ignominious being!"—And blush Mr. Pembroke did; for though in another room, he lost not a syllable of the noble boy's spirited language. So elevated a pride could not but add to Henry's merits in the eyes of his benefactor; yet how was he to soothe it?—He sometimes meditated disclosing the whole affecting truth: but would the youth, who could not brook being treated as an extraneous branch of a noble and affluent family, endure to be told that he sprang from beggary, and was reared by compassion?—Perhaps, the fear of losing his hold on Henry's affections, rather dictated this caution to Mr. Pembroke than the apparent consideration for the lad's pride; since even while unresolved what to tell, or what to hide, he hastily broke in, and catching the dear exhausted youth in his arms, was choked with a variety of emotions.—Henry ardently clasped his only friend, without daring to lift his pious eyes to his face, lest they should behold there the shame of a parent. "I complain not, my father," sobbed he, clasping Mr. Pembroke yet closer: "no, bitter must be your feeling already, that you gave me not a right to the name which you never denied me.—Yet this insulted, illegitimate Henry knows not how to dishonor it.—An indignity like that of yesterday I never can again endure.—*Name* I now too certainly know I have not; but a determined spirit some-

times rises above the injustice of fortune, and makes one for itself.—That I may be enabled to return to you without blushing, let me have your blessing, your prayers, my beloved father—never till that hour shall I see Farleigh—never more behold my angel sister.—Yet tell our Julia I will strain every nerve to learn how in future to protect her from insult,—myself from ignominy.

Mr. Pembroke flattered himself that in a few days these irritated feelings would subside, and he should recover his influence over the youth. On the contrary, a fixedness of conduct took place in Henry of the first transports of anger, which impressed his nominal father as something almost unnaturally noble. When further urged to go home,—“Never, my father,” returned the gallant boy, “till I have been a soldier;—I will be only a soldier—discard me not unblessed—bestow on me a sword, and leave me to carve my own fortune.”

Mr. Pembroke soon found a resolution, which had never seemed to enter the youth's head till this unlucky brawl, invincible. The irritation of immediate injury subsided, but a melancholy insurmountable determination succeeded. It was at length agreed that Henry should no more be urged to revisit Farleigh; and his benefactor accompanied him to London; in the vicinity of which the youth was placed at a military academy of eminence. Henry had too true a taste for science in general to confine himself to tactics; and his early days were so devoted to literature as to fill his mind with whatever might make his future life distinguished and happy.

It was now discovered by Julia that she must have more eminent masters than the neighborhood of Farleigh afforded; and the delicate state of health into which Mrs. Pembroke suddenly fell, made all the punctilios she had formerly insisted on in London no longer of importance in her eyes. The family again passed part of every year

there; and Henry had soon the sorrowful but sweet indulgence of blending his filial tears with those of Julia for the approaching fate of her valuable mother. That no secret anxiety might embitter to his wife the hour of mortality, Mr. Pembroke generously executed a deed of trust, ensuring all his possessions after his own death to the darling daughter of both, allotting to Henry only a small estate of five hundred a year. The near approach of death, that awful leveling principle, had almost wholly removed from Mrs. Pembroke's mind the poor pride by which it was once actuated; while the high spirit of Henry impressed her with a very partial regard for him. "Ah! madam," cried that youth, when first they met in London, "I knew not till the moment of insult half my obligations to you,—but can I ever forget them?"—He knelt, and kissing her hand, pressed it with reverence to his heart. "And Julia, too!" added he, remembering well that he owed no less to the sweet girl, who hung over him with increased fondness, from recollecting that she had been the innocent cause of the indignity which drove him from Farleigh. "Is it possible," sighed poor Mrs. Pembroke, "that this noble creature should be the son of a bar-maid?"—"Alas! that this charming Henry should be my brother,"—faintly then would murmur her daughter.

Each time the family returned to London Henry appeared considerably altered and improved: his carriage, formed by military exercise, even in tender youth, became manly; his mind, imbued with knowledge, firm. Mrs. Pembroke found, in the painful necessity of preparing to take a last leave of her husband and daughter, new motives for valuing the youth to whom they were both so precious. She every day, every hour, commended to his care, his fondness, his protection, the gentle girl already growing too dear to him. Softened and impressed

by her sick mother's address, the agitated Henry sometimes flew to Julia, who, throwing herself freely into his arms, left on his cheek tears that sunk into his heart. New to emotion, he often flattered himself that the suffocating throbs of such moments were only due to the occasion; while at others, prolonging the sweet embrace, he blushed at having dared to do so, and almost resolved to shun for ever the exquisite temptation.

Mrs. Pembroke expired at Farleigh, bequeathing to Henry a sum of money which the marriage articles had left at her own disposal, together with her magnificent watch, and a mourning ring, on which was engraved "remember." Henry looked on it, and thought that she had seen into his soul. It felt like the ring of Amurath. With this memorial of kindness came letters from Mr. Pembroke, and Julia, fraught alike with affection and sorrow: both equally conjured him to sacrifice the disgust he had to Farleigh to the love that summoned him thither, and, by his return, animate the home thus suddenly become desolate and cheerless to its possessors.

Henry was apparently about eighteen; and had gone through his military exercises with a spirit, strength, and skill, that secured him from all future indignity; nor did he now excuse himself from returning home only because disgusted: though still he felt it would be impossible for him ever to forget the mortifying, the illiberal insult of young Vernon. Impossible that he should reach the place his heart told him he was entitled to hold in society by any thing but his own exertions—alas! his pride he would gladly have sacrificed to his sister's request, had not the quickened pulsation in every nerve, whenever the thought of Farleigh recurred, told him the alarming truth, that it was Julia whom he would constantly see—Julia he would ever hear—Julia whom alone his soul desired. "Oh! no,—tempt me not," cried he, ere he broke the seal of

every letter,—“tempt me not, fairest of creatures, my best beloved—never must I visit Farleigh; at least, not till I have conquered the feeling that alone makes existence worth having.” On the contrary, the youth implored for liberty to serve abroad; to which Mr. Pembroke at length consented. To purchase him a commission, that gentleman, with Julia, again came to town;—the cheek of Henry burnt with indignation at the proposal. “Is honor then bought and sold, my father? Such honor a son of yours must disdain. Your Henry must owe to his own exertions whatever rank he obtains: let me serve the gallant Wolfe as a volunteer; for that only will I be.”

As such young Pembroke was presented to the first commander of his time, now on the point of undertaking the memorable expedition against Canada. Minds like Henry’s claimed his distinguished regard; nor was it ever wanting to the worthy. The magnanimous general, struck with the glowing grace of conscious integrity that marked alike the youth’s carriage and address, flattering both father and son with the happiest predictions of the future fortune of the volunteer. Mr. Pembroke and Julia accompanied Henry to the port; the one fondly loading him with advice, the other no less fondly imploring it from him; nor did she ever interrupt him except to repeat the assurance that every word he uttered was indelibly engraven on her heart.

Oh, pure and elevating sense of duty! of what privations art thou not capable? With dauntless heroism this youth tore himself thus early from the only two beings in creation who had an interest in his welfare, a claim upon his feelings. Julia was unconscious of the power in the talisman which she hung upon the heart of Henry, when, on seeing him anxiously contemplate the rich curls of her auburn hair, as they playfully fell over her mourning habit, she instantly cut off the most beautiful of them all,

and opening a spring behind her father's picture, inclosed there the precious treasure, and threw the chain from her own neck over that of the volunteer. He pressed the invaluable gift to his lips; he pressed too, with a soft sigh, the lovely hand that gave it—then hastily glanced his eye on his mourning ring, and murmured emphatically the motto.—Impatiently he rushed to the arms of Mr. Pembroke, and with a desperate resolution flew from them into the boat that bore him to his military companions.

What a sudden, what a chilling change did Henry find alike in the scene and in his fate!—Delighting in all the sciences, but an adept only in that of the heart, the young volunteer knew none of the little arts of life, still less did he know those of war. He was yet to learn that where one man bears arms from the love of glory, thousands seek in them a mere profession: but his discernment was too acute not early to discover that a volunteer is understood to be another term for a military Quixote, and that he himself was considered by all around him rather as the indulged son of a rich man, who could only by experience be cured of a whim, than as a bold and unsupported individual steadily pursuing a single and a great object. The elevated mind of his commander enabled him to form a juster calculation: and Henry soon won from the heroic Wolfe marks of confidence, and instances of trust, which at once gratified his feelings, and fixed his services.

In the tedious and unpromising campaign that glorious leader had “room for meditation even to madness;” and few around him caught from his eye with the quickness of Henry the impulse of his mind: but the situation was too momentous, the doubts too delicate, for either to speak. Yet, if a service of danger occurred,

“Henry was ready ere he called his name,
And though he called another, Henry came.”

So happy was the youth in executing the orders given him, that the general soon offered him a commission. "Pardon me, sir," returned the volunteer, "I have not yet deserved it:"—these few words made such an impression upon the gallant Wolfe as in other circumstances would have ensured his fortune. Rising thus without rank through the smile of the general into consequence, young Pembroke insensibly changed from a humored boy into a military phenomenon. It became the fashion in the camp thus to treat him, and the home dispatches spoke the same language. Mr. Pembroke now never visited the secretary's office, or bowed at the minister's levee, that he was not congratulated upon the glory which Henry was acquiring even in his nonage.

A pleasure like this was perhaps necessary to compensate to Mr. Pembroke's heart for a chagrin which even his beloved Julia gave him. Hardly had she appeared in elegant life ere she attracted so much admiration as to insure her a choice in most families entitled to match into hers; but not one lover would Julia condescend to favor. To see her happily married was the great object with her father, and his own judgment soon inclined him towards a gentleman, who had such a disadvantage to encounter in the mind of Miss Pembroke as hardly left him a chance of being estimated by his merits. This prejudged lover was young Vernon, who, when a rude, spoiled boy, had, by a gross speech, driven Henry from Farleigh. His ripened understanding made him unable to remember that unlucky moment without blushing; and the weak, misjudging mother who had cherished his faults was long since dead. A liberal education, and just turn of thinking, had rendered young Vernon in person, mind, and manners, no less than fortune, a match so entirely unexceptionable for Julia, that she now shed almost

as many tears at finding him without a fault, as she formerly did for the consequence of his gross one.

Although Mr. Pembroke knew not how to exert authority in a point so delicate, it was too near his heart not to induce him to add to his own influence that of Henry. He enlarged on the altered and superior character of young Vernon, calling upon the candor of his darling son to dismiss from his mind any little selfish recollection of the boyish quarrel between them, and in his correspondence with Julia to second his father's wish: assuring him that should she be won to accept Vernon, he would find in her husband a brother and a friend infinitely to be respected and valued. "Vernon the husband of Julia!"—discordant was the sound to Henry's ear,—odious the words to his eye: and if she must enrich the hand of some man, did the world afford no one worthy of her but Vernon?—Could his father forget, then, that this youth had first rendered him an exile, an alien from that mansion in which he now insolently sought to dwell, and dwell there the lord of Julia—perhaps her beloved. Spleen, jealousy, a thousand humiliating embittered reflections crowded into his bleeding heart. The letter of Julia was yet in his hand,—the seal unbroken:—he paused in trembling anxiety, then threw it disdainfully from him, as if assured that he should there read only a confirmation of the merit, the triumph, the felicity of Vernon, and shrink under the cruel sense of his own insignificance, his isolated state in society. The young mind generally makes the most of its misery before it deigns to doubt whether it has not exceeded. Henry, worn out at length with fretting, suddenly reproached himself with caprice; and, kneeling with tender devotion, took up the rejected packet, and kissed the characters which the fair hand of Julia had traced. Rapidly his eager eye ran over a long letter without once catching

the name he detested. Ah, no! the delicate Julia would not wound his sensibility, nor quicken his recollection, by telling him of the pretensions of Vernon. She wrote only of himself,—implored for long letters, a little to enliven the dullness of Farleigh, which grew every day more intolerable now he was out of all possible reach. She added, that a little touch of the gout their father had been seized with, had enabled her to engage a neighboring physician to order him to Bath; from whence she hoped to persuade him to set out on a tour through Wales, where it was her secret object to discover some romantic solitary abode, like those that they had often imagined together, in which she would, if possible, reside, till he should return crowned with laurels, once more to dwell with them at Farleigh.

And now the soul of Henry overflowed with wild undefinable tenderness. Alone, in the wilds of Canada, he enjoyed a pleasure so perfect, that many a long life has been spent in unlimited indulgence without affording the voluptuary such a moment.—“No, Julia,” sighed he, as fancy sobered into reason, “I can not, dare not return to Farleigh:—born to live *for*, it is not my happy fate to live *with*, you: yet, oh! had it been young Vernon’s.”—He now resorted to his clarionet; and running imperfectly over the favorite airs of Julia, almost believed he heard her soft applause, when a hoarser voice broke the reverie: “I once, young gentleman, played that instrument better than you do.” Henry, something surprised, raised his eyes to a silver-headed surly veteran, nicknamed in the camp the misanthrope. So seldom was the old gentleman’s taciturnity broken, that he seemed now only to have transferred it; for Henry gazed on him in silence. “You do not manage your stops well,” added the stranger, with more conciliation of tone. “Will you, who thus criticize, have the goodness to improve me,” re-

turned the youth, respectfully tendering the instrument. "How should I play?" gruffly returned the old man; "do you not see that my right arm is useless." Henry's sympathetic glance atoned for his oversight; and his new friend then more mildly added, "I may put you in a better way for all that."

The stranger did not over-rate his musical skill, for in a very short time Henry, by his advice, touched yet more exquisitely the clarionet. Nor did their intercourse end there: the retreating dignity of the war-worn veteran was calculated to impress a nature like young Pembroke's. "Although you never till now noticed me," said the old man, "I have been hours in the woods listening to you;—your instrument I was once thought to excel on; and music is still," added he, sighing, "my passion—my only passion."—"And I will play whole hours," politely added Henry, "to afford you the pleasure which you can no longer give yourself."

Henry, though accustomed to military banter, and equal to returning it, was something surprised at seeing a gay young officer at the mess lift up his hands and eyes when he conveyed a slice of beef to his plate. Unable to interpret this gesture without inquiry, the whole party pleasantly answered him, that they concluded he must have renounced all such gross sinful food, now he was got so great with old Pythagoras.—This could apply only to the lame and interesting veteran; and Henry kept up the subject to learn whatever the young men knew of his history;—it was comprised in a few words. Cary, he understood, had from early youth been an officer, but of a fickle turn and melancholy temper, which had made him often change commissions to see new service; till having from a wound in his right arm lost the use of it, he sold out; and, living contentedly on a very little, had traveled from curiosity almost over the whole world. Enthusiasm inhabits not

the heart while the affections are uncherished; but, destined to form a part of every nature, it then passes into the understanding. A residence of some years in the house of a Bramin on the banks of the Ganges had inured Cary to the pure and simple habits of that sect, inso-much that he no longer tasted animal food, and was said to believe in their doctrine of the metempsychosis. "You have seen his fine spaniels?" said the relater, on concluding his story. "They are too beautiful to be overlooked," returned Henry. "Curse me!" added a raw ensign, "if I don't think the queer codger fancies them his near relations; for he made a devil of a row when I had one of them stolen, and shut up for a couple of days, just to see what old Brama would do when he missed her." Alas! thought Henry, how severe must have been the unknown affliction which has thus bewildered a brain rational in all other instances. "But thê best joke of all," cried another flimsy wit, "is, that the comical put, though he has only one hand, would as soon use that to fire one of us off at the mouth of a cannon as take a pinch of snuff; and what polite reason does he give, think you?—why, he says it may, perhaps, be a kindness, as we shall then get a new form; and we shall have devilish bad luck if we should ever become any thing worse than we now are." At this speech Henry's muscles relaxed unconsciously into a smile, and he felt his partiality for Cary increased.

As soon as the hoary veteran found that a youth universally courted took pleasure in tracing him through solitudes which he rather sought, because he knew not where to meet a congenial mind, than from misanthropy, his harshness of character wholly disappeared. It soon became Henry's generous wish to steal into his confidence, that from finding the point whence his reason diverged (for even he thought that it at intervals wandered), he

might gradually, perhaps, bring it back to the path of right. Although profoundly silent on the sorrowful past, this tender consideration had a charm for the abstracted Cary, and chance soon cemented to friendship an acquaintance which chance so oddly began. The attachment had the sanction of General Wolfe. He had selected Cary as an engineer, a post for which his long experience eminently qualified him. Often did the friends lean on a cannon, and confer by looks, as the heroic general sought to smile off in social intercourse the heavy weight of the war, so plainly depicted on his ingenuous countenance.

Environed with variety of dangers, and confined to narrow boundaries in the region of sylvan beauty, the impatient English wasted of necessity those precious days that could not now be many, in petty skirmishes and vain efforts to bring to a battle that enemy, who, securely entrenched, knew much might be lost, but nothing gained by this measure. The high and valorous spirit of General Wolfe could not brook retreating without a conflict; and every passing hour pressed on him the recollection of that approaching one, when nature, periodically, in Canada locks up all her treasures beneath mountains of snow and masses of ice. With gelid breath she there binds to solidity the impetuous rivers; and for the emulation and envy of proud man, constructs magnificent bridges of materials so frangible, that the sun-beams might annihilate them; over which, for months, pass and repass busy multitudes, utterly regardless of a wonder which they annually witness.

The suffering of mind which allows not of communication, usually preys upon the constitution, and General Wolfe was seized with a malady that medicine alone could never cure. It was now only that he could estimate the value of Henry Pembroke's devoted regard; who watched over the important invalid with the spirit of a man, and

the softness of a woman: tender remembrances from home at intervals lightened his duty, and the letters of Julia, a thousand times read, still excited in Henry the same delight.

LETTER.

“ *Castle St. Hilary.*

“ A little volume from our precious volunteer has been at last sent hither after us.—Henry is well.—Oh! what a weight did this news take from both my father’s heart and my own.—I pass over all your masterly and beautiful descriptions of the country, my beloved brother, for I can only be interested or entertained when you speak of yourself.

“ Ah, Henry! are you still, then, fond of a camp? Have you forgotten us, in the pride of attaching the regard of your glorious commander? Why oblige us alike to adore him? In vain you argue on the impossibility of your safety being risked, while it is the interest of the French to avoid an engagement, and the choice rests with their general, not yours. Rumor, my dear Henry, sad and serious rumor, shows the fallacy of this opinion: had you a leader of a common character, you would be certainly in no danger; but that many-headed monster the public, without capacity to judge, or information on which to ground judgment, already questions the conduct of your general, and he has too heroic a soul not to prefer glory to life: at least, thus have you taught us to believe;—how, then, can I be at ease?

“ Yet I think my restless anxiety is abated, since we got out of the gay scenes of Bath; where my poor father lived through each day only by the expectation of the newspaper of the preceding one; and my very soul was harassed with the insipid conjectures of my pump-room companions, who often lost in the sight of a new face, or a new bonnet, all recollection of Canada and the war.

“ Let me, however, distinguish one among the many, so charming, that my heart made almost a friend of her, and my father’s almost a wife.—Nay, start not, my Henry!—our father is only a man, and Lady Trevallyn seems something more than a woman. Made *for*, and a little *by*, the world, the high air of *ton*, and finish of beauty, have not destroyed the warmth of her heart, or the enchanting *naïveté* of her manners. She has tried hard to make me as fine a lady; but I have still my old trick of blushing, either at my own faults or other people’s. I do not accuse her of plotting on my father’s heart, observe, for she reigns in too many to make that of a man of his age or condition an acquisition; but I took notice that he never left home when she was with me, which was almost continually; for we lived next door to each other.—The mansion I date from belongs to her, or rather to her son, where she has promised us a visit.—Ah! should fortune send our Henry to us at the same juncture!—why he, too, would be chained to the car of Lady Trevallyn; and I must thank one of her wild schoolboys for gallanting me about. She is neither too old nor too wise to be entertained with flights of imagination, by vulgar souls ycleped romance; and after I had drawn one of my usual pastoral pictures of a Welch retreat, in which I meditated burying both my father and myself, during your absence, she assured me, that Castle St. Hilary was the very dwelling I had by intuition described: save that its antiquity was such, that ‘were Samson now alive, and should take any exception either to the building or to the company, a single shake of his would pull it about our ears. The rocks were already so sociable as almost to nod at each other over our heads; and the water-falls, as incessantly melodious as heart could desire. The anchorites of the mountains were, indeed, rather more numerous than we might like; but,

luckily, they went upon four legs ; and, however magnificent their beards, neither troubled us with their lectures nor their company,” —I liked the description, and my father the lady :—a blind bargain was struck between our family stewards ; and when our lovely widow, with other water-fowl, took wing for Weymouth, we set out on the tour for Wales.

“Pray, did you ever suspect our father of turning author ?—or has he newly taken up the idea ?—His travels through the Principality, I am convinced, he must design shortly to treat the public with ; ornamented with drawings by a young lady, for her own amusement : for had I not taken my portfolio and pencils, I know not how I could have passed the frequent intervals of his absence. With feet still tender, and a gouty cough, never did he espy from the chaise-window a shady dell or winding road, but John was stopped, and he must explore it. A stony brook became as sure an attraction to him as if the nymph of the stream had been braiding her green locks, and waiting for him by appointment at its source. At length we reached this sweet abode—this solitary castle. Erected, in the eye of fancy, as we look up to it from the road, upon the very boundary of creation : one seems with pilgrim devotion to deposit all human cares and follies at the foot of the mountain it stands on, and to seek here a kind of resting-place between earth and heaven ; to which it so nearly approaches, that I sometimes fancy I see my guardian spirit, as each neighborly cloud breaks, and surely breathe something here of celestial peace and purity.

“Had I my beloved Henry for a guide and protector, I would run about these mountains like a chamois, and not leave a spot unvisited. I know not what the charms of Canada may be, but do not think that we need go so far to find all our visions of beauty, and retired felicity,

realized.—At least come and journey through Wales with me before you decide.—Let your eye wander here through the rich foliage of the woods that fill the hollows, then lift them to the grotesque summits so far above you—climb as though you were scaling heaven, and you may then turn to survey the village of St. Hilary and its castle, looking like bee-hives in a garden, while one rude mountain seems to shoulder another, far as the eye can reach,—a sea of green billows fixed into solidity by the fiat of the Almighty.—How the soul feels at once its force and its feebleness in contemplating scenes like this!—the mysterious image of immense power overshadows us, and imperfect humanity can only glorify by silence the Creator of all things, wondering that a mite should have the privilege:—to this spot I always resort when I can reach so far, and, throwing myself upon the turf, conjecture whether my dear Henry sees at the same moment a scene as grand, or feels a sensation as sublime.

“This ancient seat preserves all its family honors without giving you the idea of any thing frightful or gloomy.—There is a simplicity, a kind of lovely homeliness in its interior, like the heart, probably, of the builder, who cased that in iron as well as his castle, only against the enemy.—To his friends and his poor both were alike open. The Gothic gates, and uncouth statues in the outer hall, make me expect, every time I enter, a greeting from Prince Llewellyn, or at least Owen Glendower, while other harpings than those of my own hand seem to ring on my ears. A table, like that of King Arthur for size, solidity, and polish, appears in perspective; but we have not yet been so lucky as to encircle it with true knights—even of the shire.

“The gardens, I own, do not please me. Battlements of yew, and fortifications of holly, must always offend taste; and a considerable tract of beautiful land is orna-

mented with every diversity of verdure, under the daily torture of the shears of the gardener: at the extremity of the pleasure-ground you find the gate of a desolated priory:—pass that, and all is enchantment.—No weeds are to be seen within the sacred inclosure—sweet shrubs and plants have been nurtured in every favorable spot—each moldering pillar is enwreathed with jasmine—the Gothic fret-work of the windows seems bound together by a treillage of roses and woodbine—the cloisters, yet in tolerable preservation, supply a walk ever dry, and inclose an orangery;—I thought myself in fairy land.—The dear sociable soul who thus has given a charm to ruin, a grace to imperfection, has filled every niche with a comfortable seat, always calculated for two persons.—This silent, solemn scene by moonlight is almost too touching for sensibility, while one fancies the fragrant and beautiful flowers are springing from the fair and pure bosoms of nuns now no longer beating with vain hopes or fears—as mine still does.—Would you think that I should have found another treasure beyond?—but of this I will not speak, that I may have something left to surprise my Henry with when he comes here to visit us—for here till he comes will I stay.—Nay, perhaps I shall not then quit St. Hilary.—Abhorred be Farleigh, while my brother refuses to dwell there!—yet my father bids me enjoin you still to direct your packets to his own seat, as that is the most immediate mode of conveying them to us. Adieu! beloved Henry; remember of what importance you are to your father and your poor Julia; and take care of yourself for our sakes, if not your own.”

The conviction this epistle gave Henry, that Julia had determinately rejected the addresses of Vernon, and sought to seclude from the world those charms that fixed all whom they attracted, was perhaps necessary to invig-

orate his soul in the approaching trial which called for its utmost energy.—That momentous period was now at hand when the glorious Wolfe had resolved upon conquest or death; nor knew that to him they would be one and the same thing.—The daring enterprise meditated by the hero, comprehended so many various exertions of human powers, as showed that he relied on finding in each fellow-soldier a nature like his own; and Wolfe well knew how to impart his native enthusiasm. When the solemn hour of embarkation came, the troops ascended the boats appointed to fall down the river St. Lawrence, with the firm step of valor and of virtue—each eye, having first besought its God, was turned with awe and admiration towards the dauntless leader, who, with circumspect mien, but sublime determination, marshaled the silent soldiery. Henry Pembroke stood near him, and had the envied honor of being ordered to do so on the field of battle.

Day closed ere the little flota launched upon the rapid tide, which, to each thoughtful mind, seemed to carry forward the freight like time rolling onward to eternity. The stars, alone more silent than the troops, shone with a pure radiance peculiar to the cold atmosphere. The winds, now rushing through impending woods of growth immemorial, which cast their deep shadow on the water, seemed like a furious host of congregating foes, and now lost behind the rocky heights, nature's proud bastions, which the floating troops were soon to scale, allowed them in passing to hear the careless whistling of unsuspecting sentinels, who were not warned, even by a whisper, that an enemy was at hand.

How glorious, how triumphant was the landing of the English, though fierce and desperate the conflict! Impatient in the dreadful onset for artillery, General Wolfe commanded Pembroke to fly to the pass, where, by exertions almost beyond human strength or skill, the seamen

were drawing the cannon up the precipices, and urge the engineers to point it. Hardly had Henry repeated this order to Cary, ere the fusee of an Indian, enlisted in the cause of France, laid the youth at the feet of his friend. In the fate of an army an individual is usually forgotten, and Pembroke had been trodden instantaneously to death, but that Cary caught up his body, and throwing it over the only cannon, called to the spirited tars who were on the point of descending, in a voice of thunder, to save the brave volunteer, the favorite of the general. They halted a moment; then, with an adroitness peculiar to themselves, interlaced the slings by which the artillery had been dragged up, and laying the bleeding Henry in this rough cradle, rushed down the rocks, impatient to renew their vigorous efforts for their country's service. A young midshipman, who was stationed on the river, received the apparently lifeless charge from the sailors; but, as he dared not quit his post, Henry must have bled to death, had not the elder brother of the little officer been led by affection to share his danger: no rigid duty interfered in his bosom with that of humanity; and on hearing the name of the sufferer, he hastened with him to the camp.

One universal burst of joy, of sorrow, of generous, ennobling tears, ran through England at the news of the conquest of Canada,—at the death of its conqueror:—in vain was the rich territory gained, in vain an army preserved;—Wolfe, even in the arms of victory, had fallen! and each man seemed to lose in him a son—a brother—a friend:—ah! each had lost perhaps even more, when the adored object of national gratitude lived not to enjoy its rapturous effusions.

News like this every where out-ran the post, and soon was known even at the remote castle of St. Hilary. The generous tears with which Mr. Pembroke and Julia em-

balmed the lost hero were strangely blended with uncertain alarm for Henry : but the newspaper was not come. It at length arrived, but gave no relief to the anxious readers. The post, however, would end their fears:—it followed, but brought no letter:—a second came, but not a line did it convey. Silent though ungovernable anguish seized at once on Mr. Pembroke and his daughter; but the mutual misery burst into words as well as tears, when he proposed posting to London for intelligence. The fragile Julia instantly lost all feeling for herself, and traveled night and day with her father, who hastened to the war-office, where he understood that Henry, being a volunteer, had not been necessarily included in the return of the killed and wounded; though that one fate or the other had been his was indubitable. The distracted Mr. Pembroke could hope for further intelligence only from the officer who brought home the dispatches:—that gentleman, however, recollected nothing more than having seen the youth at the side of the general at the onset. A pre-eminence so glorious Mr. Pembroke immediately felt might become fatal, nor wondered that Henry was overlooked when Wolfe expired; though, under other circumstances, his wounds might not have been mortal.

Oh! that Julia, when this heart-rending account reached her, could have taken wing and crossed the seas to Canada: then would she have explored every bloody spot of the well-fought field, nor once have rested, till, living or dead, she had found her beloved brother. Her afflicted soul now imaged him for ever exposed to the birds of the air, and the beasts of the field, till grief was wrought up in her to its highest pitch by the accumulation of horror.

Yet not to its highest pitch was it wrought up in Julia, for she knew not self-reproach—that was the portion of her disconsolate father: who too late bewailed having appropriated a blessing which Heaven had bestowed on

other parents, without being content with the precious one it gave exclusively to himself.

To the inhabitants of Castle St. Hilary a sad and uncheered winter commenced. Not one of all the inquiries concerning Henry ever produced the smallest information; and therefore those who loved him were destined long to endure every misery of conjecture, unrelieved by hope. It had been Mr. Pembroke's earnest wish to return to his own house; but the bare mention of Farleigh always threw Julia into an agony of grief; for there still, to her eyes, stood the dear, insulted, indignant boy, as at the moment when he was driven from that happy home, only to seek in another country an untimely grave.

From Farleigh, however, at length was forwarded a box, that the ship-marks showed to have come from Canada. The sight of it only renewed the lamentations of Mr. Pembroke and his daughter. Ah! what could a box bring them? save the loathed uniform of the lost Henry, or those various treasured trifles so endeared by remembrance, that only with life we resign them. Painful as must be the certainty, doubt, however, could not be endured. Some rich furs, and a letter in an unknown hand, were all the contents of the box. With trembling impatience Mr. Pembroke tore open the letter, while Julia turned away, that he might not observe how she sickened at the signature of Vernon. Yet even the slightest glance had carried to her heart a doubt, a joyful doubt, that once more drew her eye to the packet. Had she indeed seen there the name of Henry?—Ah! too surely her sense had not deceived her:—at once the paper, so lately abhorred, became dear—invaluable. It told her that Henry yet lived, and lived by the generous cares of Vernon. Words never spoke the gratitude that now throbbed at the heart of Julia. She raised her white hand in rapture to heaven, and had the luckless lover been his own reporter, freely,

gladly, would she have allowed that hand to drop into his, and have thought the much-desired blessing too poor, too trivial an acknowledgment of such a service.

The long silence of Vernon he excused by relating the deplorable state of Henry, who had been but very recently pronounced out of danger; and such had become, even while he was writing, the severity of the season, as to make it quite uncertain whether he could put this letter into any channel by which he might lighten the sufferings of the family at Farleigh. His best chance was by committing it to an Indian, who knew how in the coldest weather to perform his periodical perambulations; and if the savage executed his trust well, Miss Pembroke would with this news receive some rich furs, which he entreated her to wear as a mark of his devoted respect. He slightly hinted that her rejection alone could have made him quit England; which he did in company with his younger brother, then first sent into service, in a frigate which their particular friend commanded. When he knew that it was destined for Canada, he the more readily embarked, as he always had the vanity to fancy that could he meet the gallant son of Mr. Pembroke, he should find means to gain that friendship which he had long since learnt to value. They had indeed met—but how?—In the tumults of the attack at Quebec, while he was standing by his brother, the young volunteer was in a moment laid at his feet, drowned in blood, and without a sign of life. Humanity alone would have claimed the exertions which sympathy quickened. Great, however, was the difficulty of getting the youth conveyed to the English camp, nor, when that was accomplished, could he command the assistance of a single surgeon, who were all on appointed duty. During this anxious interval, the blood of Henry continued to flow, till every vein was exhausted. It was then found that the ball had entered at

the right shoulder, and, as the arm was extended, had torn its way through, till at the elbow it was apprehended to have touched the bone, and the surgeon was urgent for amputation. Vernon's opposition prevented this, and eventually saved the arm of Henry ; but the effusion of blood caused a low and tedious fever, producing a dangerous degree of weakness, and a continual wandering of intellect, though his voice was almost too feeble for utterance. The memorable and immediate conquest of Canada gave the whole army those comforts which they must soon have grievously wanted ; but so alarming was the state of young Pembroke, that nothing but the severity of the season could have warranted the removing him to Quebec. At length that became the least of two dangers ; and having the aid and concurrence of a respectable friend of the sufferer's, to whom his welfare seemed hardly less dear, the lover of Julia had ventured this measure. It had the apprehended consequence of a relapse. The incidental sickness, faintings, fever, and delirium, returned with added violence ; nor could they for many days hope that Henry would ever struggle through his sufferings. During this period frost had shut up the river, and left no certain means of communication with England. In his cares, however, was now associated that worthy veteran whom the merit of Henry had bound to him, and who was always, when reason reigned, recognized by the eyes of the youth with peculiar pleasure ; which had become a great relief to Vernon himself, as his brother had unfortunately taken the measles at Montreal, and he was obliged either to leave the orphan whom his parents' dying injunctions had given to his care at the mercy of strangers, or commit Henry to the charge of his venerable friend Cary. He had yielded to the most pressing duty, and was now setting out on a dangerous journey ; having made every possible provision for the

welfare of Henry, whom Cary had promised never to leave. He concluded with giving the address of that gentleman, whom he exhorted Mr. Pembroke to correspond with as an old friend. With affectionate wishes for the return of Henry to England, he hinted a hope that, whenever the youth should learn the name of his preserver, Julia would deign to use her influence with her beloved brother to accept those cares as a small atonement for that error of his boyish days, which he could never recollect without blushing.

“And now our Henry has surely had enough of war!” sighed Mr. Pembroke, as he folded the letter:—“enough too has he won of honor: and if ever, my Julia, our arms again enfold the wanderer, hard shall he find it to escape them. This noble Cary, too!—how will my girl recompense him, and young Vernon?” “By loving one half as well as I do you, and the other half as well as my Henry,” said Julia, pressing her cheek against her father’s.—“Only *half* as well, my Julia?” urged the generous parent.—Julia sighed, but gave no other reply.

Several letters, fraught with the same happy intelligence, that had been sent by different channels, reached, in the course of a few months, Castle St. Hilary. At length one from Cary informed Mr. Pembroke, that though Henry’s wound was nearly healed, either that, or some unknown cause, had produced such a delicacy in the habit of the youth as threatened a consumption; in consequence of which the physician had ordered him to hasten into the milder air of his own country. A letter of the same date from Henry himself, however, spoke not of any malady; but breathed a spirit of despondency, the more alarming, as it seemed impossible for Mr. Pembroke to trace it to any cause. The soul of Julia impulsively assigned the true one: and when she urged her brother by every power which affection holds or gives to

hasten home, she delicately insinuated that Vernon was not in England, and that the gates of St. Hilary were still closed on lovers of every description.

It was but too true, that as the wound in his arm closed, that in the heart of Henry became poisoned. As soon as he had power to converse, the grateful sensibility of his nature led him to inquire whither the gentle assiduous stranger to whom he felt so much indebted had vanished, and who he was. The warmth of Cary's heart threw him off his guard; and although it had been Vernon's express request to have his name concealed, lest it might revive painful recollections in the mind of the sufferer, Cary not only declared that, but was lavish on the merits of the man by whose generous exertions alone Henry had lived to make the inquiry. That youth felt as though again struck to the ground. A thousand times he bewailed the ineffective aim of the ambushed Indian; which allowed him to survive one wound, only to precipitate him to the grave by another not the less mortal because unseen. Vernon appeared to him the chosen favorite of heaven, since he was thus permitted to crush with obligation the wretch who first through his means knew misery. Well could the unfortunate youth calculate the hopes that this hitherto rejected lover would be entitled to cherish; for had he not even in Julia's eyes now fully extenuated his boyish offence? Alas! might not even he himself be called upon to ratify, approve, the lover's claim, detail virtues which he could not deny, amplify those kindnesses it was death to him to have received, echo every plaudit of an admiring circle, and, finally, be obliged to witness the union odious to his idea, but to which it was impossible he should object: for he, even he, felt that Vernon had deserved Julia.—While the unspeakable sorrow took these painful forms in the bosom of Henry, he would often in silent agony throw himself upon the ground, and

tear the hair in handfuls from his head : giving Cary the dreadful apprehension that his intellects were failing. A thousand times did that friend entreat him to unfold the cause of these horrible transports. A thousand times did he claim a generous, an unlimited participation of this inexplicable anguish : but, alas ! it was among the exquisite miseries of Henry that he could not disclose them. This stifled jealousy soon dried up every soft sluice of affection, and with corrosive power eat into the very heart of the unrecovered youth—a deadly canker on the fairest fruit of humanity. His long fits of melancholy abstraction were now only broken by convulsive starts and internal struggles, which made his eyes shoot fierce and furious glances on mere vacancy. But nature can not long endure such suffering without showing its effect ; and those cheeks, on which health had promised once more to spread her roses, now daily became more and more hollow and pallid, even to ghastliness. Short shivering sighs alone indicated that he breathed, and the gloomy languor of his half-closed eyes showed how seldom they knew the renovating blessing of repose. It grieved poor Cary to the heart to watch the desolation of such a fine creature ; and to know that there must be some deep-seated cause, both from the suddenness and rapidity of his decline : yet he remitted not in his efforts to obtain the confidence he almost dreaded. Devoured as Henry's spirits were by cruel recollections and nameless fears, he was yet open to the impressions of sympathy : and conceiving some communication to be due to such unwearied kindness, he tried to mislead his anxious friend by a partial one. He ventured one day to disclose the least of his griefs in the mortifying story of his obscure birth ; which left him through life at the mercy of the world, or rather the victim of its cruel prejudice : while he had neither acceptance in it, fortune, nor those ties of affinity more dear than

all. "And causes an evil light as this a grief so mighty," cried Cary, keenly turning on him eyes that struck through his soul a reverential sense of suffering and of sorrow which he had never known before. "Oh world! thou maze of never-ending wonder! thou wilderness of still-shooting calamity, how various, how complicated, how fanciful are thy woes! This boy here, indulged almost beyond his wishes, holds himself licensed to groan, and rend his hair only because he wants thy empty title to those blessings which he can accept or reject at his pleasure! Ah! what then should I do?—might I not be sanctioned in still scattering these gray locks on the winds of heaven, and drenching even yet the earth with the tears of these withered eyes, so long only fountains of sorrow, when I call to mind—" A deep, convulsive sigh suspended speech in the veteran.

There is something so impressive in the grief of advanced life, if the suffering mind soars to dignity, that those yet younger, awed into silence, hastily gather back into their own inexperienced bosoms each little selfish complaint, and almost blush to have ventured any. Henry felt this powerfully; and, in turn, became the suppliant for confidence and unreserve.

"Long, long, and many are the years," sighed the agitated Cary, "since these lips were unsealed to mortal man; and why should they now be so? No, it is not possible for me to unfold my fate even to you—yet let the impression of recollected misery which thus shakes me, teach you, young man, no longer to magnify those little present evils, that you may hereafter find to be but the lightest links in the vast chain of human calamity which encircles the earth, and may one day enthrall each faculty of your soul. It is not what we inherit, but what we lose: you might have had all, all you wish, and been at last as very a wretch as I am. Fond parents,—lineal honors,—

ample fortunes,—the wife whom I adored,—offspring no less lovely,—did Heaven in lavish bounty bestow on me; yet here I stand impoverished of all these blessings,—single in creation,—uninterested in the fluctuating multitudes by whom I am surrounded,—uninteresting to them. Whether these bones shall be inurned in the proud vault of my forefathers, or whiten on the plains of Canada, no one knows, no one cares.—Yes!—you, perhaps, would give them decent burial; and these faithful animals,” concluded he, pointing to the two beautiful spaniels affectionately couching at his feet, “with an attachment unknown to sophisticated man, would, perhaps, stretch themselves in death on the grave of him who fed—who loved them.”

When grief loses sight of its greater objects, and retreats either into self, or such as are inferior, it may be wrought to disclosure. Henry seized with animated sympathy the occasion, and at length conquered the repugnance which his friend expressed to descanting on a story he had already briefly capitulated.

“When I consider the great bond and duties of morality,” sighed the dignified old man, “I own I ought not to hesitate—selfish is the navigator who burns the chart of his voyage, when so many must doubtfully follow the same course. From the errors of my life may you, Pembroke, learn discretion—from its miseries a patient endurance of your own appointed lot. Yet there are things I must detail which it is agony to think of:—let your generous glowing heart give proportionate value to the confidence.

“I am the son of a baronet, who was the head of an ancient family, and the sole heir of an entailed and ample estate. My father, unhappily, had not known the advantage of a liberal education, nor could he be persuaded that it was essential to a gentleman. Among the causes

of his aversion to literature was a love of money ill suited to his condition in life; but thrift is a common fault, I believe, in uncultivated minds, which seek a poor occupation (for man can not live without some) in petty calculations. My mother, having no other child, could not endure to part with me; and therefore valued herself on saving my father's cash by taking upon herself to instruct me in my native tongue. By their mutual care I was so consummate a blockhead at nine years old that I could hardly read a chapter in the Bible. In this happy state of ignorance I should probably have grown up, could my mother have kept me always at her apron-string; but I was now too stout for her to manage, and too cunning to impart to her how I passed the intervals of absence. A narrow escape which I shortly after had of breaking my neck, by riding a vicious horse, without bridle or saddle, put it out of all doubt that to some control I must be subjected. My father, with his usual parsimony, only calculated where I could get most learning for least money; and my mother, how she could keep me near enough to cocker me constantly with eates, and have me home every Sunday. At length it occurred to them both that our worthy clergyman might be a most excellent preceptor if he would take me to board, as he was blest with a son two years younger than I was, whom his care had already made the best scholar in the country.

“Cramped circumstances, and clerical dependence, are never so severely felt as when they subject persons of merit to such troublesome incumbrances as I must necessarily have proved: yet the excellent man was obliged to receive the compliments of his neighbors on the honor of being intrusted with the young squire. When I recollect, among a hundred ways I had of being irksome, the daintiness of my appetite, which taxed the good people's circumstances to supply their table with delicacies for me

that they denied to themselves, I wonder they did not hate me.—Study I soon found detestable; and as I was already able to maintain my argument against my father, I did not mind letting my tutor have the best of it; for he was to live by his learning, and I by the wisdom and economy of my progenitors. Seldom came the day that a worthless gamekeeper, to hide his own depredations under those imputed to the young squire, did not entice me from the parsonage; and its worthy inhabitants were often in a state little short of distraction, lest any accident should have happened to me: so early can self-will and the pride of life reign, where parents fail to rectify both by due government and proper tuition. I should doubtless have grown up an ignorant clown of fortune and family, had my poor mother lived; for never did she fail to intercept the necessary complaints which my tutor sought to convey to Sir Hubert's ear. The mistaken good woman, however, died when I was about twelve years old, and with her I lost a thousand foolish fond indulgences which I heavily missed.—My father now often heard how unruly I was, and seemed, in becoming a free man, to have acquired a new importance in his own eyes. Among the reasons he gave me for “turning over a new leaf,” as he termed reformation, was, that, except I amended, though now an only son and heir, I might not always remain so. The latter I however knew to be a mere threat, for every servant, as well as kinsman or friend, had already assured me that I could not lose my inheritance by his having twenty more children. Happily for the peace of my own soul, a change in my conduct was effected by a better motive than the fear of losing a fortune—a conviction of my ignorance. I began to discover that the taste for literature my young friend Llewellyn early displayed, had not only given him an acceptation in society which made me blush to take place of him, but

diffused through his manners an elegance seldom found in mere scholars, while it tintured his life with that exquisite power of enjoyment, which a regulated and informed mind, united with a glowing imagination, alone can give. Llewellyn was thought poor, dependent.—No, he was rich—for he was master of himself: and I, the esquire, was poor and dependent, for I had an empty head and an ungovernable temper, which constantly threw me upon the mercy of all around me. The moment in which a young man first discovers his own fault, is the one that determines his character; since he must ultimately sink under that which he does not at once resolve to rise above. I was not, however, too old to redeem lost time; and Llewellyn soon did more for me than his father had ever been able to do: who, good old man, exulted to see me sensible of his son's superiority: but in proportion as I gained my tutor's affection, I lost my father's. His table was often surrounded by illiterate assuming persons, whom even I could confute on a thousand occasions; and though I had now sense enough to speak with modesty, I was soon found guilty by ignorant eldership of being too young to be in the right. Sir Hubert one day bluntly informed me that he expected me to learn, and not to teach; hinting that he had some thoughts of clipping my wings by marrying again. Indeed it shortly after became obvious, that a lady newly widowed had made up her mind that he should do so; but of this I took no note.

“A brother of my mother's, who had passed his youth abroad, and risen in the army to the rank of a general, now came down to spend some time with us: he expressed great astonishment at finding his nephew near six feet high, as well as himself, and still more that he had no profession. As he sometimes kindly regretted not having a sergeant with him, who might teach me to move like a

gentleman, I took an occasion to show him that the inside of my head made a better figure than its outside; and he was no less suddenly amazed at my knowledge, which to him appeared pre-eminent. His ignorance was of the good-natured kind, which buds forth into wonder; and he really supposed that I should be a phenomenon at college, whither, he insisted, I ought immediately to go; but as he was not much more generous than my father, this admitted of debate. At length they agreed conjointly to squeeze out enough to equip me for, and maintain me at Oxford: but I had sufficient feeling to languish to share the advantage with Llewellyn. It was almost ruin to his father to engage in such an expense; but the youth had set his mind on academical honors; and the pride of showing this beloved and gifted son to all the wise professors, was a temptation that my worthy tutor could not resist: he therefore agreed with his wife to starve their appetites, and feast on the rising fame of their son.

“The general himself conveyed us to Oxford; and there set down two raw striplings never before out of the nest in which they were fledged, to *feel* the world rather than to *see* it. To how many wants did a single week make us sensible! how many wishes grew out of those supplied wants, and how endless soon became both! The known circumstances of my young friend, as well as the right turn of his mind, gave him an advantage over me, in permitting him to limit his expenses; but for the only son of a rich baronet to affect economy would have insured to him ridicule and contempt; while the same extravagance would have been produced by fear, instead of frankness of temper. I, however, did not act from consideration; but almost withdrawing from the studious Llewellyn, committed my conduct to the guidance of companions who were only less modest, not more judicious than myself; by whose advice I so fully profited,

that in a year I amassed a list of bills as long as my father's rent-roll, and incurred a censure from the vice-chancellor. I now was compelled a little to reflect, and the affectionate Llewellyn would, no doubt, have suggested some method to retrieve my imprudence, had I not been ashamed to consult one whose virtue tacitly reformed me: and 'what does he know of life?' was the cry of all my inconsiderate associates. When I imparted to them my distress, they shouted with laughter. Was I not an only child, and therefore the heir of my mother's fortune, no less than of my father's entailed estates? The young spendthrifts had a copious acquaintance among the Jews and money-brokers in London. By their recommendation I drove up my new curriele thither, and found that so much admired, the town so agreeable, and the sons of Israel so accommodating, that my visits to London more than once made me in danger of expulsion at college. At the time when I ought to have finished my education, I had not one penny left of my poor mother's portion. To bury the sense of chagrin, and go off in a blaze, I gave a dinner at the Thatched-House to all the Cantabs of my acquaintance, and from thence adjourned half-drunk to a masquerade, where I was soon found out and surrounded by a bevy of light ladies, among whom I had a very large acquaintance. Before us we saw a stalking figure of Guy Vaux, prying into every corner:—he took my fancy, and I began to hunt and quiz him. He suddenly stopped, raised his little dark lantern, and turning the light full on my face first, from whence I had taken the mask to cool myself, removed his vizor, and whisked it round to his own. I beheld my uncle, the general, and became sober in a moment. Here ended my town career, and many a sour lecture followed: though I really think his telling me that he first knew me by my

inveterate country tone vexed me more than his informing my father of all my follies, who abruptly recalled me.

“Impoverished of what fortune I could call my own during my father’s life, humbled and disgraced, I returned to a home not more endeared by the daily lectures I had incurred for living an idle life, when I had never known a profession or employment. A large demand on Sir Hubert, from some of my accommodating London money-brokers, incensed him to the extreme. He flatly refused to pay a guinea for me, and bade the hardest of wretches do their worst; which was in reality consigning me at two-and-twenty to the King’s-Bench and ignominy. I remonstrated, entreated, promised in vain. He saw in imagination all his coffers plundered, and his old oaks leveled; and solemnly swore that I should learn by want the value of both. After a little time, he, however, cooled, and made me a proposal which riper years and more observation would have guarded me from listening to, but which, at my time of life, and under such a pressure of circumstances, was readily accepted:—it was to join with him in cutting off the entail: not that, he said, he should eventually deprive me of my birthright, nor, as I was an only child, did it appear likely; but that I should by this step put it out of my own power, either by early intemperance or extravagance, to let myself be plundered of my patrimony. The plea was, though arbitrary, fatherly and prudent; the sum offered, more than enough to relieve my feelings, by acquitting me to every creditor. The lawyers went to work, and the entail was regularly docked.

“The lightness of heart which followed the payment of my debts was, however, something damped by seeing my father appear openly as a wooer of the widow lady whom I formerly mentioned. In fact, I had soon reason to apprehend that the late measure was suggested by her

as a preliminary to her marriage; as it would secure to her children, should she bear Sir Hubert any, by the influence she might obtain, the rights of eldership. I felt all my own indiscretion, but I uttered not a word; and soon saw a second bride take the place of my poor mother, who bore not the least resemblance to her: proud, vain, selfish, and ill-tempered to all but her husband, the new wife understood well how to manage him by an affected fondness, while she vented on me a displeasure which I excited only by being my father's son. My first severe blow in life now fell on me. I felt that I was sunk to insignificance by my own faults merely; and to complete them, had assigned away, like Esau, my birthright for a mess of pottage; but I had not, like him, the heart and blessing of my father. My step-mother became with child, and Sir Hubert doubled his idolatry. The coldness of both consequently increased to me; and even the domestics, by an utter inattention to my orders, showed that they understood me to remain only on sufferance in the mansion of my fathers; where empty pockets seemed to threaten me with eternal humiliation. How long I could have borne this situation I know not; but on representing it in part to my uncle, the general, he sent me a commission in the army; bidding me come up to him, and leave Sir Hubert to enjoy at full his delectable fit of dotage: he concluded with some of his usual harsh, coarse comments on my follies which had given my father an excuse for a second marriage. Before I left home I saw a sister added to our family; and observed that her sex had been a severe disappointment to both parents.—It seemed a little to turn Sir Hubert's affections again towards me; for he assured me on parting, that the future still depended on myself, nor would the dear little stranger cause any material alteration in his views, if I from that time behaved with prudence, honor, and feeling. Thus,

however, did not my uncle and I part; for when he found that I had put it in the power of a second wife to step between me and the estate inalienably mine, had I been but rationally selfish, he became outrageous with passion, and gross in his expression of it:—he at once abjured me as a spendthrift, and ridiculed me as a fool. In taking leave of England for Minorca I had, therefore, the pleasant conviction that it contained not one human being who cared if I ever returned to it or not, and hardly one whom I on my own part wished again to see.

“The impressions of youth are, however, naturally as versatile as impetuous. New scenes and new objects easily dissipate painful remembrances. My present profession and associates pleased and amused me. The garrison, though limited as to numbers, was in a healthy situation, and the officers were men who had mostly seen service, and learned discretion. I loved music, and studied it; passing my time agreeably enough, till the regiment was ordered to the West Indies. Though my pay was certainly too little to maintain a gentleman, I always found it very difficult to wring from Sir Hubert's gripe those remittances that were indispensable; and had only one consolation for present inconveniences; that I had never said or done, since we parted, aught that my father could construe into an offence; and my lady-mother luckily had never borne him another child. The change of climate soon brought on me that desperate fever which often rages in the islands, and is so fatal to Europeans: it very nearly left Sir Hubert without an heir. I was a whole year recovering: my pecuniary demands, of course, became greater; and whether my father distrusted my accounts of a sickness so lingering, or his wife stood between him and humanity, I know not, but I often felt the pressure of poverty in a degree which he ought never to have suffered his son to have experienced; and which

might again have driven me to desperate or mean resources, had I not profited so far by my past errors and follies as to endure patiently. Yet the evil hour sometimes comes upon us, however wary we think ourselves; and a single one finished my ruin. The liquor of the country always inflamed me almost to madness; and having, in some dissipated company at a tavern, exceeded the little I usually allowed myself, I fell in with a party playing high:—this fatal fever of college came over me. I felt in my pockets, but they were empty, and known to be so. My companions derided my prudence: I no longer knew what I did, when I desperately offered my only stake, and played away my commission. The frenzy of intoxication was succeeded by a misery which I remember even now with horror. I had seconded the arts of my step-mother, authorized the parsimony of my father—in fine, disinherited myself. To complete my tortures, a note was brought me from a military friend, advising me, on the plea of bad health, to request leave of the commanding officer to return home, and immediately to sail in the fleet then under weigh for England; as he was grieved to inform me that I could not appear without a general slight which no individual could, either by resentment or apology, get over; and which would for ever stop my career in the army: though he knew me to be so much beloved, that all the regiment would defend my honor if I went home as sick.

“Sick, indeed, I was—sick of myself—life—every thing—and to what a home was I now to return!—where I had been unwelcome even before I knew myself penniless, and dishonored. The tumults of my mind during the memorable voyage never shall I forget. How often was I tempted to bury myself in that tumultuous deep only more perturbed than my own soul; but my cup was not yet full,—much, much of bitter, and one drop of heavenly

sweetness yet remained to be poured into it. I turned my unwilling steps towards the house of my father, without daring to apprise him of my arrival, lest he should shut that and his heart alike against me. I discharged the chaise before I came to the last turnpike, dreading the hue and cry of joy which might run before me only to aggravate my humiliation and misery. The evening was closing as I passed a thousand well-remembered sports, and persons; but I felt as a criminal, and, skulking along, knew that my return would gladden no one heart in creation. At length I approached the garden.—Oh, happy spot! where once in innocence and peace I revelled on the present, nor considered the past or future. There once hung my infantine swing between two limes. There once, proud of my boy's apparel, I gayly leapt my poney. There once I saved a frozen beggar, and my mother fondly blest me for it.—I—I—myself was now become a beggar, and who should bless—should save me?—I turned my lonely steps towards the church, and stretching myself upon the vault where that poor mother lay in happy ignorance of my misconduct, I implored Heaven, by her sainted spirit, to accept my penitence, and soften the heart of my father. After this sad oblation I ventured to present myself at the door: a cry of delight ran through the domestics, who had at that moment forgotten that I was no longer their certain master. Nine years had elapsed since I had set eyes on my father, who was grown by infirmity more than so much older. The dear man was sitting bolstered up in a fit of the gout. I sunk at the feet of the venerable, though harsh, parent, and nature asserted her power in both our hearts, by almost audible pulsations. Hardly could I gain voice enough to murmur out, “Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son!” This awful address, springing from a true

sense of error, carried with it all the force of the following sacred impressions, and disarmed parental wrath:—the feeling became too mighty;—Sir Hubert threw himself on my neck in speechless agitation, and both almost died of the tender pang of re-union. A thousand pious ideas were blended with nature's fond transport; and having called up incidentally all that could operate in my favor, I found my fault, if not overlooked, so lessened, that I had little difficulty in prevailing on Sir Hubert to forgive it. Thus, by true contrition, I suddenly felt, after an interval of so many erring and miserable years, that I had at once recovered virtue and a father.

“A beautiful child was now called; for her mother, most luckily, happened to be abroad on a visit, who, with sweet endearment, entreated me to love Caroline. It seemed impossible to avoid loving so engaging a creature; who, in the innocence of her little heart, called upon papa to admire her ‘fine officer-brother,’ and, by the involuntary flattery of childhood, led me to believe that there was yet something left in me that the guileless might love.

“This tender reception and generous pardon doubled the tie of nature, by binding my very soul to my father. His lady, on returning, beheld with astonishment her Caroline upon my knee, entwining her white arms round my neck; while Sir Hubert, with almost equal fondness, surveyed his son and daughter. Accompanied still by the little charmer, who would not part with me, I withdrew, as well to save my own shame, while my father revealed my fault, as to avoid his lady's cold looks, and, perhaps, cutting comments. The last, however, I did not escape; for though he spoke low, and even, I thought, humbly, she replied in a high and acrimonious voice, ‘And is all this rejoicing then, Sir Hubert, only because your worthless son has completely disgraced himself, and

half ruined you?—Pardon me, if I do not partake so singular an exultation.' By what way could I hope to win a woman like this? Had it been possible, my extravagant fondness for her daughter must have subdued her enmity. Adored as Caroline was by both her parents, I soon learned, I think, to love her better than either did; and certainly much more wisely: for I found that she, like myself, had been allowed to run wild in her childhood, and her naturally fine understanding was as uncultivated as her temper was unformed. Sick of the world, and willing to be wholly forgotten by it, I thought now only of indulging a love of literature and music, and of cheering my father's age by my company, while I lightened to him every care. It seemed a generous return for his liberal forgiveness to become the preceptor of Caroline, and the novelty and distinction of the thing took her young fancy; while it bound me to certain daily acquirements of limited knowledge, which I could only instill by first studying. As the little ingenuous heart of the sweet child unfolded itself to the cares and affections she excited, I found a strange void in my own which I had never till now felt, or at least reflected on. The exquisite delight this little creature gave to us all, rendered me suddenly sensible of the charm of those natural ties by which we impart and double our being. Alas! it was not at large I made this observation; every throb of my heart told me that there existed one woman, and only one, with whom it could realize the fond, fond visions of domestic bliss, now daily floating before my fancy.

“Although Caroline had no governess, I saw in the house a young creature, whom I knew not how to class with the servants: yet she appeared not at our table. This interesting, lovely young woman was called Agnes; but the fear of fixing attention on either her or myself made me unwilling to speak of her, even to Caroline, who

had the common propensity of children in running to her mother with whatever she heard, while her observation was singularly acute for her years. It was very rarely that I could cast a glance on the lovely Agnes; yet, though I reprovèd my own vanity for the thought, I could not help fancying that her eyes demanded something of me, which her blushes showed she would not claim. Her dress was always of the most common materials, but it was not possible for any thing to look common on Agnes. Her fragile form rose just above the middle size, and was turned with the grace of the Medician Venus. Her arms and throat were of a pure and delicate whiteness. Her dark hair broke in rich curls over her expressive brows; and her large black eyes had a retiring modest charm I never beheld in any other.—Even now,” exclaimed Cary, glancing his wild looks intensely forward, “the angel stands before me, with that touching meekness, that bending grace, which might have won the world—as it, alas! did me.—Those beautiful, those modest eyes were further shaded by a large straw hat tied with black. Her vesture was of some soft mourning muslin, which sweetly enfolded her fair form. I looked at Agnes, and wondered no more how my little sister became so amiable and graceful.

“Notwithstanding a certain interest which we silently took in each other, I saw that this charmer would not depart from the respect due to herself; or easily might she have fallen in his way who passed half his life only in looking for her. I grew alert in observing every thing in which she might have but a remote concern; and seeing with what elegance the flowers were daily disposed in the room where I was accustomed to instruct Caroline, I doubted not but that the snowy hands of Agnes gathered and arranged them. I might have waked the lark from that moment, though till now a sluggard. I am—

bushed myself at peep of day in the flower-garden, and was repaid by seeing Agnes enter it,

More fresh than May herself in blossoms new!

"I had never yet been able to indulge my eyes with looking enough at her. Ah! did they ever look enough? and remained in the green-house till she came there to add a few geraniums to the fragrant contents of her basket, which she nearly dropped at sight of me;—but she recovered her self-command in a moment, and rather received and returned my address as one who was entitled to, and expected it, than as a young creature whom I either pleased or honored. I hardly knew what to call her, and delicately hinted that her Christian name was already familiar to my lips, but that I had never heard the one I should add to it. 'Is that possible,' cried she, half smiling; but the painful consciousness which suddenly followed, of how completely she must be sunk, when her very name was annihilated; and the rosy blush that almost absorbed the starting tears gave a new interest to her delicate beauty. 'Yet am I pleased, sir,' added she, 'with what severely humbles me; for rather would I know myself without consequence, than conclude you a gentleman without feeling: and I own I have not as yet thought that your distinction; since you deigned not to recognize the little play-fellow of your youth, once the object of your indulgent kindness—the sister of your friend Llewellyn.'—The lovely Agnes could not resist the mournful recollection, when a youth so dear to us both was mentioned: 'Ah, sir!' added she, frankly extending her hand, asking sympathy, 'the loss of that invaluable brother has almost killed us.'

"I knew too well that the hopeful son of my tutor had died just as he was on the point of attaining the long looked-for promotion which was to have given affluence

as well as honor to his family: and my only reason for omitting to visit the parsonage was a fear that the sight of one brought up with the lamented Llewellyn would revive the bitter sorrow of his parents. I implored the sweet girl to pardon me a stupidity which I could not pardon myself, and reminded her that she was hardly the size of Caroline when I went abroad.—‘I remember it well,’ returned she; ‘but you, sir, are not grown, though I am: yet you too are altered.—Have you forgotten your expensive parting-present of a gold locket with Llewellyn’s hair?—I wear it still.’ She drew the treasure from the fairest of bosoms, and hallowed it at once with a kiss and a tear.—Envied, envied benedictions both!—‘And now, if you indeed have pardoned, tell me your story, my sweet girl. Llewellyn would wish it told to the friend of his choice.’—‘The short and simple annals of the poor,’ returned the enchanting Agnes, drying those eyes that in a moment again overflowed, ‘may be comprised in a few words. You, sir, already know the narrow income of my father, and how many almost necessary indulgences he was always obliged to deny himself that he might give my brother the education both thought so essential. To see Llewellyn’s rapid progress, and general estimation, made us all ample amends for domestic privations, and the prospect of his rise in the church gave happy hopes of future affluence. You left me, I remember, running, a little wild thing, about the house; assisting as I could in family affairs. A sister of my mother’s, who had married in Bristol, came to visit us, when I was near twelve years old, and took me back with her, that I might daily attend a neighboring school, where, by ingenuity and diligence, I profited more than my family hoped.—I was about fifteen when my aunt became a widow, and her entangled affairs obliged her to send me back to my parents. Limited as had been my means either of observation or improve-

ment, I was struck on returning with the humble style of the home in which I before thought it paradise to dwell. Hardly could I be convinced that my parents had not contracted those expenses which they, alas! had never any means of extending. I should have found the daily task of lightening my mother's labors a cheerless duty, had not Heaven blessed me with a dear fraternal friend in Llewellyn, who, born to sweeten every scene he graced, entered, at the intervals when he could absent himself from college, his father's humble roof with a tender reverence that made all our cares be absorbed in pleasure. Astonished at finding his little sister suddenly sprung up into a young woman, he sounded the depth of my intellects, and calculated my acquirements. With a fond distinction of the little merits he found in me, he made me insensibly conscious of those I wanted; and he, who was a fountain of knowledge, graciously accommodated himself to my uncultivated capacity. Mutual love soon led us to unbounded confidence; and while he flattered me with softening his soul, I gradually imbibed from it that high spirit of virtue, which, while it enables us to rise above the little evils of this little world, insensibly prepares us for a better.—Felt I now the sting of poverty?—Ah, no!—I saw that pleasure was to be found everywhere by the good; and that the mind, cast by contracted circumstances upon itself, throws out wild shoots even in a chilling atmosphere, which can amply supply the loss of those indulgences the sunshine of prosperity only can bestow. My delight was reading; and my dear brother supplied me with such books as he thought would form and fix my taste; making me in his absence write comments on those I then read, which, on his return, he would peruse, delighting to rectify my judgment when it erred, and, if he found it correct, to gratify me with that applause which nurtures every noble faculty of the mind.

How blessed were the days we thus passed together!—Had I a sorrow, it was lost in his society—had I a joy, it was doubled by his participation:—but the pure creature of a better world could not long endure to be of this. It is a little more than a year ago that he returned home with a cold and cough upon him which none of us supposed to be dangerous, till the hollows of his youthful cheeks showed the ravage it was making in his constitution. He was permitted to pass the winter at home.—Oh! how long, how dreary did that winter appear, as I watched the wasting of his graceful form! The medical efforts made to remove the disease, only, I fear, took from him the strength necessary to encounter it.—As the spring came on we fancied he amended.—What an ecstasy ran through the family!—My father insisted that he had suffered from confinement, and so often urged him to try the air, as to induce his compliance. Never can I forget the day when, as I entered the garden, I saw him feebly come down the walk! The depredations of the disease were never so visible:—my heart died within me.—On casting his eyes forward, the dear youth perceived me at a little distance, and lifted them to the sun with a wan smile of tender resignation.—Oh God! what a smile!—it almost killed me. I flew to give him my arm, glad to escape the sight of that face, more precious to me than any thing on earth. Horror was as prevalent as grief whenever from that moment I was obliged to fix my eyes on it: yet if I could hear, without seeing him, his harmonious voice always gave me the sweet familiar pleasure peculiar to family friendships. The desperation of his case was at length past concealment: he alone bore the conviction with fortitude.—Five weeks did I and my poor mother watch with unclosed eyes by his bedside; till at length his celestial spirit exhaled in piety and peace. Heavily, most heavily, we wept—heavily must

we ever weep on the grave of Llewellyn ! We had now sad leisure to discover that the poverty which my brother's illness had increased, his death had perpetuated. Our pride, our pleasure, our promised affluence, all, all had expired with Llewellyn. Alas ! in addition to my share of the general calamity, I had a hoarded portion of my own to groan over in secret.—My companion, friend, instructor, bosom counsellor, was no more ! The books we had studied together lay yet around me, but I could only drench them in my tears. The precepts of this beloved brother I still seemed to hear, but I had no longer voice to repeat, or spirits to apply them. My poor parents began to apprehend that the solitude I indulged in would prey upon my health, and rob their age of its last prop, when my lady, who sometimes visited us, with an air of benevolence proposed, that, to amuse and employ my mind, I should take charge of Miss Caroline. In the universal dejection of the family each sought not, therefore found not, that affectionate sympathy which had heretofore reconciled us to an humble lot. My poor parents too were become painfully sensible that they could not provide for me, should I lose their protection, and that it was wise to accustom me to maintain myself. The offer was therefore accepted, and six months ago I came here as the governess of Miss Caroline.'

"The lovely Agnes suddenly paused : struck with, as I concluded, a delicate consciousness that she could not proceed without shocking my feelings ; as the situation in which I found her showed too plainly the fallacy of her parents' expectations. I implored her, however, to pursue her story with frankness ; hinting that she could hardly tell me any thing of my lady-mother which would be new or surprising.

" 'At my first coming, then, sir,' resumed the interesting girl, 'I had a thousand lectures given me, both con-

cerning my own conduct and that of your sister, all of which it was not less my inclination than my duty to be governed by: but I know not why, I was never able to convince my lady that I sought to make her will the rule of mine. Miss Caroline, too, lovely and innocent, was yet inquisitive and unruly. She continually ran to her mother with a thousand little tales; nor could the dear, thoughtless child guess at their cruel consequences to me. I, too, had sometimes occasion to complain of her, for either ridiculing or defying an authority which I rarely exercised, and always with great tenderness; but I had often the mortification to be told, either that the child was in the right, or I had not taken the proper method to amend her fault. It had been premised, ere I entered upon the office, that to dress, work for, and attend to Miss Caroline, should be among my duties: I blush to tell you, that those are all now remaining. The servants have long known me to be insensibly leveled with themselves. My parents stipulated that I should dine in the parlor, but my lady, two months ago, informed me how pert the indulgence made Miss Caroline; and that I must dine with her in the room appropriated for teaching. The arrangement did not, however, satisfy my pupil, who soon had influence enough to resume her place in the parlor, but mine was never more allowed me. The additional trouble of supplying me a solitary meal was soon rudely neglected by the servants, who, finding me ranked with themselves in all other instances, saw no cause for distinction in this. Thus, by insensible degrees, while anxious to fulfill every duty to God, my parents, and my benefactors, do I find myself a mere superfluity in life—a nonentity—or rather an incumbrance; and long am I likely to remain so, as my lady is willing to escape the odium of sending me back to the dear parents who fondly fancy that I am happy in her favor; nor dare I add to

their distress by humbling them yet more with this recital: especially as I well know that Sir Hubert, in the days of my brother's severe sickness, had lent my father a sum which he is unable, at present, to repay; and it would kill him to bear the weight of an obligation to the family who could forget that he was a gentleman, no less by birth than profession. In troubling you, sir, with this detail, I rather sought to awaken your friendship than wound your feelings. Your better judgment and kind heart, may, perhaps, enable you to suggest some method of getting me sent home, before any further evil results from a vain experiment.'

"You may guess, my dear Pembroke, from the impression which the lovely Agnes had already made on me, at the effect of this simple, yet touching story: but though I promised her my aid, I never attempted to keep my word. I would sooner have parted with my life than the angelic Agnes.—This promise, therefore, only tended to beguile her into confidence and intercourse.—The dislike I ever entertained to my step-mother now arose almost to aversion. Caroline was nearly included in the same feeling; and since she could set at nought the mild influence of the lovely Agnes, I resolved to make her sensible of one she could not overrule: but she was naturally gentle, and all her little faults were of her mother's making. The sweetness with which she obeyed me showed that at once, and obtained my fondest affection.

"As it was impossible for me long to appear ignorant either of the residence of Agnes with us, or her name, I foresaw that I should find it very difficult to avoid becoming suspected of a passion for her; but from the moment my heart had found this precious hoard of secret happiness, I knew how to bend it to my purposes. I affected a studious sedentary life; and would hardly see any body, or notice those I saw:—passed almost the whole of my

time in the library; and left about, for the eye of the observing, rough copies of translations from several of the Latin poets, which appeared to be the cause of my abstraction. Some few moments, and they were very few, I yet found to offer up my soul's devotion to Agnes; for I no longer affected to second her wish of returning to her parents: and though she still continued to talk of it, I thought, by the hesitation of her voice, that this effort of respect to her family and herself would cost her heart too much to put in practice.—The very wish gradually died away. The painful humiliation of her present situation she began to endure with more than patience—with the soft, endeared submission of silent tenderness. Although she almost lived on air (for dinner I knew she never tasted,) she improved in loveliness, by the rich glow and varying graces which the pulsations of the heart ever diffuse incidentally over the person.

“Utterly secluded from a world which I had, in my years of vanity, been told I well might grace, poor and dependent, my days elapsed in an exquisite trance, which I should have cursed the man who waked me from. Can human life afford an enjoyment comparable to that we feel when we devote ourselves by silent and delicate attentions to the dear object of our choice?—the single being in creation! But if by a peculiarity of circumstances we are able to make those attentions understood by her, while they are inexplicable to the rest of the world, we surely taste the most refined felicity our imperfect nature is capable of knowing.—You are fond of the clarionet:—oh, with what pleasure, on learning my Agnes loved it, did I spend whole months in mastering the instrument: though she could only occasionally catch the notes as she walked in a distant wood with Caroline.

“Sweet, sweet was the labor with my own hands to embellish the spots she was fond of.—How often have I—

Oh God!" cried the agitated historian, throwing back the gray locks from his sunburnt forehead, and lifting his large dark eyes with impressive wildness to heaven, "the very recollection of those days is too mighty for this weak brain—this swelling heart! Agnes,—my angel Agnes, is for ever vanished!—The lovely visions that 'were around her as light,' alike are vanished.—The awful darkness of the soul is fallen upon me! and long have I wandered, long must I wander, alone and benighted, through this busy world. In my widowed bosom," pursued he, drawing from thence a packet sealed with black, which with eastern solemnity he put to his head, his eyes, his lips, and his heart, "be all the remainder of my sad story buried—with my Agnes!"

The animated sympathy and tender consolations of Henry could hardly recall the veteran from the deep reverie into which he then fell; and it was a considerable time ere he resumed his recital.

"A creature gifted like Agnes, with an intuitive sense of decorum, far, far beyond that which is the bond and grace of polished society, no sooner saw my weakness and felt her own, than she nobly made a law for herself, and deprived us both of the pleasure we almost lived on—the sight of each other:—at least all the kindness and confidence that endeared it. This was effected by a very simple means, for she now never separated night nor day from my little sister. Apprised both of Caroline's shrewdness and loquacity, I hardly dared speak to either when together, and vainly studied how to find one without the other. My only chance was that of quitting the dining parlor early; for well I knew Agnes was then a lonely wanderer somewhere, and Caroline by her mother's side, which she never left till cloyed with fruit and sweetmeats. I therefore affected to become more and more deeply absorbed in literary pursuits: often came in with a pen in

my hand ; and, snatching it up the very moment the cloth was drawn, ran again to the library. This I did long enough to assure myself that no one would follow to interrupt my studies, or rather to discover my absence from them : till, convinced that I was considered as a mere bookworm, I one day ventured to explore the whole house and its vicinity, without being able to find my charmer. Not even her own little apartment escaped my search : yet, as if by magic, Agnes daily vanished till Caroline had left her mother. Had I not when a school-boy known every room and closet in my father's mansion, I should have concluded that she had found some secret place in it with which I was unacquainted ; but that I was convinced could not be.

“ It was just possible for Agnes in this interval to reach the parsonage, and return ; and not doubting but that I must find her with her father and mother, I ventured to call upon them even at this unusual hour.—Agnes, however, I saw not ; nor could I learn that this was her time for paying them her duty. Almost in despair, I bent my steps again towards home ; but perceiving a servant who might mention having met me, I passed, to avoid him, into the church-yard, and was hid by its wall. Suddenly my ear was there greeted, and my soul revived by the sound of an organ, for my mother had bequeathed her own to the church. I approached, and through the door caught the angel voice of Agnes, rising in sad yet sweet accordance. I remained in the porch, and, listening intently, found that it was the funeral anthem and dirge she was performing, to the memory of her beloved brother, there buried :—‘ If there was any virtue, if there was any praise, he thought of these things.’—A requiem at once so holy and so tender, ‘ rapt me in Elysium.’—I ventured not to sully with an earthly love the sacred image impressed at that interesting moment on her pure

soul : but daily resorting to the porch, lived on the sound of her heavenly voice ; till a monument which I had for some time bespoke should be placed over the grave of Llewellyn. When it arrived, I had, for the time it was fixing up, possession of the church key, which Agnes kept by her father's permission, that she might resort thither and indulge her taste, while she freely practiced music. I seized the opportunity to take an impression of the key on wax, and rode many a mile before I ventured to have another made.

"The little mark of respect and friendship which I had shown to Llewellyn offended my father, as another of my romantic and idle extravagances ; but it wholly won the generous heart of Agnes. In what brilliant tears did her eyes ever swim when they afterwards met mine ! with what melting softness did she address me, even though Caroline was by ! how did she pursue with fond regard my very footsteps !

"I waited my opportunity ; and one day, while she was divinely touching the organ, I softly opened the church-door, locking it again, and cautiously leaving my key within. I hid myself, till I was convinced by her descending that she was alone. Softly and reverentially she paced up the aisle, and sunk by the grave of her brother in silent prayer : nor for him alone did the angel pray. Sorely she sighed, and, pressing her hand on the purest of human hearts, gave me reason to believe myself included in orisons so touching :—a sigh even more impassioned burst from my bosom : starting, she turned with terror round, and felt relieved on seeing only me. 'Rise not, my Agnes,' cried I, sinking alike on my knee, 'nor let one fear disturb you,—a fiend alone could give you any : see not in this unauthorized intrusion aught but the fond wish for your society which militates only against a mere decorum, nor dares offend your purity.—Here, be-

fore the altar of God, kneeling upon the tomb of your brother, I swear—solemnly—deliberately swear, never to give you a pain which I can spare you—never to tinge that lovely cheek with a blush for any fault of mine.’ She regarded me with a dignified, silent seriousness, implying belief; and stretching out my hand, with her own yet linked in it, towards the altar, she accepted the vow, and bent to heaven to confirm it. ‘Nor is this,’ added I, ‘the only vow I mean to pledge to you, my Agnes:—here, here, I once more swear to give my hand to her who holds it—to my Llewellyn’s lovely sister—to Agnes only.’ A beautiful flush rose to her cheeks, but I had ratified this vow on her lips ere she had recollection enough to reject it.

“Thus in a church was the soft silence of our love first broken,—in a church was it daily confirmed. What precious hours did we steal to pass at the grave of Llewellyn; with an innocence which his disembodied spirit might have witnessed, and a delight well worthy of it. The ruin but too probably attached to my marrying Agnes, made her inexorable to my entreaties; while the advanced years and increasing infirmities of my father rendered it likely that I should soon be master of my own resolutions.—But what young heart can live upon the cold, uncertain future?—I was persuaded that we might venture a private marriage; and the caution which we had hitherto observed would sufficiently guard us from suspicion. Agnes shrunk from the idea; and even if I dared judge for myself, and act independently of my father, so would not she.—Obedient, even in thought, to those who gave her being, she resolutely refused to marry without her parents’ consent; and that, she assured me, I should find not less hard to obtain than the approbation of Sir Hubert. I was too much bent, however, on calling her entirely my own, not to revolve all possible ways of inclin-

ing the venerable pastor to my purpose ; till a bold and desperate project occurred, which I ventured not to impart to Agnes ; yet deliberately resolved to risk. I affirmed to her that her own father should marry us secretly. She treated this as a mere banter, but knew not what to make of the determination of my manner. I exacted nothing more of her than a promise not to visit home till she should be summoned thither ; and, with a confidence for which she could not account, assured her that summons should call her to church as my bride. Confused, perplexed, and anxious, she gave me the promise I required ; but knew little comfort while so uncertain a plan was in agitation.

“I now resorted daily to the parsonage : with a look so self-reproaching and disconsolate, that the good man became very urgent with me to impart its cause. When I had sufficiently awakened his sympathy, I ventured to hint a passion that I had cherished to desperation, but I named not the object ;—his pale and trembling looks told me I need not. He greatly did his duty, by exhorting me to forget the object, however lovely, or amiable, so ill suited to me in fortune. I interrupted him by declaring that I was incapable of such a base desertion. I owned myself already wedded—irrevocably bound by ties of honor which the church might confirm, but could not cancel. He lifted his trembling hands to heaven, “And the unhappy girl has yielded ?” sighed the tender father ; I remained silent ; but soon passionately sinking at his feet, conjured him to remember that the secret rested in his own bosom ; for Agnes was my wife if he would only give her to me. Shame, pride, and piety, struggled severely at his heart ; but our agitation, and high tone, soon added a third person to the party too delicately alive to female honor or disgrace not to side with me :—I mean the mother of my angel. Our joint entreat-

ies at length wrought upon the worthy man, and he consented to marry me privately to his daughter. Oh! cruel state of woman in society, when a mother was compelled to consider that act as honorable which, had the fault been real, would only have been the poorest kind of reparation. I blushed to be treated with tearful gratitude by the matron whom I had thus wounded.

“It was, however, almost impossible to prevail on the offended father to address one line to the child whom he thought so culpable; but I assured him that unless he did, he would never see her more. At length, with bursts of mingled shame and sorrow, he snatched a pen, and wrote,—“Meet me at the altar—at the altar only can I meet you.”—I caught the pen from his hand, nor would allow another word to be added. Hardly could I control the fond, the glowing exultation of my heart in having thus insured its only wish. The distress of the parents I knew to be temporary, and imaginary,—the happiness which I had thus gained long and exquisite.

“Agnes looked now on me, and now on the billet, in mute wonder; hardly crediting the hand to be her father’s; but the transports of my joy were a full confirmation. A moment’s reflection proved that I could neither have will nor power to deceive her; and I soon had the exquisite delight of seeing her young heart participate the sweet perturbation of mine at our approaching union.

“I wrote to implore the anxious parents not to betray my confidence by one unkind look at their daughter; and named the day and hour, when with the clerk, and one faithful, though humble, friend of their own choosing, they should expect us in the church. I had consented that my Agnes should return, when once married, to pass the day at my father’s; and in the evening return to the parsonage. I was waiting for my lovely fluttered girl in the porch of the church; and her father stood ready at

the altar, with his book, and surplice on. The sad solemnity of his greeting shocked and surprised Agnes. Conscious as she was through her whole life only of virtue and filial reverence, she could not account for the stern and chilling air with which he went through the awful service. The floods of tears that fell from her mother's eyes had not the same effect, for her own flowed abundantly. The benediction of both parents, which followed that of Heaven, was faintly and imperfectly bestowed on her; while to me it became cordial and animated. The father then hastened to depart, as having, by a powerful effort over himself, got through a painful duty; and my beauteous Agnes, hurt and appalled she knew not why, trembling, and alone, retrod the steps that brought her.

“ Oh! think what a lingering day of torture remained to us both;—to be in one house, yet wholly estranged from each other: to have gained severally the treasure above valuation without daring to avow its possession! The sun, that I more than once imagined a second time stood still, at length sunk in the west, and the day finally closed. Caroline's tongue, which I thought would never cease, was at length silenced by sleep. I walked in the wood beyond the garden, till the lover's friend, a bright moon, showed my timid, lovely bride, softly closing the small gate upon herself. I sprang forward to claim her as my own, and folded her to a heart as entirely hers now as at that blessed moment. When she spoke to me of her father's wrathful looks in the morning, I enjoyed the pure felicity which I was going at once to dispense and to feel; and opening the jasmine-covered wicket of the parsonage, I sank with my Agnes at the feet of her humbled and afflicted parents. Imploring them to pardon the only artifice by which I could have won their sanction to our union, I bade them fold to their virtuous

bosoms a daughter as pure as when she was first pressed there.—Oh! what a tearful joy was theirs at this blessed assurance! my fault was forgotten, more than forgotten—hallowed by their bursts of grateful affection. Agnes, again astonished, sought, by turns, in the eyes of each, an explanation. When she comprehended at length the artifice I had adopted, never did she appear so transcendently lovely as while her looks reproved her parents for believing me, and her blushes so sweetly vindicated her own purity. The world affords not four such happy beings as encircled that little table, though on it was only ‘a feast of herbs.’—The father’s hand had given me Agnes in the morning; the matron hand of her chaste mother now bestowed her for ever on the happiest of mankind.

“How little may constitute felicity to tender hearts you will judge, when I tell you that mine knew no drawback save a fond desire I had to see my Agnes released from subordination, and elevated to her own place in society: but she bore the inconveniences of her subjected state with a meekness so noble, that it doubled my adoration, while the sweet mystery of our marriage gave to the wife all the charms which fear and anxiety bestow on her whom we are impatient to make so. What, under other circumstances, we should have thought a misfortune, we were now obliged to consider as a blessing, for, after a while, we saw no prospect of becoming parents.

“The contented manner in which I had appeared to sit down for life at home, was, however, not very satisfactory to my lady-mother; who saw, with deep chagrin, that Sir Hubert, as his years and infirmities increased, turned over to me all his correspondences, accounts, and whatever claimed exertion either of body or mind. Her own mean, selfish temper made her incapable of hoping to find generosity from the heir should Heaven suddenly

recall my father ; and she determined to keep the power wholly in her own hands, by once more driving me from my peaceful harbor into that world where I had been wrecked already. How she wrought upon my father, who certainly had no mind to part with me, to be at the expense of another commission, I know not,—the first word I heard of the matter was its being put into my hand. Sentence of death could hardly have shocked me more.—By some previous prejudice, Sir Hubert construed my visible repugnance to leave home into want of manly spirit ; and briefly informed me, that infamy in the army, and contempt among my friends, must follow my declining the purchase he had made for me. I remained almost in a state of distraction, and avoided an immediate decision. My wife became my consoler : she tenderly urged my compliance, though it must leave her unprotected, save by her infirm and humble parents. The dread of exasperating Sir Hubert, and aiding the dark machinations of my step-mother, who evidently wished to get me disinherited, which must plunge my sweet Agnes in eternal poverty, alone induced me to hesitate. I was no sooner found to do that, than volleys of letters came every day, either to Sir Hubert, or myself, from all our meddling relations ; insisting upon it that my resuming my station in the army, now in actual service, and showing my courage, could alone retrieve the reputation I had lost in the West Indies : where it was hinted that I was spoken of rather as a poltroon than a spendthrift.

“This ignominious representation roused every particle of man in me, and in an evil hour I accepted the commission : though to have driven a plow upon the estate which I was born heir to, and have dwelt in a cottage with peace and Agnes, would have been preferable. Alas ! neither of those blessings was ever more to be my portion. She, too, made up of soft affections, implored

—entreated me to consent : for to know me at once defamed and disinherited, would have sunk her early to the grave. A thousand times was I upon the point of avowing our union, and carrying with me the treasure of my life. But I was going into a camp, to share hardships, and risk dangers which Agnes knew not how to calculate ; nor dared I describe to her tender heart the various horrors of the scene. Yet oh ! that she had known them, and, claiming all her rights in and over me, we had together shared the vicissitudes of war, the discomfort of poverty !—Oh ! that I had encountered every misery but the one which I must, to the latest moment of existence, groan under !

“ Having obtained my compliance, Sir Hubert, resuming an air of paternal kindness, gave me a solemn assurance, that his will secured to me those rights of heirship which he had vested in himself only for my sake : nor should he ever alter it, while my conduct was prudent and dutiful. With his customary severe thrift, he, however, neither gave, nor allowed me, more money than was indispensable to my situation ; nor could I, in parting, much enrich the angel whom my love had bound to endure the subjection of my father’s house. To me it had been, from the hour of our marriage, lessened, for my proud soul already considered the mansion as her own.—The proximity of her parents assured her of tenderness and protection, nor did my absence seem to rob her of any good save my poor self. Her thoughts on this sad separation I understood only by her tears ; for Agnes disdained by weak complaints to embitter duty ; still less by entreaties to interfere with it.—Briefly let me say that I left my love.—Oh ! that I had left life and her at the same miserable moment.

“ I found my regiment ready to embark for Flanders ; and soon after I arrived there had occasion enough to

show that I neither wanted courage nor conduct. The fluctuations of the war caused me to lose many letters on which my existence seemed to hang. Those that I received gave me a dreadful alarm for the life of Agnes; as from the time of my departure sleep and appetite had fled from her; but all my fears soon ended in the sweetest hopes; for I found that she was likely to become a mother. Yet this pleasure of extended being, which pervades all ranks alike, was damped to me by the recollection of her peculiar situation, under the roof of a man who would be incapable of pardoning her want of fortune; for that was the only want which malice itself could impute to Agnes. I eagerly exhorted her, before suspicion could arise, to quit not only my father's house, but that of her own; and, ever observant of my will, she answered that her aunt had come from Bristol, on the invitation of her parents, to consult upon her safest and best mode of conduct:—they had agreed that she should accompany her aunt to that city, as in so large a place she would be secure from notice, and might not only lie-in, but safely reside till I should return to England. For this, however, a small supply of money was necessary, and for that she was obliged to look to me. In the certainty of obtaining it, she had, however, already expressed a wish to be dismissed to my lady; who had only required her to stay till another attendant should be procured for Caroline: and this, she added, as she could not leave the country till a remittance arrived, would be no inconvenience.—Alas! this letter found me as poor as herself; but the delay made me almost frantic: it eventually proved the death-stroke of our happiness; for before I could aid her removal, came a letter which I have not lost.—Read it yourself; you will have no difficulty, so beautiful is her writing:—hardly was her hand, or even her heart, more so.”—

LETTER I.

“Life of my life, how shall I find language or strength to tell—yet vainly should I attempt to conceal, what from others will reach you with every aggravation. Oh Hubert! beloved husband! why did we ever part? or rather, perhaps, why did we ever meet? since we were not allowed to add to each other’s happiness.—Could I in your arms find support for this weak and trembling frame,—on your bosom repose this aching head,—in your heart blend grief with grief, I might perhaps gather courage to endure the fate which I have not been able to avoid.—Driven with the grossest indignity, the most heart-wounding contumely, from your father’s house, I have returned to the hitherto peaceful dwelling of my own, only to put all peace to flight.—Although sinking into the earth, I dare not ask consolation of my parents; for I, alas! am become their affliction. Bowed as they both are almost to the grave with the weight of my sorrow, their eyes now shun mine.—What have I left in life but you; and you are far—far away from the wretched Agnes!

“Alas! my love, I deserve not the indirect reprehension in your last letter—I make not evils for myself; and your tender exhortation had all the effect you wished. I bewailed no longer the situation I was in. I saw myself, as with a tenderness most elevating you call me, ‘the breathing temple of a human soul.’ I despised the weakness which made me brood over a poor apprehension for my own safety, in a moment of suffering invariably the lot of woman, while my Hubert, without a fear, daily, nay, hourly, risked a life a thousand thousand times dearer to me than my own. I found my health amend daily; and yesterday, only yesterday, did I rise in better spirits

than I have known since we parted. One week more, and I should have been quietly enfranchised from my worse than Egyptian bondage ; but alas ! my love, Heaven had ordained it otherwise.

“The weather has, I fancy, of late been very oppressive, for I have often found myself strangely faint ; yet not so faint but that I could conceal it. Yesterday a large company was expected to dinner, and Miss Caroline seemed very anxious to be dressed with nicety. I failed not in exertions to please alike herself and her mother : but I was worn out with fatigue, both were so fanciful. I had occasion to fetch your sister some gloves from my own room ; and there suddenly cast my eyes on your dear packet, under cover from my father. I tore the envelope off, to assure myself of what I already knew, and kissed all of your writing that ever reached my eyes—the direction :—for, fearing to keep my lady waiting, I put the unopened letter into my bosom, and hastened back.—What was my surprise and vexation, when I found Miss Caroline again completely undressed ; and all her beautiful long hair, that I had spent an hour in curling, combed quite out for me to dress again. The impatience I felt to read your letter, the trembling which always seizes me when I receive one from you, the ill humor of my lady, and the eternal whims of Miss Caroline, altogether, made me feel ready to sink every moment.—Perhaps the heat of the sun, which was upon the room, and they had not consideration enough to observe that as I stood it shone almost full upon me (for they kept me all the while standing) might occasion the disorder. Miss Caroline was at last ready. My lady was just going :—one moment more, and I might have lived or died without any human creature’s being apprised of my fate ;—but that moment was not mine. A strange sensation of giddiness suddenly seized me ; and reeling, I caught at Miss Caroline’s chair,

but wanting power to hold it, I dropped upon the ground. It was, I believe, a long while before Mrs. Margam could bring me to life again; but I saw that I had been removed to the window-seat in the gallery, where the casements were thrown open. I was shocked too at perceiving my clothes loose, and that I was in a manner undressed. The fear of the inquisitive housekeeper's remarks was for a moment my only one,—but in another I missed my letter, and that thought was a bullet shot through my brain. No need had I to inquire for it;—a glance informed me that it was in my lady's hands, while Sir Hubert was raving like a madman. I wonder I did not at once drop down dead with terror, or that our poor infant survived so agonizing a pang. I fell into violent fits, from which I had hardly a chance of recovering, unassisted as I was; for at intervals I recollect seeing the servants, who were all in a manner round me, standing aloof, as though your poor Agnes had shed pestilence in her very tears.—I had no choice but to utter all the anguish of my soul, and implore the compassion of my lady: this brought out Sir Hubert. I will not further shock you, my love, by descanting on his unkind, I may say unmanly treatment of me.—Alas! he held in his hand the positive proof that I was your wife; yet he spoke of me as a light wretch—nay, a very vile, abandoned one—for why should you not know the truth?—As such he bade his servants turn me out of his house. His wife, coarse and violent as himself, deigned not to listen to my supplications; nor, though a mother, had she any pity for my situation. The servants, I believe, felt for me, but obedience is the habit of their lives.—Suffice it to say, that your best beloved—your wedded wife, your innocent, helpless Agnes, was spurned from your father's door as the most vicious of her sex; and it was shut for ever against her. My head was so weak, my heart so agitated, that I for some moments

doubted whether this extraordinary event could be real.—Alas! I found it but too certain, and tried to totter towards the parsonage: but I could get no further than the seat by the stile, under the last elm in the avenue; and here I wondered anew at my own misery! nor could guess what would next become of me. I thought till I was past all thinking; for my poor father, alarmed at some flying report of the servants, was hastening to inquire what had happened, when he saw me ‘wounded and bruised by the way side.’—He, who never could see a stranger so, and pass by, rushed to his poor daughter, and his pious tears revived my drooping nature. ‘Open *your* paternal arms, dearest, best of men,’ cried I, ‘for if you too spurn me I must instantly expire!’—He clasped me to his bosom, and I thought our hearts would alike have burst under the old elm. He tenderly led me home, where already the whole neighborhood was gathered:—some to report, some to inquire, some to pity, but all to satisfy their insupportable curiosity, without any compassion for our wounded feelings.—Among them shortly after appeared Sir Hubert’s steward; and, by owning a commission to me, released me from my importunate visitants. ‘He was,’ he said, ‘ordered to tell me, that if I had the discretion to avoid attempting to intrude myself on a family who would never admit any claim to be vested in me, I should be treated with favor; and my child properly provided for.’—My father turned his back on the sycophant, and quitted the room.—The man continued to advise me at least to appear compliant, till Sir Hubert should cool. But I saw that to give myself up for a day, was to forfeit all reputation for ever; nor could I suppose you would have wished me thus to act—would you, my love? All the little recollection that the dreadful shock had left me, went simply to forming my conduct, according to what I thought your honor required, and your conscience would

dictate. My father had, in the interim, however, decided for us both; as he now re-entered with the church register in his hand.—‘Go, sir,’ said he, ‘to Sir Hubert, and tell him, such is the power of integrity, that no human insult can reach or humble it.—Tell him my daughter has been for some time his own, not by my choice, but that of his son: and let him timely consider how he shall answer to his God, if by cruel treatment he should shorten her days, or rob his child of the blessing of becoming in his turn a father.—I have not forgotten that I am in his power:—for his own soul’s sake let him not abuse it; I must risk that when my duty is in the question: I have, sir, already taken all the neighbors whom you saw with me into the church, and there shown them this regular authentic register of a legal marriage.—Look at it yourself, and tell Sir Hubert that I shall leave it open to the inspection of the whole parish. Since we have only virtue, let us fully establish our claim to that.’

“You know how commanding an air my father can assume, though his general manners are simplicity itself. He took my hand and conducted me to the room, leaving, without a look, the mean agent of a mean proposal to stay or go as he pleased.

“When once I was alone,—the violent perturbation of personal suffering and indignity abated;—oh! how acute were my feelings for you!—I, I then, who adore you, have innocently deprived you of your natural inheritance; since to obtain that for her daughter has ever been the object with your step-mother: and Sir Hubert, cruel as I found him, has, I believe, long hesitated to gratify her, from a conscientious, rather than affectionate motive. Sometimes, too, I dread your imputing my sudden deprivation of sense to mere ill humor, rather than weakness. Yet when did you ever affix an unkind construction on aught

I did? and in this cruel instance recollection was lost, for some constitutional pang overcame me.

“My mother’s grief surpasses my own; and she has not youth to bear up under it, nor a distant husband to engross her thoughts. She had ever, you know, such a regard for the opinion of the world—has been always so highly esteemed—that, to know all tongues are busy with our names, while humiliation is our portion, will, I fear, shorten her days. Perhaps, too, the recollection of the debt due from my father to yours, adds apprehension to her distress. Yet, however his passion might lead him to injure or insult me, Sir Hubert can not surely deliberately wreak his vengeance on an upright minister of God.

“Dearest, best of fathers, I *will* be comforted!—at least I must sooth mine with the hope.—He came suddenly upon me, and found me blistering, as you will see, this letter with my tears.

“Husband of my heart, love not your hapless Agnes the less for the poverty she may bring on you; and it shall be the business, as it is the duty, of her life to lighten it!—Let us once more meet, my Hubert, and we shall share one fate for the rest of our days.”

“I was engaged in very severe service when this killing letter reached me. I wonder that I did not, in the distraction of my mind, put my head before a cannon in the moment of explosion. Honor itself could not have kept me in Flanders, but that I immediately saw the die was cast, and my return could only supply fuel to the flame which humanity might quench. From my father I had soon after a letter—he reproached me with intriguing under his roof with a worthless girl, and insulting both her family and my own: bade me write to her to accept his bounty, and not aggravate what was past by pretending that I was married, or I should ruin both her and my-

self; for he would wholly disinherit me in favor of Caroline. I saw a worldliness in this letter that showed my step-mother had prompted it, and a kind of reluctance in the conclusion which induced me to be very cautious in my answer. I replied, and vindicated myself from the imputed insult to both families, by avowing my marriage, with the means by which I had overruled the scruples of my Agnes' father. I entreated Sir Hubert to consider, that if either of us had been culpable in seducing the other from duty, it must be his son; yet at thirty-two to fix my choice was surely pardonable, and to sanctify it could not disgrace me. I implored him by every tender impulse which had made my birth, and that of Caroline, dear to him, to consider the rights of the babe who was soon to be added to his family; and by protecting the innocent and suffering Agnes, entitle himself to my eternal gratitude as well as duty. To this filial address I had no answer; nor, in fact, from that moment did I ever receive a single line from my father. I had soon after the ill fortune to lose my baggage, and of course many letters, necessary as well as dear to me.—Of the few that remain this is the next.”

LETTER II.

“If it will joy your heart, my best love, to know that I am yet well, take joy; for I am still able to tell you so myself—although I am so altered, that I am almost glad that you can not see the shapeless Agnes. My father has ever been the tenderest of comforters, and I must now very soon have another—O dear—O, Hubert, how dear!—I sometimes sit and wonder if the babe will be like yourself.—What a treasure to me, who have no picture of you, should I hold a living one in my arms: and I can talk to that of its father, from morning to night, without tiring it.

“My appetite returns with my peace of mind, and I eat a hearty dinner now every day, though so long out of the habit of it. Nothing reconciles us to the inconveniences of poverty like experiencing the miseries of grandeur—poor things as we are, to sacrifice so much comfort to pride.—Could I have resolved to return to my own humble home, I should at once have told my parents how my lady treated me, and then they would have sent for me back again ere you came from abroad; then should I not have been in your way every day, and all the day. And would I have had it thus?—I dare not ask my selfish heart: for, early used to endure poverty, I might perhaps have gladly compounded for that to be the wife of my Hubert: but when I reflect that I may rob him of affluence—there is the sting.

“Grieve no more, my life, that you can not send me money—in our humble situation a little suffices; and now I see the neighbors are convinced that I am your wife, I do not so much wish to leave home. My poor mother can not bear I should be without her aid; and indeed I am such a tender, timid thing, that I know not what would become of me if I left her. My father, finding Sir Hubert's hatred of me inveterate, thinks my quitting the country might make the birth of your son, if a son it should be, disputable: he therefore says the whole neighborhood shall be able to testify that the child is ours. Yet it is irksome to encounter cold looks from those whom one has been accustomed to live well with; and though many of our neighbors have a regard for us, none dare smile when their landlord frowns. I could on that account prefer going to my aunt; but the will of my father was ever mine, till I found a dearer law-giver in my husband.

“I could tell you something enchanting of Caroline, if I were not afraid of wounding, of humbling you—yet

ought any thing to do that which springs from right feeling? The precious child contrived to send me a hurried, but very affectionate letter, to say how sorry she was that she might not come and see me; and that she had teased her godmother out of almost a whole piece of cambric to dress her doll, in hopes it would make a robe for the baby; and this present accompanied the letter. She adds, too, that it would delight her to be a godmother herself, only I must not tell any body of it—*they* would be so angry. By this she implies both parents: so they talk of us, sometimes, you find. If it is a boy, she wishes him to be called Edmund, yet gives an odd reason for the wish—that she overheard her papa say, he hoped I would *not* give my brat that name. Sir Hubert must have some motive:—let me know your own choice that I may not err.”

“This innocent and kind letter of my sister’s, in showing the generous feelings of her nature, endeared her much to mine—the hint, too, appeared of importance to our little one, if it proved a boy. The first son of my parents, who died at seven years old, in fact, before I was born, had been called Edmund: and, like other short-lived children, remained on record as a model of perfection. In the hope that as his thoughts were yet upon us, my father would relent, my mind became more composed; which was absolutely necessary to the closing of a troublesome wound, which I had never dared to own myself to be suffering under; nor was I without the painful addition of cramped circumstances: for never, from the moment that I avowed my marriage, did my father remit me a guinea. The blessed news I soon received, that my Agnes had made me a parent, and, with a lovely boy, was doing well, left no other misery on my mind than that of absence. Oh! how I longed at once to enfold in my

arms the unknown babe, and my suffering angel! See what she says—

LETTER III.

“Yes! I hold now in my fond arms the blessed image of him ever in my heart: clasp our lovely boy, my Hubert, in imagination, to the bosom from which he sprang; and bow to the God who has borne me thus safely through so many trials, even though your eye is not on me to cherish, your voice is not near to invigorate, my languid nature.

“My mother would fain persuade me that I am too delicate to nurse our darling myself, but God surely never made that woman a mother who is really unequal to the first duty of the maternal character. Sweet little fellow! as he lies at my bosom, his moaning short-breathed satisfaction is music to my ear, and rewards me for the determination I have shown.

“It is impossible to tell you how much kindness I have received from many who are afraid to avow the part they take in our welfare: presents have been sent often from I know not whom—baskets of delicacies have been found in the orchard—the poor old butler, your nurse’s husband, brought me some of the fine rich sack which your father values so, and said, that if Sir Hubert hanged him for it, he would not know his young master’s lady want. He begged so hard to have a look at the babe, that my mother prevailed on me for one moment to suffer her to take him out of my sight:—the worthy soul clasped him in his arms, and, falling upon his knees, prayed to Almighty God to bless the sweetest child he ever set eyes on. Do you know, the precious crowed, as he looked up in his face, my mother tells me—indeed, the angel hardly ever cries. Alas! my babe, I have shed tears enough for both of us,—and my poor—poor mother does little else.

She never sleeps either, and looks so broken and wan! Ah! if I have gained one blessing only to lose another: but my restless sensibility may be too much alive: let me hope that we have passed the roughest part of our journey; and though the hut where we rest ourselves is low and humble, we have only to get you among us, and to reconcile our minds to the future, when we may look down upon Sir Hubert and his selfish lady.

“Caroline, in quilted satin, sent me two guineas, *for her godson*—Darling creature!—who was ever more generous?—since it is, she says, her all.

“On Sunday, my father is resolved that I shall go to church as Mrs. Powis, where he will publicly baptize our boy by that name, and Edmund with it—though I am not sanguine on the influence of sound over him in whom nature is annihilated. Oh! my love, that I had but you to countenance and support me!”

“How heavenly a disposition is seen in this letter, through which we may discern that my angel and her infant daily felt every distress but the bitter one of absolute want; and not from the least of her humiliations could her husband save her—killing recollection! Again, too, was I plundered of my baggage, and a chasm of a year appears in our correspondence, while still the war raged, and left me no hope of revisiting England.”

LETTER IV.

“Oh! what a joy, my Hubert!—why are you not present to share it? Dearest of husbands, these poor arms are lightened, as well as my heart; our little man walks;—ay, walks alone; and is so full of his own performance—so proud of it. He took his grandfather’s stick this morning, and tried to shoulder it, as I had in play done;

looking up at me with a smile so like your own. Oh! what a tearful pleasure was it to gaze on him, my Hubert! I am tempted every word I write to tell you how very beautiful he is; but as all the people round us declare him to be my image, I am ashamed, though in my eyes he is your picture in miniature. Were his proud grandfather once to see the cherub, he surely would relent; for when I look on him, I feel convinced that no parent can resist the impetuous gush of natural affection. Were this afflicting war once at an end, and we had you with us—did your father see the sweet child in your arms, all would be well; but I have no power to move him—perhaps no right to expect it. In the sad uncertainty of your return I am nevertheless brooding over a project of my own, which I will not communicate till I know the result; and my smiling babe is to be the principal agent. Every day do I give him a lesson of love—at the spot, too, where first I learned it. Ah! know you not that to have been at the grave of our dear Llewellyn?

“Your remittance, my best love, is come to hand. Alas! I am convinced that you deny every thing to yourself for our sakes. I have now time for employment; and do not you blush that I have obtained some? you know that I am a nice needle-woman, and I have neither my dear husband nor Caroline to work for. You have no idea how fine a young creature your sister grows: her present governess is a French woman, who scowls at me and my boy, as though she were to have Sir Hubert's estate. I dare not venture upon his immediate precincts, but I wander almost every day to the chestnut grove, and weep as I wistfully survey the temple above, where you used to stand with your enchanting clarionet, and steal my heart through my ear; for you had many—many ways of making it all your own. Oh! how dreary

appears the spot where I no more can behold my Hubert!—and it is I who have robbed him of his inheritance!—I, who keep him in exile!—I, who lived but in his sight!—One day, as I was toiling up the hill, Miss Caroline espied me from the sun-dial on the terrace, and not heeding the commands of her governess, who passionately jabbered French, flew through the little garden gate, and, reaching me, clasped and kissed her godson with infinite tenderness. She sweetly too called me by your name!—delightful was the sound from your sister. ‘Is this a hat for Sir Hubert’s heir?’ cried she, throwing off disdainfully the one which our boy wore. Do you know, the darling looks at it ever since with as much contempt as his little aunt did, and never more would put it on? You need not be afraid that I shall make him too humble, though you compliment me with being so: I rank him by your degree, not my own; and only value myself as the mother of my Hubert’s son. All my girlish apparel I have given up, to deck the dear one.—Ah! what can add to his beauty?

“I wish that I could relieve your mind about my poor mother, but she has never been the same creature since my day of disgrace; and grows now so thin and weak, that, unless you return to revive her spirits, by recalling her hopes, I fear she will droop even to death: yet she so dotes upon our boy, that I really believe she forgives us both all the tears we have made her shed, whenever he climbs up her knee, as she sits perusing the Bible; and, stealing her spectacles, holds them over his own lovely eyes, and most sententiously hums, as though reading; imitating my father’s sonorous voice: and you may guess, smother him with caresses. Ah! he is a sad pet, without your assistance.”

LETTER V.

"Alas! my Hubert, I have now done my very utmost to move your father, and have failed. I would not allow either pride, or the sense of humiliation, to interfere with my duty. If poverty is to be the portion of our lovely boy, as well as our own, let him hereafter remember that his mother humbled herself to the dust to obtain for him a better fortune.

"Yet surely, if Sir Hubert had but one spark of humanity, not to mention feeling, I could not have failed; for well our little smiler acquitted himself in the trial. It had long been my idea that, could I venture to take my child to church, and be secure of his remaining quiet, the pious feelings attendant upon the awful place, and duty, would co-operate with the strong pulsations of nature to produce in your father some tenderness towards my boy, if no pity for his unfortunate mother. That no displeasure towards me might induce Sir Hubert to stay away from the sacred duty, I have long done so; and contented myself with praying at home, till I could trust to my influence over my sweet boy to keep him quiet.—During the last three months he has been capable of observance, and every day have I taken him to the grave of Llewellyn; there, without witnesses, has his doting mother imposed on him the painful penance of silence: this for a great while the animated cherub neither understood, nor approved; but finding that all his winning ways, and little efforts at talking, produced no return from me, except my pressing a finger on my lip, he gave up the point, and grew habitually silent—though he wondered why, as I guessed by his sweet intelligent eyes.

"On Good Friday, as the season when every Christian is thrown solemnly upon his conscience and his feelings, I

called upon mine to carry me through my determined duty. I waited till the whole congregation was collected; and Sir Hubert, his lady, and daughter, were all in the great seat; when, to the general consternation, with my eyes humbly fixed on the ground, and my deserted son in my arms, I came into the aisle, when I suddenly trembled so that I feared I could not walk up it. My poor father, whom I had not apprised of my intention, lest he should construe it to be a scheme, and unsuited to the sanctity of the day, was already in the reading desk, and had begun—‘If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves’—His voice faltered at sight of me, and a momentary pause in the service rendered the sentence he had pronounced peculiarly impressive. Having tottered to the grave of Llewellyn, I sat down upon the flat raised stone that covers him; just under that dear eternal token of your generous friendship, the marble monument. I took off, as the solemn place required, the interesting babe’s hat; and thus showed his lovely eyes, and all the rich curls of his hair. I thought more than once that Sir Hubert looked askance at him, but it became not me to watch his eyes. I was employed in observing that the darling broke not in upon the solemn order of the place. Twenty times was he going to speak aloud, when a look of mine corrected him; and imitatively pressing his pretty finger on his rosy lip, the precious would archly smile, and hide his beloved head on my bosom. Poor Caroline thought not, I am sure, of her prayers; but her mother disdainfully turned away, nor once vouchsafed a glance on me or my Edmund, while every other eye in the church was fixed on us both.

“The service over, Sir Hubert (which indicated that he was disturbed in mind) rose, hastily, to go out. I likewise arose, and, with my boy in my arms, must, you will recollect, almost touch him. The darling child, as if in-

tuitively to second me, reached out his little hand, till it brushed his grandfather's shoulder; and, in admiration of his scarlet-laced waistcoat, cried out, 'Oh! fine!' Think whether it was not a dagger to my heart to see Sir Hubert shake him off in a manner, and hurry out of the church. I almost fainted; but my father, solemnly blessing me, bade me begone, and leave him to his duty: and now, my love, I despair indeed; for if our sweet boy moved not Sir Hubert's heart, less than an angel never can.

"To spare my poor parents seeing the extent of my grief and disappointment, I wandered the next morning to the solitary spot under the hollow of the hill, where you used so often to study; and there staid reading and weeping, and weeping and reading:—I need hardly add, that it was your letters which thus employed me. Our rosy cherub had just found, the early produce of the spring, some tufts of primroses, and gathering handfuls of them, brought the treasure to me, and enfolding some in every letter, made signs to me to seal each; and, with exultation, added—'Papa.'—This tender reference, at so early an age, to my feelings, and a beloved, though unknown parent, strangely blended my sorrow with delight. I was caressing the lovely creature when I heard voices very near me, and, raising my eyes, saw two ill-looking men with guns in their hands: the inveterate hatred of his grandfather came suddenly into my mind. I started up, and with my child in my arms, ran like a wild thing till I reached old Mary's cottage—I hardly thought it possible that I should have run so far, for our Edmund now grows heavy. The men yet loitered, but, Heaven be praised, we escaped them. Should my boy be either killed or kidnapped, life would become an insupportable burden to me:—never more will I go out of the reach of assistance. When I told this alarm to my father, he

seemed to think my own danger greater than my son's; but I am his child, Edmund mine. Oh! when will you come to protect us both?"

"The next letter informed me of what I had long fearfully expected—the death of my dear love's mother; and heavy did Agnes find the loss. It added likewise to the pecuniary embarrassments of her estimable father. To complete our misfortunes, I was a second time severely wounded at the battle of Dettingen, and taken prisoner. The exertion of valor which exposed me to this evil was, however, highly spoken of; and death had been so busy there, that it was hardly a distinction for me to rise. Promotion of the most honorable kind was mine; and my uncle, the general, still alive to military glory, broke his long silence with a kind letter; inclosing, with the coarse observation that my father was probably as close-fisted as ever, the blessed relief of a bill for a hundred pounds. It came, however, too late to save my arm, which, by the ignorance of the surgeon appointed to attend me, I had lost the use of; and I had been too poor, till now, to call in other advice: my very soul was cheered, however, in remitting half the money to my Agnes, within a letter which her father received, but not herself, for Oh! this was the answer.—

LETTER VI.

"Unhappy husband!—visited of heaven!—too severely do I share, to soften as I would, the calamity which it is my dreadful duty to communicate. The comfort of my age—my darling Agnes, is lost for ever!—your precious boy, too, is for ever gone! Let us humbly hope that her reason failed ere her own rash hand thus cut short lives so precious.—Spare, spare me the horrible particulars of an indubitable fact.—Again has the grave of my Llewel-

lyn been opened.—Alas! that some pious hand had laid my ashes there, ere I had survived to read the funeral service over the last of my race!—but I resign myself to the will of God:—ask comfort of him, my son—he alone can give it to you!”

“Oh no!—nor God—nor man—nor time—nor circumstances have ever given it to me!” cried the agonized Cary, eagerly snatching the letters to bury them again in his bosom, as if with them he there could again have buried their contents.—“Such was my frantic desolation of mind, that the enemy rather chose to give me liberty without a cartel, than take charge of such a wild wretch. I found letters announcing a legacy from the general, adequate to my future wants; and in the flaming anguish of my soul I vented to my father all I felt. I told him, I think I told him, that ‘I would spare him the added sin of disinheriting me—I disinherited myself!—I renounced with horror the poor plot of over-valued earth, where my Agnes, driven by his neglect to despair, had sought with my boy an untimely grave. His ample possessions were only that in my eyes; and a distant land should inhume my bones, where he should never trace me.—Since his inhumanity had rendered me single in creation, he should find that he had for ever lost his son in the horrible hour when I lost mine!’—Before it was possible that this purpose should be defeated, I had lodged my legacy in the Dutch funds, under the name I now bear, after which I sailed for America. From that period I have been a citizen of the world—without tie, connection, correspondence, hope, or wish. The only mitigation of suffering I have ever found is motion; and had I not full power to ramble and ruminate, I should soon become a lunatic. That horrible calamity I have, however, escaped: for all the singularities which mark my conduct are the fruit of reflec-

tion, and of an intelligence"—Cary paused, then with a bewildered air, and increased solemnity added, "Henry, I love you much—I have permission—that power"—Again he abruptly paused, and cast his eager, expressive eyes every way around, as if to mark if aught human were within ear-shot. From the vacated Indian hut, into which the friends had retreated to rest themselves, Henry did the same; and struck no less with the sublime solitude they had reached than the affecting visionary with whom his soul was so powerfully assimilating, he sighed. The friends were standing on a craggy height, having rounded one yet more elevated, which shut from their view the town and harbor. Above and below, far as the eye could reach, rolled in majestic windings the river St. Lawrence; while a hundred rills, formed by the melting snows, through as many inlets of the rocky banks, shone silvery to the sunbeams. The enormous woods behind them, coeval apparently with time itself, haughtily seemed to shake off the white burden of premature old age, and blend the budding verdure of spring with icicles but half dissolved; while the tufts of mold on which they trod, threw up, in almost wasteful gayety, rich half-blown flowerets, even though on their neighboring masses of painted stone the chill frost lay yet unmelted. This union of contrarieties in nature, Henry felt to be like that between himself and Cary: but for man there is, alas! no renovation on this side of the grave.—'I shall go to him, but he will never return to me,' murmured the sympathetic youth. Even these imperfect accents recalled Cary from the deep and mysterious meditation into which he had fallen; who thus resumed his discourse.—"Think not, my young friend, that it would have been possible for me thus long to have dragged on existence, had I wholly lost Agnes.—Oh no!" added he, striking his breast, while with exultation he raised his tone of voice,

“mine is an enviable, a triumphant lot.—That purer part of my lovely wife, her disembodied, blessed spirit, in its sublime essence, deigns yet at intervals to hover over me in hallowed visitation : nor can I reconcile to your comprehension the appalling fore-knowledge I have of her approach. The adored vision is at once glorious—indistinct—incomprehensible—shadowy—chilling—formless. Though this ethereal intercourse is the sole delight of my life, imperfect mortality ever shudders to meet it ; and a dreadful struggle, as of dissolution, announces to me her presence. Almighty power !” exclaimed he, springing passionately forward, but in a moment shrinking back, he had hardly breath to utter, “*Now ! now !*”—when, withering as it were in the arms of young Pembroke, he added, faintly,—“I feel her now—in every fiber—in every aching pore !—Cold—cold—humid—earthly !” Large drops of sweat started upon the forehead of the impressive visionary, and there seemed to congeal.—The playful muscles of his lips stiffened in mystical, reverential silence, and his fine eyes became mere orbs without expression. By a painful effort he rose from his supporter, and voluntarily prostrating himself on the cold ground, waved his hand as choosing to be left there. Henry Pembroke, in almost equal horror, wept to see

——“That noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled thus, and out of tune.”

But to shrink from the martyr of sensibility was not in his nature.—On the contrary, fully convinced that the malady thus courted must be incurable, Henry hardly felt himself less bound by that, than the ties of gratitude, to the interesting sufferer, over whom he had, in all other instances, an almost boundless influence.

Cary at length arose as from a trance ; and having, on his knee, devoutly offered up a silent thanksgiving, turned

to Pembroke, in whose intelligent eyes still swam tears of tender compassion. Wiping from his forehead the cold drops that yet hung there, the fond visionary raised his brow with an almost celestial complacency; while his eyes even lighted with ecstacy, and on his sun-burnt cheek sprung up a rich glow that gave life to many a trace of long-buried manly beauty. Pembroke, on seeing the soul thus powerfully break through the cloud of human calamity, beheld, in the grand creature before him, a seer of ancient days; and now surveyed the scene, and now the man, with a wonder that made him almost envy so elevating a malady, and for ever impressed on his memory the hour he passed with Cary on the rocky heights of Canada.

"The suffering you have witnessed," said the recovered wanderer, in a solemn and collected voice, "is, you now know, temporary, but the pure peace it breathes through my nature long and lasting. This holy indulgence was, however, so sudden, that I feared it might be to reprove my communication: but the angel sanctions it."—"I would have known how you obtained such grace, but I had no answer. Doubtless, the sympathy of your generous nature touches hers; though to you she will never be revealed."—"Ah, no! that awful distinction is mine—mine only.—You may, perhaps, witness more of these trances:—let me warn you ever to retire in devout silence: break them not, I charge you, lest over-wrought nature should make the life vanish with the spirit that suspends it."

The holy kind of calm which followed the intellectual error of Cary a little reconciled Henry to it; but he secretly resolved for ever, if possible, to avoid witnessing these temporary suspensions of mental, and perhaps animal life, which he felt it impossible to behold without a suffering hardly inferior.

"With a restless mind, and speculative eyes," concluded

Cary, "have I, since I quitted the army, traversed almost the whole known world,—guarded in savage regions,—supported in desert ones,—visited in such as are not utterly defiled by cruelty, and the train of execrable human passions, by the spirit of my angel.—Many years did I reside on the banks of the Ganges, with the pure of heart among the Bramins; and that I might win their regard, I accustomed myself to diet in their manner. My heavenly visitations at that period became so much more frequent, that I resolved never again to render myself the tomb of any creature which had once known life. But this abstinence sprung not from supposing that the ethereal spirit lodged in man, though sullied by imperfection, or stained by vice, can ever be condemned to grovel in an animal.—Oh, no! I had an awful conviction that it takes a higher flight:—if my love for these faithful creatures," pointing to his two beautiful spaniels, "has countenanced this supposition, know that it was by command I took—I cherished them:—it is not for me to inquire, but to obey.

"Believe me, Henry, it belongs only to little minds, and such as move in a narrow space, to be decided, and opinionated. The further we extend our progress in life, and the more we observe upon society at large, the more cautious do we become of pronouncing judgment on others. All countries, nations, and sects, either naturally or accidentally differ: yet I have always found this infinity of modes of thinking and acting so justifiable, whenever I listened to the parties governed by them, that it appears to me, the only conclusion we can fairly draw from the little we gather in our journey through life, is, that so much must ever remain unknown to us in the material as well as immaterial world, as renders human wisdom in its amplest extent only enlightened ignorance. It is not, therefore, the man who knows most, but the man who

makes the best use of his knowledge, that is entitled to our admiration:—he who, disdaining the vain parade of science, simplifies all his talents and acquirements into virtue and benevolence, is, whatever may be his country or opinions, ‘the noblest work of God.’ He darts not, it is true, an eccentric course like a comet, whose rays excite wonder and apprehension, but are without utility:—no, like a fixed star he holds his place in the host of heaven: and while he benignly illuminates his own sphere, he is at once reverentially beheld and understood, by all who live within reach of his influence.”

“What a piece of work is man!” sighed Henry to himself:—“yet this is one well worth saving. Yes, Cary, I will struggle hard to bring back to reason a mind so glorious in its wanderings:—you shall return with me; you, too, shall live in the innocent smiles of Julia;—you, too, shall see, and share, the benevolence of our father.”

The volunteer was yet a mere novice in knowledge of the world, and naturally credulous; he therefore easily persuaded himself, that this visionary friend had too fully relied on a letter, which, however decisive, was not circumstantial or explicit. Could he once induce Cary again to revisit his own country, the part of it which contained his lost treasure would soon, he supposed, be discovered: and, perhaps, upon inquiry, some information might occur to lighten his cruel sense of the calamity, if not to restore the lamented object.

Among Cary’s objections to returning, Henry soon found that the dread lest his ethereal visitations should not be as frequent, was predominant: yet great was the struggle between the living and the dead, in the too susceptible soul of the supposed misanthrope. Long unused to the tender intercourse of friendship that he now daily held with Pembroke, and relieved from the weight of his own secret, by a confidence which so endeared the per-

son trusted, Cary knew not how to resist the importunate entreaties of the grateful, the affectionate Henry, to go with him,—to share for life his heart—his attentions—his situation. The anxiety with which Cary had watched Henry during a dangerous and long confinement, had centered his thoughts and feelings so much in the youth, that he felt a dread, a horror, at the idea of being suddenly left in the worst of all solitude—that of the soul; again to traverse the vast wilds of America, and once more to mingle with savages only, whose nearest approach to society is not offending against it. Long conflicts of this kind soon brought upon the interesting visionary one of his trances, in which he fancied the beatified spirit bade him accompany Henry. The youth was just on the point of embarking, and seized this happy moment to hurry away with him the friend whom he knew not how to lose for ever. In the close intercourse which a ship necessarily induces, Henry easily discovered by what means the powerful imagination of Cary had been bewildered; for he found his abstinence excessive, and his use of laudanum immoderate. Sometimes the youth was tempted to throw his friend's medicine chest overboard; and at others to qualify the drug with water: but Cary was so worn out with confinement in the narrow limit of the vessel, and so shaken in mind as they approached England, that Henry ventured not to lessen the veteran's only relief till both should be more at ease.

The thoughts of Henry during the voyage were wholly engrossed by the dear object of his fondest affections. Reduced, and exhausted in constitution,—worn, and wan in look,—his heart had not lost any of its energy, and each quick throb bore through his secret soul the name of Julia. Was he sure that he could see in this much-loved creature only a sister?—Was he sure that if Vernon should be with her he could conceal the misery of

his mind?—Alas! he was not sure of any thing but the tumult of expected pleasure, tempered with dread.

Mr. Pembroke, apprised of the delicate state of Henry's health, and the probable time of his arrival, had sent an easy traveling chaise, and two trusty servants much attached to the youth, to wait his landing at Portsmouth. Their well-known faces instantly brought the dear familiar charm of home, the sweet remembrance of his boyish days, before the young volunteer. He was never tired of seeing, and of asking from them a thousand little domestic occurrences, which correspondence, even when unreserved, conveys not. In these cheerful and eager discussions, Cary could not possibly be a party, and insensibly his misanthropy recurred with the idea of loneliness and desertion.—England had for him, too, its overwhelming train of recollections; but they breathed no enlivening spirit through his nature, and he almost sullenly sunk again into himself. Henry saw this with compassion; but as it was for the veteran's own relief, not any personal gratification, that he had brought him over, he thought it best not to be too quick-sighted. In truth, he was no longer master enough of his own faculties to withdraw them from the dearer objects towards whom he was now rapidly approaching:—fast as post-horses with relays could carry the friends they drove to Castle St. Hiliary; and the ease of the carriage made Henry propose to his companion proceeding by night, as well as day. Cary made no objection, but added continually to his dose of laudanum as his fatigue increased. At the gray dawn of the second morning, after winding up a high mountain, the carriage stopped. Through the gates Henry's eager eyes perceived, within a lighted hall, his father hastening, newly arisen; and the lovely Julia in her night-cap and robe-de-chambre. In a moment he shot into their arms; and the sweet tumult of melting emo-

tions absorbed recollection. The altered countenance, and thin person of Henry, then awakened all Julia's anxious feelings! and to see his arm yet in a sling shocked his father. The gouty limp of that excellent man touched the affectionate heart of Henry; but the rich roses of Julia's cheek gave him sweet assurance that sorrow was yet far from her heart,—consequently that she knew not love. In a momentary intermission of exquisite delight, the recollection of Cary flashed across the mind of the young man; and shame, at the consciousness of having wanted feeling, as well as politeness, tintured his complexion with a bloom as lovely as Julia's own.—“My friend, sir!” cried he, starting up,—“where is my friend?”—“Call him *my* friend, too,” fondly returned Mr. Pembroke, “whoever he is; and a very dear one if his name should be Cary.” Upon inquiry, Henry became yet more distressed; for he learned that the veteran, in alighting from the chaise, had slipped down, and greatly hurt his ankle, which the housekeeper was chafing, as he would not allow any one to interrupt the re-united family in a moment of so joyful a meeting. With Julia in his hand, as his apology, Henry in a moment flew to the side of the veteran; who gazed on her with a wild and boundless admiration: while to the cordial greeting of Mr. Pembroke he gave little attention, and no answer; nor did he even attempt to silence the reproaches with which the ingenuous youth loaded himself. Henry was struck with the secret dread of an approaching trance; but the assiduous softness of Julia soon lessened his apprehension. She had long used herself to every endearing care of her father in his fits of the gout; nor did she think the man who had nursed, and perhaps saved Henry, less an object of her attention. On her knees she would bathe the hurt leg, while in mute wonder Cary regarded her; and with her own soft, snowy hand she

bound up the injured ankle. It was with difficulty that they could prevent the sufferer, though still silent, from adoring the gracious vision, for such he seemed to imagine her.

The servants newly arrived having, by this time, circulated among those left at home how rapidly the travelers had posted, Mr. Pembroke no longer wondered that a man advanced in life should be exhausted ;—it astonished him that the impaired constitution of his dear Henry could sustain such fatigue : yet the exertion of the heart alway has its due weight with the heart. Sentence of bed was passed upon the travelers by Mr. Pembroke ; and a most happy slumber closed, after so many years of voluntary exile, the eyes of Henry beneath the paternal roof : for to his own satisfaction had he supported the painful pleasure of again enfolding Julia to his bosom.

Each following day, for many ensuing ones, seemed too short for the various details, inquiries, and narrations of every incident that had occurred individually to Mr. Pembroke, Henry, and Julia. Cary was for a fortnight necessarily confined to his bed, by an inflammation on the muscles of the leg. Henry and Julia, hand in hand, came constantly to spend some hours by him ; and the pleasure he took in their company brought again to being those latent charms and merits, which he could not equally disclose to Mr. Pembroke ; who saw with astonishment the partiality of both his young folks to the man whom he thought a repulsive misanthrope. The rest of their time the young people passed in visiting the wild and singular scenes around St. Hilary : while, still untired, Henry always wanted to see something which Julia alone could show him ; hear something Julia alone could tell him ; and, by those little exquisite artifices the heart so well knows how to suggest and vary, obtained almost an exclusive monopoly of Julia's company.

Mr. Pembroke, accustomed to every benignant exer-

tion of friendship and hospitality, held its first principle to be leaving his guests to think and act for themselves. After, therefore, a few cordial visits to Cary, with liberal offers of such comfort as an affluent and social home can supply to a solitary wanderer, he considered that gentleman as a part of his family; though not without wondering how it was possible that a being so solitary, rugged, and eccentric, should have fixed the friendship, and touched the feelings of Henry, whose own manners and conduct were marked by singular elegance and refinement. To indirect inquiries on this head, Henry gave his father only the general answer, that his friend had not been always thus unsocial; and that he owed his own life to a tenderness which a similar occasion would always call forth; though at other times it was chilled by recollected misfortunes. The sad detail Cary had given of himself, the youth held to be too singular and sacred a confidence ever to pass his lips, without that friend's previous concurrence.

It was soon known through the family that the stranger, as he never tasted animal food, sat not down to the dinner-table. An additional roll, and a couple of hard eggs, were, therefore, usually sent to his apartment with his breakfast: after which he almost always disappeared, and ate his hermit meal in some haunt of the mountains. The close of day, however, generally brought him home again: and if Henry was accompanying Julia with his clarionet, as was their common employ, while Mr. Pembroke played chess with Mr. Benson his chaplain, Cary would choose the most remote corner of the saloon, and listen in silence till the music ended; a civil good night was all he then uttered. This conduct sometimes distressed Henry: more especially as he had robbed himself of all right to remonstrate from the moment he conferred an obligation. The motive that induced him to bring the incurable sufferer to England still impelled him

to follow, soothe, court him : but Mr. Pembroke, not bound by the same delicacy to endurance, nor the same confidence to sympathy, daily bewailed the hour that Henry had first met this forbidding inmate ; and was often painfully struck with the idea of a predominating affection in meritorious exertions of mere humanity from the youth to his friend. The pungent pang of his earlier days than came over him again ; and he fancied it at times impossible to be truly loved by another man's son.

In the delightful hours of unreserved communication, while Julia was pointing out the various scenes of solitary beauty around to her brother, each alike indirectly sought to trace the future plans of the other. Alas ! they were of necessity ultimately the same ;—elegant pursuits—unwearied and equal attention to their father—a life of celibacy, and the constant society of each other, seemed to comprehend their views, and to bound their wishes.

Mr. Pembroke, who had resided in Wales that he might at once indulge Julia, and use every means in his power to discover the parentage of Henry, having failed in the last object, and regained the society of the youth under circumstances so honorable to himself as might obviate all his former objections to Farleigh, suddenly became tired of St. Hilary : and complaining of the air of the mountain as too sharp for a gouty habit, had the pleasure of being urged by Henry as well as Julia to return to his own mansion. Thus satisfied of the harmony that would hereafter reign in Farleigh, he would have set out for home immediately, had he not been in expectation of a visit from Lady Trevallyn : who had promised herself, in the company of Mr. Pembroke and his family, a pleasure which she could not otherwise find in a place where domestic affairs must nevertheless bring her. Julia observed, that if they were ready to depart when this charming friend came, they might all quit the castle to-

gether; and perhaps tempt her to stop awhile, on her way home, at Farleigh.

The beautiful month of June was already begun, and its close was the appointed time for the visit of the engaging widow. A season like that would make any place pleasant; and since Henry was for ever to leave the romantic solitudes of St. Hilary, he resolved to make the most of his short term there. All the mornings, therefore, he usually spent in riding and rambling with Cary, and the afternoons in the same manner with Julia; while Mr. Pembroke, in the hope that Cary would either take up his abode in some cave on a mountain, or, in following the family to Farleigh, associate according to the modes of civil life, endured without any remonstrance the present plans, though they sometimes left him alone till late in the evening, except for the company of Mr. Benson; who attacked him at his favorite game of chess, and often kept him up to a late hour.

One night, Julia, having sat by her father till twelve, without complaining of fatigue, though riding had almost overpowered her, became exhausted and faint; and Mr. Pembroke, reproaching himself for inattention, hastened her to bed; after which he, with all the family, retired. —Henry having, however, been agitated by hearing Julia speak in terms of high esteem of young Vernon, could not calm his heart enough to think of sleep. He therefore attempted not to go to bed, but paced a long while about his chamber. The silence of midnight was only broken by an owl, who hooted from the tower of the church, once belonging to the ruined priory which it adjoined. Henry had been listening to this dreary musician from the casement, when, drawing his head in, he heard so deadly a shriek as almost to transfix him to the spot. The first thought of a tender heart is ever on the object most dear to it; and that Julia was in danger alone oc-

curred to Henry—though how, he could not imagine. With a pistol in his hand, and his sword under his arm, he flew towards her apartment, which was one of a suite of rooms at that end of the long gallery which was furthest from his own. Each step he took, however, lessened his fears, by convincing him that the sound was not near Julia; and doubted whether he should not rather alarm than relieve her did he knock at her door; but with now her eye and now her ear to the key-hole, she was already stationary there; and well knowing the sound of his step, conjured him to wait a moment, when she would bring a light which she usually burnt, and lessen her own apprehension by accepting his protection. The dreadful and unintelligible shrieks increased every moment; but Julia, catching his arm as she rushed forward, told him that she recollected the voice to be that of her woman, who slept almost over Henry's own chamber. As they passed through the higher galleries together, each chamber-door exhibited a head variously capped, but not one showed the whole body belonging to it. The screamer proved to be struggling in strong fits; and Henry, though of a muscular form, found that he could not confine her without further assistance. The servants, who were now summoned by Julia, and emboldened by seeing a light, emerged; and the room was soon crowded with curious half-dressed figures, whose voices made them known rather than their faces.—The poor maid, after a variety of applications, came a little to herself, but obstinately hid her head under the clothes, and trembled so much that the bed shook with her. Julia twenty times demanded if she did not know who spoke, before she answered. “Oh yes, madam! I know you well enough; but it is *there*—I am sure it is *there*, and I shall die if I see it again!” “See what?” cried Henry.—“Oh, sir! look about—can not you see it?—can nobody see it then

but me?"—"What are we likely to see? or rather what do you imagine you have seen, Lucas?" said her lady. "Oh Lord, madam! what you may all see—though, perhaps, I am the only person to have this warning; and this may be a call to me only.—I little thought of my turn coming so soon." "Why, what call, what warning is this poor thing talking about?" cried Mr. Pembroke, who, ailing as he was, had limped up stairs.—"My good girl, tell us what has thus frightened you:—what have you seen?"—"Oh! my dear good sir, I am glad you are come. Send for Mr. Aubrey, and the church Bible, for I dare not look up. I saw—as sure as you are alive I saw—the ghost!"—"Saw what, girl?" exclaimed Mr. Pembroke, with severity; while every servant, by an involuntary leap, had removed further from the bed, and all with a stifled groan ejaculated "Lord in heaven forbid!"—"The *ghost*!" after a pause said her master; "do any of you know?"—"Oh! yes, sir, we all know," cried a dozen voice sat once. "Well, at any rate, speak only one of you at a time.—Jenkin, you are an old servant at the castle, what do you know, and who is the ghost?"—"Why, for a matter of that, sir, there be a power of them, as they tells I; for numbers of folk have seen deadly strange sights here, though, for my part, I never met with nothing—but for noises I must say—however, Mrs. Lucas seems to have something on her mind:—pray tell his honor what sort of a shape the ghost appeared in to you."—"I will, sir, I will," cried the terrified Lucas, raising herself in her bed, and looking as wildly and wistfully round, as if she suspected the ghost of the cowardice of skulking behind the company.—"Sir, I must tell you that I was in a heavy sleep, for I never had a thought of a ghost: indeed, Mr. Layton had talked me, Lord forgive my presumption! out of the notion; for he says he reads all the wise men of old, and knows there's no such thing;

but may be the world is worse than it was, for too sure there are ghosts now-a-days.—So, sir, as I was saying, I cried myself to sleep, not thinking, Lord he knows, of a ghost, but a good for nothing, false-hearted—but,” bursting into tears, “I will not trouble your honor with my own misfortunes.”—“No, do not just now, there’s a good girl,” returned her master.—“So, sir, I waked up in a moment, with the notion of somebody pulling the bed-clothes:—so I spoke, in a snappish sort of a way, for I made sure it was a frolic of the maids; and I was heavy to sleep again, when, all of a sudden, the Lord protect us! there came, close to my ear, such a hollow groan!—I opened both my eyes wide in a moment, and though it is but a new moon, the nights are so light, that I saw”—“What? what?” in an agony of impatience re-echoed every voice.—“A tall, very tall, thin figure of a woman, holding open the curtains, and looking—O dear! as if she had just stepped out of her coffin; and I gave such a squall!”—“Yes, as waked the whole house,” cried Julia.—“But are you sure it was a woman?” without ceremony exclaimed all the terrified servants, because you know, when it appeared to Rees Howels”—“Oh!” interposed Mr. Pembroke, “let us have but one ghost at a time; and I thought just now we had only one, at least as our own peculiar property; for you called it, by way of distinction, *the* ghost; but, as Jenkin justly observes, why should you think you saw a woman, Lucas?”—“Oh! dear sir, because she had on a long trailing dress of white, pinked all over like a shroud, and her cap was tied under her chin with a knot of white satin riband, as Miss Julia’s is at this moment.”—Henry could not resist a side glance at Julia’s *coëffure*, and wondered how even a ghost should look ill in what made her look so uncommonly pretty.—Mr. Pembroke found that his inquiries had opened a vein of conversation which was new

only to himself; nor did he think he had any probability of extending his own conviction to the rest of the company. Finding, therefore, that Lucas would not be left alone, the heads of the house retired to their own apartments; and all the female servants remained where they were, fortifying each other in their fears by an exact detail, in twenty various ways, of all the odd noises, singular figures, and supernatural incidents, which had caused the Castle of St. Hilary to remain so long untenanted; agreeing, at last, that it was a monstrous shame that Lady Trevallyn should cajole poor Mr. Pembroke into living here, without communicating what she probably had never heard—the miraculous legends of St. Hilary.

The poor, frightened Lucas had, however, so bruised herself as to be confined to her bed for several days; during this time she never varied in her evidence, nor repeated it without trembling and horror; in consequence of which half the beds in the house were vacated, as the maids walked off in pairs, and the men stole into each other's rooms. After having made this social arrangement, oiled the locks, added new bolts, and in fact treated the ghost much as Londoners do an expected thief, the servants flattered themselves that the lady apparition was utterly excluded, and things fell into their usual train at St. Hilary.

As the time approached for the removal of the family, Mr. Pembroke now dispatched several of his own old servants to Farleigh, that all might be ready, should Lady Trevallyn agree to accompany Julia thither: and as she was daily expected, he considered what orders he had for the domestics around him: when the footman one morning brought breakfast into his study, where he usually took it alone, at a later hour than the young people, he bade that man send the butler to him. Mr. Pembroke, though in no hurry, thought that he must have employed

one of Job's messengers: the bell again brought, however, the same servant. "Did I not bid you send the butler to me?" "Yes, your honor, I told Mr. Hopkins so, but he says as how he is busy and can't come." "Well, if that is the case, Thomas will do—send him." Another long waiting ensued, followed by another application to the bell. The same man unwillingly answered. "Well, and where is Thomas? Is he busy, too?" "Why, your honor, Thomas is the most busier of the two; for he is looking up all his things, to give an account of to Mr. Hopkins, who is calling over the plate." "Well, Hopkins and Thomas are great plagues both, with their precise ways;—however, I can talk to the coachman the while—let Samuel come to me." Alas! no Samuel appeared. Again the bell in a peal announced the wrath of the ringer; and again, with a face yet more dismayed, the same servant more slowly entered. "Why, you are all past tolerating!" exclaimed Mr. Pembroke, angrily:—"must I go to my coachman, or my coachman come to me?" "Why," cried the fellow, as if overjoyed at the proposal, "if your honor would be so good as to step to coachy, he will take it main kind; for his head's all of a confusion like, and he is in the harness-room, looking over the bridles and saddles." "And pray, may I know how this sudden fit of exactness came over you all." "Why, your honor, as there is no sleeping in this house for any but you great quality, we poor folks can not live by keeping our eyes always open, so, please God, we all means to sleep out of it this blessed night." "That's a civil intention, truly; and for what reason, I pray." "Why, I know your honor won't believe me; but last night, as I am a living man, we all saw the ghost! Nay, pray your honor, it is no laughing matter; for our Marget says the fright has turned one side of her hair all gray like a badger." "Nay, if this is the case, I wish some of you may not be

better acquainted with the tall thin lady than you choose to own: but since she has found her way into the butler's pantry and the harness-room, in defence of my own property I shall summon the ghost into open court: go, and set the old justice's chair in the hall, where I order every creature that has seen this spirit to attend. I should have left the aerial lady," concluded Mr. Pembroke, with a laugh, "to glide about the garrets unmolested; but apparitions who pilfer spoons, and filch bridles, ought to be made examples of."

This tale, which at first appeared a jest of some kitchen wag, now wore the air of imposture in a wider extent: and excited at once Mr. Pembroke's contempt and displeasure. He therefore resolved to sift all the parties, and convict the knaves on the evidence of the fools. His inquiry for Henry and his friend, who were on the mountains, brought Julia to him; who begged to be of his party, as the trial of a ghost promised to be new and entertaining. On entering the hall they found, it is true, the justice's chair, but not one creature attending. "I told you, my love, how it would be," cried Mr. Pembroke, peevishly:—"numerous as our scared fools are, no two of them, you find, can agree in their account of this business. Why, where are you all?" concluded he, opening a door which led to the inner hall. "Here, your honor!" replied a whole choir of discordant voices. "And why do you not attend me where I ordered?" "Oh Lord! your honor, do not ax us to come there," cried the coachman, just popping in a jolly round face, white as his close-curved wig with terror, "because—because." "Because what, fool?" cried his master. "Because, Lord forgive us all our sins! that is the purcise place the apparition do hold his revels in, as we all knows to our sorrow." "So it is a *he* after all. Come in for a pack of fools, and I will insure you from the company of the ghost, who will

never venture into mine I think I can swear." "Why, to be sure, I never heard as any thing have appeared to your honor yet; and I hope you will never be so misfortunate as to see any thing badder than yourself, as we poor souls have, worse luck is ours." "Is that possible?" said Mr. Pembroke, smothering a pleasant smile:—"Come in, I tell you."

And now, holding each other's hand, as children do when playing thread-my-grandmother's-needle, a whole set of gawky fellows crept slowly in; and by their number convinced Mr. Pembroke, that, unless he could quell the insurrection raised by the ghost, he should not have one bumpkin left to saddle his horse or set his breakfast. Nor did the string consist merely of the men: last, as the most timid, followed all the maids; save Mrs. Lucas, whose testimony was fully established already, by her midnight *tete-a-tete* with the aerial visitant.—This long string of foolish and appalled faces so amused Mr. Pembroke, that he burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, which lengthened to ghastliness the countenances around him. "It was," they whispered one another, "so presumptuous!" "Well," cried he, trying to recover himself, "which of this numerous assembly has seen the ghost?"—"Oh! all, all!" echoed the whole body.—"Indeed! then one ghost has, I find, more courage than my whole family. And pray where might he catch you all so pleasantly together?"—"Here in this very spot!" almost groaned a fellow, of a height and size to have recommended him to the king of Prussia's tall regiment, while he stood quaking like a school-boy over whom the rod impends. Mr. Pembroke, rather seriously surprised, now demanded, "Is there any of my servants who did *not* see the ghost?"—"Only old Mrs. Sleaford," replied the butler, and she is always poring over the Bible, and Mr. Layton, your honor's own gentleman, and he says there

is no such thing, for he is a philosopher of the new school, as he calls it, and a new school it is; for he says as how he understands mathephysicians, and reads Bacon:—for my part, I only eats him.”—“And pray when did this apparition take you all thus by surprise?”—“Exactly at twelve, last night:—we can’t mistake the hour,” returned the butler, with a sagacious nod, “we all know it for a very particular reason.”—“And if your reason, Hopkins, is not a profound secret, be so obliging as to impart it to your master.” The butler pursed up his mouth importantly, and fixed his eyes with peculiar meaning on a rosy wench, who hid her face directly with her apron. During this inquiry, it had struck Mr. Pembroke, that, however the philosopher of the new school might meditate mischief in the family, it could not be of a ghostly kind; for he, it was plain, had denied the existence of spirits, and had been sent the morning before to a town at such a distance that he was not yet returned; and must bring some papers which would prove that he went, consequently he would be acquitted of the imposture. This meditative silence on both sides gave a serious air to the business. Among the servants, it was obvious that something was to be told, which impeached somebody; and honor to each other seemed to preclude sincerity to their master. Luckily Mr. Pembroke just then recollected, that mercy is the better part of justice.—“Come, my lads,” said he, “I see that you have all had a dreadful fright; and so I will not be angry at any prank which has brought with it so severe a punishment—speak out.” This amnesty, however, encouraged not any one to become spokesman, “Hopkins,” resumed Mr. Pembroke, after a pause, “I know you for a sensible man—tell me what brought you altogether in this hall at so late an hour last night.” Hopkins turned an eye of self-importance towards the sheepish fellows around him,

which said, you see how well our master knows how to distinguish a man of merit; and, clearing his harsh voice, began—"Why, please your honor, the wisest of us all are fools sometimes, as you will say of your humble servant, when I tells the whole story. Evan, our groom, goes a sweet-hearting to—Lord, Win, don't blush, and look so foolish—master, and Miss Julee, has more sense than to think it a crime to have a mind to be married.—You must know, sir, that Evan has hung back a little, and we all found out—that I shall not tell—no matter how—we all found out as how Win was to go, last night, into the garden, to sow hemp-seed."—"And to all human appearance the most useful thing she could have sown in my garden," sarcastically observed Mr. Pembroke; "but how came this to enter her head?"—A rising tee-hee ended in a stifled sort of universal groan, and a fearful "Lord have mercy upon us!"—"Bless your honor!" continued Hopkins, "why I thought every child knowed that:—she was to go out exactly as the clock struck twelve, and throw the seed over her right shoulder—no, her left—was it her right or her left?"—"Prithee get on, and let her throw it over both shoulders rather than fail."—Well then, she was to throw it over *one* of her shoulders, we won't say which, and then she would be to see the man she is to marry, coming after her with a scythe in his hand."—"A scythe!" interrupted Mr. Pembroke; "a ring I should have thought more to the purpose."—"So we fancied, your honor, as how it would be fine fun if Evan, his own self, would go out; and Owens offered him the lent of his scythe: but Evan was so hen-hearted that we could not work him up to it, and it is God's mercy we did not, for I am afraid it will go hard with the poor lad as it is, he takes on so. Desperate bad he has been all night, and says as how it is a judgment on him, and that Win saw his own apparition; when, Lord, he

knows the figure was no more like him than an apple's like an oyster."—"Truce with your similitudes, good Mr. Witwou'd," said Mr. Pembroke, significantly smiling at Julia, "and get on with your tale. You very prudently then, I find, set my gates open at midnight; and I may be glad that nothing worse than a ghost came."—"Why, sir, there was no chance of any thing else coming, nor that neither; or, ecod, we would have shut the gates fast enough: but we were all full of fun, for, being Midsummer eve, I had handed about a little of the best ale, your honor; and not a soul of us all once thought of the ghost—that is, not the real ghost; and you will say that is the more wonder, as we axed him in a manner to frighten us; and, to do him justice, he did not need to be axed twice. Well, as I was a saying, we were all *perdue*, peeping through the crevice there of our own hall-door, for I had put out the lamp within, and left the little one burning here on purpose; and bye and bye we sees poor Win creeping along, with the seed in her apron, and one hand holding it ready:—so what does we all do, John, and Thomas, Coachy, Owens, Evan, Rees Howels, Jenkin, and all the maidens, but steal out, and divide behind the gates, as they were thrown back—that we might sally forth upon our Win, and make fun of her. Presently we heard the poor soul panting, and running, as if the devil was behind her, as indeed he was; and when we all jumped out, she was so deadly flustered that she dropped down, as though she had no life in her: and while we were in a puzzle what this could mean, we heard an odd, heavy underground sort of a noise as if a wagon were coming in.—Lord, I thought every soul of us would have swounded, like poor Win!—for, sure enough, we all remembered, too late, that we had been playing with edge tools, as the saying is.—Tall Thomas happened to be first, and he was as weak—as weak as a thread paper, so down

he fell; and all of us after him, just like a pack of cards when you send the jack of an errand.”—“So, after I have listened to your preaching all this time, I find that you saw only the set of fools whom I now see,” said their master. “Ay, marry did we,” exclaimed the whole tribe;—“we saw a tall, tall outlandish horrible figure, just in the first porch—he had eyes like two flambeaux, and would have made six of our coachy, fat as he is.—Oh, Lord! how we trembled, prayed, and hid our faces. He went round the hall with the same unsufferable, lumbering noise, and as slow as King Pepin in the puppet-show, only he did not carry his head under his arm; and after that he very coolly stepped up into his place again. To be sure, we were all rare ninnies when we came into the hall not to take notice that he was gone out of it.”—“His place!” cried Mr. Pembroke, gazing around, without being able to guess at their meaning; “where, pray, might this big gentleman’s place be?”—“Why, *there*, sir,” cried Magos, the handsome dairy-maid, in a shrill pipe, that might have frightened the ghost, as it did her master.—“*There*, sir!” was echoed by the whole train; and, turning round, Mr. Pembroke saw their trembling fingers were all pointed towards a grim, gigantic stone statue of an ancient Briton, who had a counterpart on the other side to support a well-carved oaken gallery, which had once been the seat of the minstrels and harpers when the feast of knighthood was held in this hall. The outrageous superstition and extravagance of the servants entirely overpowered the gravity of Mr. Pembroke and his daughter; while the whole train, shocked at this new provocation to their midnight visitant, knelt around, and offered to take their oaths that they saw the figure mount up there again—while their appalled faces showed an expectation that they should be justified by the de-

scent of one or other of the fierce Britons, from whom they never long removed their eyes.

Mr. Pembroke would have concluded the men drunk, if men only had been the parties: but the vehement declarations of the women perplexed him. With all the mildness of reason, when it condescends to ignorance, he argued on the improbability that disembodied spirits should be permitted to quit a state of either blessedness or punishment, only to add to our follies or our fears; and still more how incompatible such a re-union of our separated natures would be, when we know the grosser part to have become dust and bones, and the customary garments in which fancy enwraps its own vision are always indisputably under lock and key, in some chest or wardrobe. To this rational representation, modified, as Mr. Pembroke supposed, to the capacities of his auditors, no one attempted to give any answer. "He was," they all cried, "very wise, and very good, and, well they knowed, never did any thing that should prevent *his* resting in his grave, but that was not the case with some folks; and if he knew half the tales they did about this old castle, he would not wonder."—"If ever I know any thing to the prejudice of the dead," interrupted Mr. Pembroke, authoritatively, "one of that body shall rise to tell it me."—"Well," they all cried, they had nothing more to say; but, for their parts, they had rather live in a barn, and have it all to themselves, than in a castle full of gold and diamonds, if they must pop on a ghost, or a goblin, at every corner; therefore, if his honor pleased, they were all ready to go."

At any other time Mr. Pembroke would, in mere vexation, have indulged them, and posted away to Farleigh by himself; but while in hourly expectation of Lady Trevallyn, it was impossible that he should leave St. Hilary. For could he affront her with the information that his servants had dragged, in imagination, her ancestors from the grave,

and circulated reports always odious, and frequently injurious?—Should he be able to quiet this one alarm, he thought it probable that he should either trace the trick—for a trick he fully believed it—to the right author, or quit the scene of action before the ghost had courage again to come forward. He therefore resolved to try a last experiment with the obstinate, ignorant race around him. “Well then,” concluded he, “since I can not convince any of you, I do not wish that you should remain here in apprehension:—as to the poor, foolish girl whose hempen spell conjured up a phantom which I wish had its produce round his neck, it is not fair that she should lose her place, and her husband, too; so tell Evan if he has a mind to make a match with Win, I will give them five guineas to begin the world with.” This bounty of five guineas electrified the whole family:—each eye forsook the statues, on which all had been hitherto intently fixed, to consult that of the person it liked best; and Coachy edging up to the cook, who receded not, observed, that, “since his honor was so generous to Win, who made them all give up their places, by running husband-hunting at twelve o’clock at night, he hoped that he would remember other folks might like to be married quite as well as Evan.” Mr. Pembroke half smiled at his own ingenuity: and hinting, that if they would all marry, and live well together in their places, every pair should have the same compliment; a few words settled the matter; and couple after couple, with a nod, (the respectful salutation of that country,) walked off: till only Magos, the dairy-maid, who had always been the beauty of her own circle, remained; and that merely because she held herself so high; for tall Thomas passionately implored her to take him and the five guineas. To be left alone was however more than her spirits could long stand.—“To pe sure,” she said, “cee little treamt ven cee refused my Lord Trefallyn’s valie, and Tavy Jones the sop-

keeper, and Mr. Auprey's own clerk, cee soud ever take up with a footman :—howsever, a lising husbant was petter tan a ted gost at any time, so cee thanked his honor," and, with Thomas, added to the matrimonial cavalcade. Julia, retiring, congratulated her father on so ingeniously making every one forget the ghost. He might have said, except himself, and poor Lucas ; who, from her fright, and being crossed in love, seemed to be in the way of increasing the family of ghosts at St. Hilary.

Peace being now restored in the parlor, and Hymen reigning in the hall, Mr. Pembroke looked out impatiently, as evening came on, for Henry and his friend, to advise with them on the best means of detecting this daring imposture. Being told that on coming in they had adjourned to the library, Mr. Pembroke sought them there. The nature of Cary had been softened by a day of almost unremitting attention from Henry ; and, when he heard that Mr. Pembroke wished him to stay, and consult with them on a point of importance, he attempted not, as usual, to retire. After Henry had heard his father's account of the general alarm, and its supposed cause, he cast a look of deep chagrin upon Julia, and compassion towards Cary ; well knowing, that to discuss the invisible world would wake to him "the nerve where agony is born." It happened, however, that, at this juncture, the mind of the interesting visionary had taken the high and solemn tone which always impressed on those around him a native grandeur, and firmness of character, calculated to enforce his opinions, which he had a fund of observation and reading to support. Far from adopting Mr. Pembroke's idea, that this was an imposture among the domestics, the veteran enlarged on the possible intelligence of one world with the other, in a flow of eloquence and information which Mr. Pembroke had seldom or ever heard ; and with an almost divine complacency. Awe-

struck with his elevated visitant, the moment that gentleman chose to be known, Mr. Pembroke no longer was surprised that the young heart of Henry, yet in the glow and energy of passion, should unfold itself in the warmest affection to a being before whom he almost bowed. The sweet Julia, drawing her chair closer to her brother's, whispered him, that she wished they had been so vulgar as to have danced among the happy hymeneal party; for this glorious friend of his had strangely shaken her nerves, if not her understanding. Henry, who best knew the wild charm which a disordered mind gives to whatever it can at all connect, still recommended the considering the whole ghostly business as a trick; unless they should have, in their own persons, any cause to think otherwise: and since the hall was the scene of apparition action, instead of going to bed, he proposed that his father, Mr. Benson, and his friend Cary, should, with himself, secretly assemble there at midnight; and throwing the gate open, leave a lamp burning, while they sat in silence and darkness within the dining-parlor: thus the figure, if palpable to touch, should, if they saw it, be the most frightened of the company. To this plan none of the gentlemen objected; and, for that night, and two following ones, they watched, but in vain:—all continued profoundly quiet. They then agreed, that Cupid must have taken in masquerade the figure of the enormous Briton; and Hymen, in the shape of Mr. Aubrey, had laid the spirit.

On the day before Lady Trevallyn was to arrive at St. Hilary, Mr. Pembroke began to fear that he should not, as he had purposed, leave it in her company; for some little cold which his midnight watching had given him, occasioned those flying twinges of the gout that usually foreran a serious fit. The partiality he had for the society of the sprightly widow made the approach of this malady particularly vexatious; to drive off the appre-

hended evil, he took a medicine which sometimes had that effect, and retired early to his own apartment. In his restless, irritable state, Henry became the sole object of his thoughts ; such is the power of conscience, destined thus to counteract error by an equal sway in the heart with its fondest feeling. Yet had he exerted every effort to discover the remarkable spot on which he had saved the half-drowned child, in vain. Whether he should venture to communicate this circumstance to the youth, or whether such a confession would not wholly attach him to Cary, for whom already he showed a reverence and affection equal to that which he, when thought his father, obtained, were questions often agitated in Mr. Pembroke's bosom, but never decided. After lying awake till he found himself feverish and exhausted, he dropped into a sleep, heavy but not refreshing. In the dead of night, he was roused from it by a groan, so deep and hollow, that it seemed to issue from a soul in torture. The remembrance of the awful discourse on life, death, and immortality, in the library the other evening, flashed with all the force of powerful but disjointed ideas across his mind—his pulses beat in a manner audibly—his spirits faltered—his limbs were without motion :—in a room that communicated with his own his valet always slept, and a lamp was burning there, which, through the door which stood ajar, cast only a faint and streaming light across a part of his chamber. He now, though with an appalled and trembling hand, drew aside the bed-curtain, when a figure, all in white, seemed as it were to grow out of the floor to an amazing height :—sight and hearing instantly deserted Mr. Pembroke ; and, when he at length recovered both, he fixed his eyes on Henry, who, with his valet, was holding him ; while Julia, half undressed, stood bathing his temples with hartshorn and other volatiles. With bewildered looks he gazed around,

but had presence of mind enough not to declare the cause of his alarm. He only inquired who had waked his son and daughter, and how they came there. Layton said, "that he had been startled with his groans, and hastened to call Mr. Henry: Miss Julia heard his voice, for he was obliged to speak very loud to the young gentleman through the door, and was so frightened that she would come too." "Did you find my door open or shut?" inquired Mr. Pembroke, with a trembling voice, and anxious glance around. "Shut, sir, I think—I was in such an alarm I really can not be sure how I found it." "Consider a moment—it is of great importance." Henry, by an expressive look, conveyed to Julia the fear that their father was certainly delirious. "No—no," sighed Mr. Pembroke, shaking his head, "I am as rational as you are—I heard it as plainly as I did the rustle of these damask curtains, when I drew them aside to look at it." "What, my dear—dear father, did you hear?" exclaimed Julia. "Nothing, my sweet girl—go to bed—you will get a sad cold." Henry, however, would not quit his father till commanded; and then made Layton watch by his bed-side in the arm-chair: a greater trial could hardly have been devised for this philosopher of the new school; as Mr. Pembroke, who ever till now had disbelieved in the return of spirits, had certainly indirectly owned having seen one. Neither he nor his master could close an eye during the remainder of the night, though wholly unmolested. "Poor, harmless wretches!" said Mr. Pembroke to himself, while recalling the terror of his servants, "how I laughed at, and discredited your report; yet why to you should the dead return?—you never stole—you never basely appropriated the child of other parents.—Alas! those whom I vainly have sought in this world, were early sent, perhaps, by broken hearts,

to the other; and now hover round me and the noble boy whom they can no longer claim."

With daylight, however, the vigor of the mind, to a certain degree, always returns. That Mr. Pembroke had heard and seen something he was assured; but as he could hardly shape into any form the indistinct image which yet soared before his eyes, the possibility of imposture again recurred. Magnanimously resolving to impute to himself the weakness he had censured in others, he ordered his chamber-door to be left unfastened, that he might take his chance for another visitation; which, thus prepared for, he thought he should encounter with manly courage.

Mr. Pembroke's taciturnity to his family, however, availed not; for Layton had, early in the morning, published an account of his groans, his wild inquiries, and the long reveries in which he still was plunged. "Master, himself, has seen the spirit then"—"that comes of being fool-hardy"—I wonder whether he spoke to it,"—was the whisper of one servant to another: while all, with anxious inquiring eyes, examined the pale and pensive countenance that no longer heeded them. The shock of the night had, however, relieved Mr. Pembroke from present danger of the gout; for at the sound of Lady Trevallyn's carriage, Henry was hardly quicker in the offer of assistance than his father. "I have a hand for an old friend, and another for a new one," cried she, extending a pair, white as snow, to Mr. Pembroke and Henry, which the latter respectfully kissed, in token of his gratitude for her offered friendship. "Julia, my dear, I have a hundred embraces for you.—I hope," she added, in an audible whisper, "that you have made up your mind to letting me be your sister-in-law, though you were so ill-natured that you would not have me as a step-mother: I really believe that I shall never be able to get

down my abominable frightful native mountain in any other conveyance than a chariot drawn by doves; and as they are apt to mistake their way, I think yonder fine black-eyed Henry of yours—Henry, I think you call him?—must undertake to guide them.” That youth, who found himself already enchanted with the intelligent countenance, elegant figure, and prepossessing manners of the lively widow, was wholly won by the affectionate caresses she lavished on his sister. As Mr. Pembroke led her into the saloon, she turned aside a moment, to lean upon Julia’s shoulder; then, dashing away the tears with which her sweet eyes were surcharged, she reached out her hand to Henry. “Come, you creature, be but half as agreeable as you look, and I will endeavor to lose the painful remembrance of many a scene long past, and many a friend for ever vanished:—but every object I look on brings so much to my mind.”—Again she swept away the tears with her white hand, as if she would not be a fatigue to her friends; and running to Julia’s harp, struck a chord.—“Oh you sophisticated mountaineer!—a French harp in the land of David!—How do you think Taliessen, Modred, and the rest of the brethren, who sit in the clouds above here, will take the compliment?—Come, let me try if it will give me one native strain for for the genius of our mountain:” and with exquisite skill and taste, she played—“Of a noble race was Shenkin.”

Pleasure and affection, in all their beauteous iris hues, diversified the hours to the younger part of the company, while Mr. Pembroke blended delight with a gnawing recollection of what he ought to do, and what he might have to dread. His silence and abstraction suddenly suggested to the delicate mind of Lady Trevallyn, that she had not been as attentive to him as she used to be when Henry was far away. Starting up, she seized the chess-board, and with this idea, placing it on the table by

which Mr. Pembroke sat—"Now will I lay my life, papa, by that air of gravity, you fancy I have done flirting with you, since I have got this fine young fellow to amuse me—not at all—you shall find that I intend to keep you both in play. To show my amazing regard, and how often I have thought of you since we parted at Bath, I made an idle wretch, in that idle town, teach me so much of this game, that I shall beat you most unmercifully if you do not look about you—so be upon your guard." Sitting down at once to chess, she made gay signs to Henry and Julia, that speech on her part would be treason; while Mr. Pembroke gladly engaged with such a charming opponent in the amusement which most withdrew his thoughts from one dear but oppressive subject.

Henry had, from the moment of Lady Trevallyn's arrival, impatiently expected the coming home of Cary, that he might dispose him to please, and be pleased, with their fair guest, who already was curious to see that youth's hermit friend: with the close of evening he usually returned; but it could hardly be said to close at all, so brightly rose the moon, now at its full. Julia took her work-basket, and whispered Henry, that in so sweet a night it would be delightful for him to walk and meet their solitary friend:—fain, fain, would he have had her company, but politeness obliged her to stay at home. Thinking no spot so likely by this light, and at this hour, to attract a visionary as the ruined priory, Henry bent his steps thither; but, though its solemn beauty charmed one sense, and the profusion of plants and flowers, which abounded there, gratified another, it was not the haunt of Cary. Sighing that Julia was not his companion, the youth wandered onward.

The ruins of the priory were of great extent, beside that part which had been so sweetly embellished, and carefully preserved by the lords of St. Hilary: they ended

in the village; whither Henry now betook himself: for though society was shunned by Cary, poverty he constantly sought, and relieved with an unsparing hand, as though it held the widow's cruise of oil. Henry called to mind that his friend had returned home for the address of a maimed laborer, who had sent in the morning to ask aid at the castle. The sufferer he easily found, and assisted; but heard no tidings of Cary. Having in a vain search protracted his own stay as long as he thought he could, without being deficient in politeness to his father's guest, the youth turned to hasten home through the shortest path. This led by the parish church, which, though long since separated from the priory, proved that they had once been united by imperfect fragments of massy walls which every where presented irregular projections, overgrown with ivy, that alone held, or appeared to hold the tottering and ragged abutments together. Suddenly Henry missed a little favorite dog of Julia's, whom he had courted to follow him; and calling aloud, the creature ran out of the porch of the church; but as quickly ran back again. Invited by a bright moon, and a door half open, Henry followed:—a bold projection of the ivy-bound wall left the chief part of the church in solemn shadow; but that only gave effect to the radiant beams of the moon, as aslant, from a painted window over the communion table, they shone full on a recumbent figure, which Henry at first concluded to be marble; on a second glance he perceived it to be Cary, who was lying negligently at his length upon the slab of a raised tomb, with his elbow resting on that, and his head on his hand. The injured arm lay over the neck of one faithful spaniel, who, like a conscious favorite, with eyes fondly fixed on his master, had crept almost into his bosom; while his companion, with equal, but humbler devotion, remained couched at his feet. That fine care-worn coun-

tenance which Henry's eyes ever loved to contemplate, was solemnly inclined upward. The sound of approaching steps made him, by a hasty turn of his head, throw back those gray locks that hung in their usual "careless desolation," and the moonbeam gemmed the tear which he hastily dashed from his cheek, while his eyes struck fire at the intrusion. Henry was shocked—he stopped reverentially, and gazed as though on a man of other days—a vision of the mournful sons of Ossian.—Hardly could he resist the impulse to fall at the feet of so singular, so grand a creature. Cary, when he saw the intruder, started up abruptly, and walked away with him.—“You will discover all my haunts in time,” said he, in a broken, moody kind of voice;—“I was always fond of a church by moonlight.” Henry was too well acquainted with the usual tone of his friend's mind in scenes like this, and felt too much awe in his own, abruptly to propose introducing him to a social party; where, if he added not to the gaiety, he must infallibly cast a gloom.—He therefore led to the invitation by speaking of the lively and elegant Lady Trevallyn; declaring that he had never seen so fascinating a creature; and regretting that she was a dozen years older than himself, as the only reason why he was not wholly enchained by her. He then came upon his commission, and urged his mournful friend to attend to the entreaties of Julia, and join the party.—“What can be so natural as your finding a handsome lively woman pleasant company?” sighed the veteran, wringing affectionately the hand of Henry:—“go—enjoy the charms of life while yet it has charms; but remember, dear lad, our compact in America; and do not, from mistaken kindness, insist upon my being happy any other way than my own.” He was near a deep thicket when he spoke, and turned into it abruptly; nor did Henry venture to pursue him.

The sound of the piano-forte and harp made Henry, on

re-entering, sensible that he must have been wanted. His clarionet was produced,—the candles were put out,—and to the light of the moon they had what Lady Trevallyn called “a dear romantic concert,” where memory gave one part, and taste the other. The castle clock chimed twelve before any of the party were tired; but Lady Trevallyn then suddenly cried out on Julia for keeping town hours; and declared that she had never sat up so late in this part of the world before.

Mr. Pembroke ordered his chamber-door, as he had pre-determined, to be left unfastened, and bade his valet retire to his own room; who, in spite of the philosophy of the new school, would not have been sorry to have joined the happy hymeneal party, and had a spouse of his own, either to share or to relieve his fears. Although not disturbed by any visionary visitant, Mr. Pembroke descended in the morning worn out with restlessness, and condoled with Lady Trevallyn on seeing, by her swollen eyes and pale cheeks, that she had not rested better. “I had but a poor chance of sleeping here, my kind friend,” returned she, “at any rate; and that I lost by the idle prate of your servants to mine. I find you have conjured up frightful and strange stories concerning our poor old mansion,—mortifying ones to me.—No,” added she, sighing, and turning her thoughts inward, “we are an unfortunate, but not guilty family: and it is dreadful thus to rake up the ashes of the honored dead.”

Mr. Pembroke, incensed at the intolerable impertinence of his servants, sought to soothe her wounded feelings. “Ah! my dear sir,” said she, with a melancholy smile, “how shall we seal up the loquacious lips of those who can never know the truth, and are, therefore, so fruitful in invention?—I can only shorten my visit.” Julia then acknowledged that the whole family had staid at St. Hilary merely to receive it; and pressed the charming widow

to accompany her to Farleigh. Lady Trevallyn saw that to deny was to involve her friends in the censure which she cast on their servants, and therefore acquiesced. "One visit here I must, however, pay," said Lady Trevallyn, "and only one.—I can go to good Mr. Aubrey almost directly; and then, my sweet girl, let us immediately leave this hateful place; which was the scene of much suffering during my youth, and will become a cause of contention to the last hour of my life.—Ah, Julia! you too have a great fortune; but your wise father will not do as mine did, who threw his daughter away merely to save that:—he married me when I was little more than a child, only for fear I should be capable of the delicacy of choice; and Lord Trevallyn almost forgot that I was ever to be out of my nonage. Time made me a woman, and my husband made me a wretched one:—he never treated me with confidence or kindness; and always expected that a new gown, or a kiss, should appease all the pangs of a generous and tender heart, when it found itself unvalued. In reality, he had married me only to unite the two finest estates in the county,—but my poor father at last grievously disappointed him, by settling this upon my second son; from whom the elder, possessed by his guardians with the idea that he was wronged in the arrangement, threatens to claim it, as soon as he comes of age: and, what is worse, my lawyers say that he can carry the suit, which will leave my sweet Cecil penniless. But this is a wretched way of passing our time, my Julia; and if I frighten you into a vow of celibacy, I shall have a legion of lovers in arms against me."

Miss Pembroke, finding that they were almost immediately to depart for Farleigh, left it to her father to accompany Lady Trevallyn to Mr. Aubrey's, that she might give due orders through the family: and Henry, by a

hint of hers, set out on an uncertain peregrination after Cary; whom he was anxious to apprise of this hasty determination, and induce him to accept the invitation of Mr. Pembroke to Farleigh.

Although Mr. Pembroke did not hesitate to escort Lady Trevallyn to the parsonage, the rector was to him a stranger. Age and infirmity had long prevented Mr. Aubrey from visiting at St. Hilary, and Mr. Pembroke had a chaplain of his own who officiated at the castle. But how greatly did that gentleman regret having been governed by a mere ceremony, when he saw the interesting venerable rector of St. Hilary; who, bowed by age, raised his silvered head with a patriarchal dignity, as by the assistance of a stick he got out of his arm-chair affectionately to welcome Lady Trevallyn. She sank gracefully at his knees, as to those of a revered parent, in silent tenderness; while a mutual gush of sensibility, too poignant for words, made Mr. Pembroke feel his presence to be oppressive to them. He therefore opened a glass door, and passed into a small, but beautiful flower-garden, which conducted to a second, filled with roots and vegetables. Beyond both he saw a paddock with a cow; and an old orchard invited him on the other hand.

The period which had elapsed since Mr. Aubrey and Lady Trevallyn had seen each other, gave both much to learn and to communicate; but hardly had they entered on an interesting subject, before dismal outcries for help came from the orchard. Mr. Aubrey could hardly move, and the lady would have been of no use. The servants, who luckily were attending with Mr. Pembroke's coach, ran, on hearing the cries, nimbly onward; and, to the horror of those in the parlor, returned almost as hastily, bearing Mr. Pembroke streaming with water, and wholly insensible. Lady Trevallyn entreated that they would bring the body into the parsonage; but, conforming to

the orders of Cary, who was following them, the servants carried the lifeless Mr. Pembroke to his own coach; into which the veteran, equally wet, jumped, and it drove rapidly away to the castle. The alarmed Lady Trevallyn took a hasty leave of Mr. Aubrey, to follow on foot, attended by his servant.

Before she could arrive there, Julia was in a state little short of distraction. Henry and Cary she soon understood to be employed in stripping the body, and using whatever means might restore it to life.—The latter, inured to the contingencies and inconveniences of the world, was always prepared for them. He, therefore, produced a lancet, and instantly opened a vein in Mr. Pembroke's arm; which bled, though with difficulty. Henry hastened to lighten with this news the apprehensions of Julia, and anxiously implored Lady Trevallyn to sustain the sorrowing daughter.—The activity, recollection, and tenderness of Cary, had done almost every thing that could be done for Mr. Pembroke before the doctor and surgeon arrived. But, alas! a misfortune had happened of which Cary could not be aware. The chill of the water, into which Mr. Pembroke had by accident slipped, united, with the gout flying about in his habit, to produce a paralytic seizure, from which it was possible that he might recover, but merely possible: his speech was totally gone.—What an unexpected affliction was this for his children!—what a surprise to his servants! who found in this event a confirmation of all their extravagant notions; and not one now doubted but that the various visitations of the ghost were forewarnings of the present calamity.

Julia and Henry now united to implore Lady Trevallyn, since it was obvious that she could neither share their duty, nor lighten their sorrows, to consider her own immediate comfort, by quitting this detested castle, into

which Julia, in bitterness of anguish, every moment exclaimed, she had brought her father only to die. But they did not yet know the warm and generous heart of that lady, who scorned to indulge a selfish pride or feeling, where friendship was concerned: and, useless as she must be, and odious as she found the place, she determined upon remaining at St. Hilary, that she might share the anxieties which she was not able to relieve.

A long, long night passed away in medical and vain experiments; while the streaming eyes of the kneeling Julia were ever fixed upon the almost motionless orbs of her father, in which she vainly sought recognition.

In the course of the following day Mr. Pembroke came enough to himself to recollect his deeply-afflicted children, as by looks, and vain efforts to speak, he showed. A few hours more made his consciousness of the imperfection of his organs a misery indeed, for he struggled perpetually for utterance; especially when he turned to Henry, who duteously was stationed on one side of his bed, as Julia was on the other. The hand of his daughter he clasped incessantly, in his cold and clammy one, as if no feeling but a dying fondness remained towards her; while on Henry he fixed looks of such eager, sad, and anxious intelligence, that the youth involuntarily labored with the sense of some unrevealed event immediately concerning himself.—Oh! what fervent prayers did he put up, that the sufferer might be able to tell him the secret, though both were to die one hour after. Julia, however melancholy her situation, had only a father to lose—Henry felt that in his father he was to lose his fate.

On the third morning, when, worn out with watching, and utterly without hope, the two young people were, as usual, listening to the disturbed breathing of their father, they suddenly heard his well-known voice imper-

fectly say, "Who is there?"—"Your children! your miserable children!" both answered on their knees, while they bathed his hands with their tears in a moment. He cast a fond parental glance on their haggard looks and soiled habiliments; well knowing how to estimate that affection which would not allow them to leave him for an hour.—"My beloved children," faltered the good man, "life is always brief,—mine has in one moment nearly flown from me; nor know I now whether Heaven will leave me another. I have much to do; and must do it well. Let me immediately discharge my mind of its greatest duty. I am sorry that Mr. Benson is already gone to Farleigh; but, infirm as Mr. Aubrey is, I hope he will come and officiate on this melancholy occasion. The state I am in warrants the request; and, till he arrives, leave only a servant in my room, that my agitated feelings may not rob me of due recollection."

Oh! with what gratitude to Heaven did Julia impart to Lady Trevallyn, and Henry to Cary, this favorable change. The veteran had not once left his apartment since the sad accident by which Mr. Pembroke must have perished, had he not been roused to exertion. The place was among his haunts; and, on seeing that gentleman reel into the water, he instantly plunged in himself; nor could a man less strong, or less courageous, have borne him up so long, or called so loudly for help.

Painful as the venerable Aubrey found the religious summons, he felt obedience to be his duty; and he had long learned to conquer every emotion inconsistent with that. He found Lady Trevallyn seated at the bedside of Mr. Pembroke, and the two young people devoutly kneeling: all three, with due reverence, and tearful anxiety, united in the holy rite, which, with determined sanctity, the infirm Aubrey administered. A short pause the sick man afterwards required, to collect himself;—he

then ordered his whole train of servants to be summoned, who, now persuaded that he was the culprit who had roused the dead from their graves, crept in with fear and trembling—wondering what crime he had to confess. Mr. Pembroke cast his eyes over the group, when, not perceiving Cary, he desired to have him called. Henry foresaw it to be possible that he might not, so summoned, attend; and therefore engaged to invite the veteran himself:—even he did not seem likely to succeed; for though, where he could be of use, Cary would have contended with the elements to effect his purpose, where he could not be of any he held it an oppression to be urged to appear. Henry, however, so implored him, that he yielded to weakness, not reason, and followed the youth. Lady Trevallyn, as they entered, cast a curious eye on the sun-burnt visage of the stranger; but he gave her opportunity for nothing more, by abruptly hastening to a corner of the room yet darker than the rest, where he might witness all that passed, without becoming himself a party.

Mr. Pembroke, apparently much revived by the pious duty which he had recently performed, attentively surveyed the anxious and inquisitive faces surrounding his bed, and more articulately began:—"The solemn rite, my friends, by which I have just sealed my faith in a better world, and made my peace in this, will, I hope, fully convince every person present, that, though my organs of speech are not perfect, I am in full possession of my understanding: a general conviction of this is necessary, to give credence to a painful and extraordinary disclosure which I have for some time meditated, but may no longer be silent upon, lest an important secret should suddenly go down to the grave with me."—He paused, as wanting breath; but his eye had been too intently fixed on Henry to leave any doubt, either in

the bosom of the youth, or in those of the spectators, that the secret, whatever it might be, related solely to him. Was it happiness or misery? thought Henry—an ague shook him at the mighty question of his own soul. He had come round to kneel by Julia's side, that he might save the sick man turning from one to the other; and now, as if to ascertain his hold on Mr. Pembroke's affection, he eagerly divided with Julia the fond parental grasp of the cold hand, or thus enfolding hers with it, sought perhaps to make an equal claim to both.—“The circumstance with which my soul labors is so singular, so unexpected,” slowly resumed the sick man, “and its consequence will so astonish——” He had overstrained his newly recovered and weak powers, nor could he utter another syllable. Expectation sat on the sharp arch of every brow:—a single breath drawn might have been heard, and each person present hung on tiptoe over the one before him. A little cordial was given to revive the invalid, and he again pursued his discourse. “Henry, my dear Henry, it is you who must now fortify your mind;—for I am under the direful necessity of, at last, solemnly and publicly declaring that you are no son of mine.” A deadly paleness increased for a moment in the complexions both of Henry and Julia; when a glance which each half raised, and neither wholly ventured to fix on the other, enriched their cheeks alike with a bloom that sweetly interpreted the emotion within. Julia then dropped her eyes on the ground, and Henry turned his with deep intenseness on those of his languid friend, as though he would through them drag forth the discovery which his failing speech thus painfully prolonged. “Imagine not, beloved Henry,” continued Mr. Pembroke, “that it was to lower your pride, or wound your feelings, I meditated this acknowledgment;—it is a relief that I feel obliged to give to my own conscience;

and I, at this awful moment, call the God, whose mercy I have supplicated, to witness that I never saw your mother—that you came a helpless stranger to these arms, and therefore can be no son of mine:—but I have told you this, my Henry, only to make you so.”

A burst of delight, even to agony, that overflowed the bosom of the youth, as he fell in a manner prostrate before his boundless benefactor, was too mighty for both. Mr. Pembroke, when a little recovered, drew his daughter fondly towards him, and tenderly whispered—“I have for some time guessed at my Julia’s objection to matrimony—has she any now?” The subdued, but soul-touched Julia, lifted her modest eyes from the bed-clothes, in which dread and uncertainty had caused her to bury them, and her look made the gracious inclination of her head needless. By an irresistible impulse Henry caught her in his arms, and her cheek found a sweeter resting place on his shoulder; while the fond father made an effort to seal, with his blessing, those sacred, those delightful vows, which each beating heart was for the first time making to the other. “I have been aware that this moment would soon arrive for some weeks past,” said Mr. Pembroke, to the venerable clergyman, “though I foresaw not the awful circumstance which was likely to have shut me for ever from my portion of delight. Take this, sir,” and he gave Mr. Aubrey a special license:—“open again your holy book, and immediately unite the hands of this young couple—now, while I have life to give them to each other.”

Henry, at a hearing so blessed, sprung from his knees, as though light enough to soar to heaven; and eagerly raising, with most endearing tenderness, the abashed and trembling Julia, turned with an imploring air towards Lady Trevallyn, who kindly advanced to support her. From that fair friend’s finger he softly drew her wedding

ring, which his fond eyes contemplated in unspeakable rapture. The ancient Aubrey once more arose, and, assuming his surplice, opened at the marriage ceremony. What a moment!—The sick man again devoutly raised his head—the servants sunk in solemn silence upon their knees—and Cary, at some little distance, stood up with that impressive air of dignity by which he, when himself, was always distinguished, while he shook disdainfully from his cheek the indubitable mark of an incurable sensibility yet melting at his heart.

A few, a very few minutes, to the astonishment even of the immediate parties, united for ever two lovers, who one hour before had never breathed a sound like impassioned tenderness, although in secret they mutually had consecrated to celibacy the heart which neither dared give to the other. Oh! how sweet were the blended tears of gratitude and delight, that each poured over the generous but failing hand which had, when hope was extinct, united theirs!—In natures finely touched with the pure spirit of Heaven, it is hard to discover which feels most gratification—the obliger, or the obliged: yet, in her father's eyes, it added a charm to the many comprehended in Julia, to perceive that she would not have it remembered that she had made at once the fortune and happiness of Henry; who, on his part, proud only with the mean, felt it but as an added enjoyment to owe every good to Julia and her bountiful father.

A little time stemmed in each bosom its conflux of passions, and the fair Julia suddenly recollected the very singular circumstances under which she had been married. She cast a surprised eye upon her *robe de chambre*, nor did she forget her little morning cap; but glancing it towards the disheveled hair and careless attire of Henry, she thought that she had never seen him look so

handsome ; and though woman enough to prefer propriety, she was angel enough to know that virtue makes it.

“ I have now,” resumed Mr. Pembroke, “ my beloved children, acquitted myself of half my duty—and only half: had I ventured this discovery one week ago, my Henry, when I had told you that I was not your father, I should have been obliged to add, that in the whole world I knew not where you might find that fortunate man—for never in a course of years have I been able to discover even the spot where I saved you. An elucidation which seems almost supernatural, though it may eventually shorten my days, clears up this mystery.”

Henry implored the generous man not to exhaust himself in a vain attempt to add to perfect felicity, since, in making him really his son, and the husband of his adored Julia, he had crowned his every wish ; nor would he seek in new affinities for doubtful blessings.

“ However pleasing this glowing transport may be to my heart, my Henry,” returned, with a sigh, Mr. Pembroke, “ it adds a keen pang to the many which my conscience has for years given me ; since I have selfishly appropriated a good bestowed by Heaven upon others, who may have deplored through life your loss. Yet a liberal education your parents could not have afforded you ; for, should they yet exist, you will probably find them, my son, among the poorest of the poor ; and it will be your fortune to make their latter days happy and affluent. I did not convene all these domestics merely to become spectators of my discourse or conduct, but because there must be some one among them who can end our doubts the moment I give a detail of the means by which you became mine. Eighteen years ago I was parted from my company, and rode through a solitary dell in this country, where it pleased Providence that I should save the life of this youth, then a little creature in petticoats, and

entirely alone : the design of appropriating him made me so long delay inquiring to whom he belonged, that when I did, either my ignorance of the name of the particular spot, or some unaccountable change in the face of the country, rendered it impossible for me ever to trace his parentage. I had totally given up the hope, nor would I rob him of the sweet ties of natural affinity which he held as my own son, unless I could have ensured to him a larger as well as juster portion of natural affection : yet my heart and my conscience have long been at variance on his account, and it was only by resolving to give him my Julia, that I could find out how to reconcile them. When I accompanied Lady Trevallyn to Mr. Aubrey's the other day, I observed in their eyes a wish for unreserved discourse, which made me, through delicacy, wander into the parsonage garden : beyond it I saw an orchard ; and, towering over the fruit-trees, at the extremity, I discovered a singular circle of irregular stones, which appeared to me to be a Druidical monument. Astonished that so remarkable an object in a prospect should be no where visible from the castle, I advanced to survey it more accurately. I then perceived that it was merely a naked rock, washed bare by time and storms. It was not, however, the less a curiosity for being natural ; and I ventured down between a cleft in the stones, where steps had been cut to a pool of water, wide and deep, from whence I guessed the family drew their daily supply. Though the ground became declining and slippery, I reached the verge of the water safely, nor would my feet then probably have failed me, had I not suddenly cast my eyes on the object where Henry very nearly lost his little life, and mine would certainly have terminated, but for the instantaneous plunge and vigorous exertions of his melancholy friend—though how he happened to be there I know not. The object I mean is, the rude and

singular bridge which crosses the cheeks of rock where the stream overflows, and, rushing down, forms another pool below:—from that bridge the sweet child must have fallen, when I dragged him out of the lower water.”

“Almighty God!” cried the venerable Aubrey, sinking feebly on his knees, and raising his eyes and hands with meekly impressive devotion to Heaven, “thou who never utterly forsakest those who humbly rely on thee, let the gratitude of thy servant become acceptable in thy sight!—less for restoring this youth to the name and honors of his ancient family, though great in that is thy mercy, than for relieving my aged heart from the weight of misery, the dread of guilt! My darling child was then only unfortunate, not sinful—she sunk into the pool in the maternal act of attempting to save her lovely boy, and rose a spotless angel to thy presence! Blessed art thou in what thou givest, and what thou takest away! Son of my beloved Agnes—”

A deep convulsive groan silenced the excellent man, and from its resemblance in sound to that which Mr. Pembroke had heard in the dead of the night, seemed to him a summons from the other world. He hastily signed to the servants, who drew open the bed-curtains, and all eyes were fixed at once upon Cary—pale, agonized, heart-wrung, yet making, with outstretched arms, his speechless claim to Henry. The name of Agnes had revealed the whole to the affectionate youth; he flew to his father’s knees, and received his head upon his bosom. “Son of my angel Agnes! ever intuitively the object of my tenderest affections,” sobbed the veteran, with a kind of heart-broken joy, “art thou then thus strangely, thus blessedly given to me? Life flows back too rapidly, and chokes me with excess of happiness—I feel the debility of very childhood. Yet proudly now, my Edmund, I resume the long abjured name of Powis, since thou wilt

heir it—since even the grave restores half of my buried treasure. Yes, I now behold without abhorrence this mansion; for it will henceforward have a master who might grace a throne. Julia!—generous Julia! you are likewise become the lovely owner of this borrowed home, and you with Edmund Powis must bid us all welcome here.”

“And has your poor Caroline no claim to make?” interrupted Lady Trevallyn, with enchanting sweetness—“unkind brother, to suffer us all so long to number you among the dead. Henry,” added she, affectionately, holding out her hand, “you loved me when I had no claim upon your heart—love me not the less when you know me for your aunt.”

“Father ever revered!—ever beloved!” cried the veteran, dropping with deep devotion at the feet of Mr. Aubrey, “reproach me not, even by a look, for my silence:—had I loved you less, I should long, long since have sought you; for I have existed only in the precincts of your dwelling, lain whole days by the side of the pool which engulfed all my worldly hopes and yours: but could I dare to present to the childless, the venerable father of Agnes, a wretch who had in her loss utterly impoverished him?—Take then, in this precious boy, my only, my rich compensation.—And you, too, glorious-minded Pembroke, must, in the right of this our mutual son, pardon me those harsh repulsive manners which I dared not alter. To have yielded but a little was, to a nature like mine, to have yielded all—for I am a frail wretch, compounded of extremes. Neither could I in this house venture to mingle in society:—total abstraction alone saved me from discovery. Had I not lived, though I knew not why, on our Edmund’s looks, I should instantaneously have turned with abhorrence from this gate, when it opened not to me as its master. Great indeed must be my involuntary pa-

ternal tenderness, since it has induced me to wander about my natural home so long, a disinherited outcast."

"Brother!" cried Lady Trevallyn, bursting into tears, "treat not so hardly our poor father's memory; whom, without cause, you now condemn. You have not, perhaps, perused his will: it was executed, as we afterwards found, on the day following that when your lovely and pious wife, so sweetly and humbly, presented your son in the church to those eyes which never would, till that moment, behold him. Conscience and religion seconded so judicious a claim on Sir Hubert's feelings, and, destroying all former wills, he immediately made the one which was at his death established. It gives to you, it is true, a limited income, and no power; but to your child the whole of the Powis estates are bequeathed, without restriction, should he reach one-and-twenty. My second son was, if Edmund died, to become the next heir; but I was not marriageable when the will was made, nor did I believe that I should ever rear a second son, for I lost three in as many years; so that I thought Heaven visited on me the sins of my forefathers. When Edmund, with his mother, was supposed to have perished, the cry of the people was against our poor father's cruelty, in driving her to such despair—for, alas! no circumstance ever came to light which might have lessened the horror and misery we all felt in believing the desperate act her own. Your father suffered, I believe, almost as much as Mr. Aubrey. Never from that moment could he endure to be seen: he thought that every finger made him its mark—every voice whispered, as he passed, execration; and, too surely, much of evil which he knew not, was from that moment imputed to him. Your last letter from Flanders, whatever its contents, proved a death-stroke to your father—from that hour I do not remember hearing him utter your name: but I have seen, from involuntary rec-

collection, many and many a tear stream in silence down his aged cheek. The horror he ever afterwards had of the rocks and water-fall (till then, you well know, his favorite objects in our view from the back of the castle) made him order the poplar plantation to be enlarged, which now shuts it quite out; and across the dell he threw a wide stone bridge, with a high parapet; and thus, having choked up the road below, made the wood soon spread, and filled the hollow: the trees are since so shot up, that those persons who are not previously told, can never suppose themselves to be passing over a bridge at all. Thus, but for an almost miraculous intervention of Providence, which gathered together on this only spot all the parties concerned, might Mr. Pembroke have left the country, utterly ignorant of the long-sought dell, though he daily crossed it. It was a great surprise, I well remember, to us all, that Edmund's body could never be found; since that of his dear unfortunate mother was soon dragged up, still holding in her hands his little shoes, which she, no doubt, was going to put on, when, escaping from her arms, the heedless babe ran to the spot which cost her a life that she would not have wished prolonged if he had perished. But the pool is seated in the solid rock, which has many fissures, and it was not doubted but that some one of them had been wide enough to engulf a child so young."

"Alas! had I not been poor even to distress," sighed Mr. Aubrey, "I would have had the water drained off: though every thing indicated that the precious child was lodged where his mother was found: but, alas! I had not the means. Yet, though the sweet sufferer had long been lonely and unhappy, she had always seemed patient and pious. Terrible, therefore, was it to me to be obliged to conclude that she had at last despaired.—How brightly did the sun shine on the dismal morning!—I

well remember that I had a small patch of corn yet uncut on the far side of the mountain, and our only servant had been sent at break of day thither. Before I followed, I just looked into my poor girl's room, and saw her with the babe at her knees, hearing his prayers in Welch; for she had taught him no other language, that she might give him the more chance of winning Sir Hubert's affections, who was blindly partial to his own tongue. I kissed them both, and gave Agnes, with my blessing, such comfort as my God gave me. Alas! I returned to a desolated home—from that moment ever solitary and cheerless."

"If I had staid but one day longer at St. Hilary," said an old waiting-woman of Lady Trevallyn's, "I might have told something—though not much neither; and then one never dares to speak to one's betters of their sorrows, though one's heart is ready to break for them. That very morning my old lady had discharged me, only because, as she said, Miss Caroline was too fond of her poor servant; and so, God bless her, she is perhaps at this blessed moment, for she took me again as soon as she married. I was a light body then, all but my heart, and that, Heaven knows, was heavy enough. Jogging behind Jerry over that side of the mountain which looks down upon the parsonage, I was gaping every moment back at the castle, when, all of a sudden, I heard a very loud screech, and the echoes there made it quite awful. I looked into the orchard, where I saw Master Powis—for so we all called the sweet child, though Sir Hubert would not allow of it—running along as hard as he could set foot to ground, and his poor mamma was in full chase of him, in, as I then thought, a desperate passion; but I doubt now, sweet young lady, it was only of terror. However, Jerry and the horse jogged on, and I lost sight of them both among the apple-trees in a moment.

The coach was just setting off for London, and I had been months there before I heard of this melancholy misfortune. I little thought till now that it happened upon the very day I went by, or I would have spoke—not that my speaking would have done any good.”

“Misjudging woman!” interrupted the silver-headed Aubrey, “sincerity ever does good. It is at least the solemn acquittal of our own consciences.—From what horrors of mind would you have saved both me and the hard-hearted Sir Hubert, could we have been convinced that the lost Agnes had not been impelled by despair to fly in the face of her God, and drag down our gray hairs with sorrow almost to the grave!”

“Let us not destroy the universal satisfaction of this blessed discovery,” said Mr. Pembroke, “by reverting to miseries which no care of ours could prevent, and all have so severely suffered by. And now, good people, you may retire.—Go, prepare the marriage dinner which you all shall partake: and since you are now convinced that Castle St. Hilary has rather been the seat of misfortune than guilt, let me never from this moment hear of another ghost or goblin.”

In the full persuasion that this discovery would give repose to the dead as well as the living, the domestics withdrew;—impatient to publish whatever they had been told, and throw open the cellar, alike for the recovery of the heir, and the marriage of Miss Pembroke.

“Of ghosts or goblins in this place we never more, I believe, shall hear,” said Sir Hubert, sighing; “for could I have dissipated the general alarm without implicating myself, I could have told you three nights ago, that the perturbed spirit, who walked the castle at midnight, was not my father’s, but my own. Recollect my extraordinary situation, and this will not surprise you.—When the entreaties of my beloved son won me, against all my

prior determinations, to return with him to England, I knew none of his family—cared not for them nor their residence. We found Mr. Pembroke's carriage and servants waiting for us at Portsmouth; and the impatience of Henry urged him to post night as well as day. I was almost overwhelmed with fatigue, while, buoyed up by youth and tender expectation, his constitution failed not. The servant who rode before us paid all the charges; we therefore drove through the towns without heeding them; and I naturally supposed that Farleigh, where I had been accustomed to direct my letters, must be the place to which we were thus eagerly posting. I had sunk into a stupor, which had all the effect of sleep but its relief, when the chaise slowly began to ascend this mountain, nor do I know how long it continued to do so, as I was half roused only by its stopping. I saw Henry leap out, and happy, happy strangers fondly flew to embrace him: while I, unnoticed by all, uninteresting to any one, prepared cautiously to alight.—The gray dawn was now peeping; and as I sat my foot upon the step of the chaise, I coldly raised my eyes to—my father's castle! Had he risen from the grave and stood before me at the gate, hardly could I have felt more sensibly the shock!—my intellects, my knees, my very existence seemed to fail me!—I was in this state borne into the breakfast-room, and, on reviving, found myself seated in that lost father's well-known gouty chair.—Too complicated were my feelings to admit of description.—The pangs of filial love—the consciousness of being an alien—the conviction that the honors of my family were no more—when the mansion was tenanted, and I, I myself was become a stranger in the house where I was born!—an accumulation of distracting feelings almost made me a maniac. Whether to spring up, and at once execrate, abjure the scene of so many sorrows, or, for the sake of the generous youth

whom I had so far followed, bury the knowledge in my own bosom, was the struggle—a tremendous struggle I found it!—The servants, having no idea that my suffering was mental, imputed my sighs, my groans, my inward agony, only to a hurt on my ankle, with which they aroused Henry.—Bringing this angel of light in his hand, and followed by her benignant father, the beloved youth flew to inquire into my ailments, and, by the generous sympathy of his nature, bound me for ever to the scene of my misery.—Julia, too, by I know not what charm, arrested my attention.—Never, since I last looked on Agnes, had my eyes dwelt with pleasure on the face of woman, till they fixed on that of my Henry's beloved:—I was tempted to worship her as a vision of Heaven.—I knew not how to bring so sympathetic, so angelic a being, down to the level of mere mortality.—During my confinement, often with Henry did his lovely Julia come to watch by my bedside, and soon they divided all that remains of an exhausted heart.—So powerful became their mutual influence, that I began to fancy it a mournful pleasure to wander round the domains which I ought to have inherited. The first peasant I met, at a word informed me of all that I could wish to learn; for to what rustic was the death of the lovely Agnes and my infant heir unknown?—Having obtained this important, agonizing recital from an unobserving stranger, I shut myself up in almost impenetrable gloom and abstraction; devoured by a variety of bitter recollections, which each surrounding object fed.—Nor did I dare to impute my flight from society to its true motives, for that would have drawn every eye upon me, and made me now the object of idle wonder, and now the wretch of importunate kindness.—Solitude became my only safety, silence my resource. Mr. Pembroke, with his usual indulgence, allowed me to pursue that course which his son no doubt

told him was habitual ; and I again procured a key to the well-known church, where I passed days and nights on the cold stone which covers my angel and her brother. The pool where she perished became another of my haunts, and that I found to be wholly my own ; for never foot approached it, till Heaven, in its own good time, sent Mr. Pembroke thither. With a burning brain and bleeding heart, it was not very likely that I should obtain wholesome rest ; and my comfortless nights generally elapsed in vain, vain visions of the past. Sometimes, in all the sweet secrecy of our bridal love, and the bloom of her virgin beauty, I seemed to clasp my Agnes to my unswerving heart ; and then, no doubt, I unconsciously arose, and softly paced, as I once had been used to do, to the chamber my wife once occupied : for that was the room in which Miss Pembroke's maid first fancied she saw the spirit.—When more dreary images took possession of my sleep, I am apt to suppose that I trod at midnight the path to the church, wrapped, perhaps, only in a loose gown ; for I sometimes found myself in the morning chilled, worn, and weary :—from thence, I imagine, I must have been returning, when the servants took the alarm, and gave it by their extravagant descriptions, which were ‘the very coinage of their fears.’—The other night, though of that intrusion no one complained, I dreamt that I knelt at the bedside of my father ; and, before I could reach my own, by some strange chance or noise awaked : on this conviction of my own infirmity, I considered, and discovered how I should avoid in future causing this frightful alarm.”

“It was then *you*,” said Mr. Pembroke, after a pause, “whose midnight visitation so shook my nerves, and seemed even to me of another world.—‘Thus conscience does make cowards of us all !’ Yet happy, perhaps, was it that you thus threw me upon mine, which never afterwards al-

lowed me rest or comfort till this hour—an hour that has, I think, enriched every body but this sweet lady's second son."

"What my Cecil must lose in wealth," returned Lady Trevallyn, "his elder brother and I shall gain in peace of mind; for it is dreadful to see your children, when blessed with enough, unnaturally struggling for too much!—yet Lord Trevallyn was early taught by his father to consider the preference mine gave to his brother as an act of weakness and injustice: he has, therefore, always declared his intention of trying his claim by law; and as to lose the inheritance of Powis would leave my younger child destitute, I have had the first legal opinions on the tenure by which it is held for him.—All have agreed that there is an error in the wording of my father's will, which must eventually give the whole property to his next heir.—Most strangely is that heir restored to us in his only son; and long may Sir Hubert Powis enjoy, and fully may he bequeath the estates of his ancestors!"

"Your Cecil, my Caroline," rejoined Sir Hubert, "shall rather gain than lose by the re-appearance of his uncle; for I will at once equally divide between him and my own Edmund the accumulated rents of the intervening years, as an immediate provision for both: nor shall more be wanting to my nephew's future welfare:—we will teach him that a little wealth will suffice, with content and virtue: the riches of the East can not save those from poverty who are without them."

The blessing of Heaven, from this moment, descended on all there latives so fortuitously assembled at Castle St. Hilary.—Sir Hubert Powis, restored to his rank and rights, soon lost, in the endearing habits of social life and exercised benevolence, those wild trances which solitude and sorrow had dignified to himself as supernatural.—With Lady Trevallyn and Mr. Pembroke, he formed one

family, under the direction of Edmund and Julia. They all three bore as sponsors to the font the infant son of that amiable pair; and the venerable Aubrey lived to baptise another heir to the Powis name—then, full of years and honor, he was contentedly gathered to his Agnes and Llewellyn.

THE POET'S CONCLUSION.

The voice of my most favorite companion suddenly ceased, and I awoke—yes, reader, courteous or uncourteous, I really awoke—from a species of day-dreams to which I have all my life been subject: and if you should find these as pleasant as I have done, why we may henceforward recite tales without going to Canterbury, and travel half the world over without quitting our own firesides.

S. L.

THE YOUNG LADY'S TALE.

THE TWO EMILYS.

Unawed by piety, who, led by will,
Dares boldly to retaliate ill for ill,
Too late, in bitterness of soul, shall own
Judgment and vengeance are with God alone.

SIR Edward Arden was the chief surviving branch of an Irish family of that name, lineally distinguished for birth, and for many generations very highly allied. He had early married a Scotch lady, who ranked kings among her ancestors; and her prejudices had confirmed his own, in favor of the rights of the expelled house of Stuart. Perhaps in this opinion he only indirectly flattered the pride that told him his children might hope much, did a monarch reign to whom they could claim affinity. Pride has been justly ranked among the first of human foibles; but it has one advantage over the rest—it is generally single in the mind. A proud man demands so much of himself, that if his heart is not the seat of virtue, it must be from his reckoning among his wants, understanding. Sir Edward Arden had no other failing than pride: with bounded means, he often contrived to be munificent; and with many immediate claims on his feelings, he had yet a stock of sympathy ever ready for the unfortunate. Not doubting that he should meet a counterpart in his sister,

Lady Lettingham, whom he had not seen for many years, he quitted Ireland in the year 1744, with two children, whom the preceding one had left motherless; resolving to commit these treasures to the care of his sister, and follow the fortunes of Charles Stuart.

Lady Lettingham was not without her brother's failing; though pride in her took not the rich coloring of virtue. Distinguished for beauty, she had early married advantageously, and passed her whole life within the chilling circle of a court. The great satisfaction she expressed at finding her little nephew and niece exquisitely handsome, was soon lost when she understood from their father that they were to become her charge, while he was going to embark in a desperate scheme; the event of which the courtiers prognosticated, while the prospect filled them all with horror. The arguments used by Lady Lettingham to detain her brother, were so ill calculated to act on a high and generous spirit, that he only lamented he had exposed himself to hearing them; or sought for his children a guardian so worldly and narrow-minded. The two so dear to him were yet, however, but children; and he thought that he should certainly return soon enough to prevent their being contaminated greatly, either by their aunt's precepts, or example. Finding every effort to change Sir Edward's resolution ineffectual, Lady Lettingham exacted one compliance, which even her brother thought not unwise—to assume the family name of his wife, in taking up arms, that his own might be saved from disgrace, if he failed. Having acceded to this, Sir Edward took a long leave of all dear to him,—for he was among the butchered prisoners, after the battle of Cul-loden.

Lady Lettingham consoled herself with thinking the evil ended there. She wore no mourning, paid her devoirs to the triumphant duke, and ere long got her young

nephew recommended to his protection; whose little hand innocently took, from that stained with the blood of his father, a commission. Her beauty yet gave Lady Lettingham influence; and a nobleman, distinguished for his wit, politeness, and general acceptation, undertook to give the young Sir Edward Arden some of those diabolical worldly precepts, which he perpetuated in his letters to his son.

Lady Lettingham having thus, to her own admiration, acquitted herself of her promise to her brother, in taking care of his son, now turned her whole attention towards his daughter. Nature had been lavish to the young lady of the dangerous grace of beauty; and her aunt well knew, if the mind could be disposed in a certain manner, *that* might procure the possessor every other advantage. She had once been near supplanting the Countess of Yarmouth herself; and there would be more kings, as well as more favorites. Anxiously, therefore, did she practice on a most delicate complexion, by delicate cosmetics; anxiously form to every fantastic twist of fashion, Miss Arden's rich profusion of auburn hair; now would she sodden, by chicken gloves, to an insipid whiteness, those white hands tinted within, by the bounty of nature, with the hues of the rose and the hyacinth; and now check the agile grace of youth, that the drawing-room step, and haughty bend, might early become habit, and a due consideration of the rank of the person spoken to, be always taken into view in the civilities of salutation. All this was at length done to Lady Lettingham's satisfaction; and Miss Arden, at the age of fifteen, became as cold-hearted, supercilious, and ignorant, as even her aunt herself. But she had beauty, manner, fashion, and, in the glow of intoxication which universal admiration excites, sunk on her admirers all her inward deficiencies.

Thus to have formed her niece could alone console La-

dy Lettingham for the misery her nephew brought on her. Sir Edward Arden had, most unluckily, his father's failing, pride; therefore, knew not how to accept a favor, far less to sue for one. He had another failing, equally incompatible with success in life—sincerity. He had been known to treat Lord C's opinion with contempt; and even to mention openly many other noblemen as knaves or fools. To add to his aunt's affliction, he had warm passions, and gave a boundless loose to them. Hardly less lovely in person than his sister, he was surrounded with rich young women, among whom he might have commanded his own fortune, had he not been for ever raving over a dice-box, or masquerading with some kept mistress. Want of money, which makes so many men villains, alone made Sir Edward Arden rational, or good. The generous spirit of his father would then revive in him; and he disdained to be lavish at the expense of other people.

The beauty of Miss Arden soon drew to her aunt's house the amorous, the gay, the dissipated. Lady Lettingham played well, and high: nay, it was thought she thus half supported her splendid establishment. Those who knew this, often chose to purchase the honor of flirting with the beautiful Miss Arden, by a sacrifice of their superfluous cash; while spendthrifts, new to life, imputed those immense losses to love, which they should rather have ascribed to ignorance.

The race of life, however, in the higher circles, is soon run: bounded minds, like sickly appetites, are subject to satiety; and it is not so necessary the object, or the dish, should be superior to the former, as new. Miss Arden with astonishment saw one train of lovers disappear; but another succeeded, and her astonishment was forgotten. Lady Lettingham had found such a harvest in the attraction of her niece, that she was in no hurry to marry her; and it was not till Miss Arden became a deposed toast,

that she ever guessed her sovereignty was doubted. Disappointment embittered a mind not without pride, though without any power to turn that to a generous use. In this frightful conjuncture she cast her eyes upon the few admirers who had not yet deserted, to see if among them she could choose a husband that might save her vanity—her heart she had never thought it necessary to consult. But now, her condescension was not less fatal to her views than her insolence had formerly been. The man who understood the proud beauty meant at last to marry him, found so many reasons to avoid the chain, that Miss Arden soon saw herself without a lover. To be a departed beauty at twenty-one, was beyond all endurance;—she arraigned her aunt for bringing her out a mere child—the men for liking the mere children better that had come out since—and the whole world for not doing justice to her charms. Taste, however, she had not lost; and that, happily displayed, might have the effect of novelty. Milliners were worn out; mantua-makers' brains racked; but, however singular—however elegant—the Arden robe, the Arden bonnet, no more became the rage; and Miss Arden was obliged to be overlooked, or to follow the whim of some other miss, who had no advantage over her but that of not having yet palled the public eye.

Her mother's prayer-book continually reminded Miss Arden she was only twenty-four, when, in the world of beauty and fashion, she saw too clearly that she was a dead letter. If a young country baronet presumed at an assembly to use his own eyes, and cry out, that there was not a woman so handsome as Miss Arden present, the opera glass of *ton* was instantly leveled—"Ah, Miss Arden! poor Miss Arden! yes, she *has* been handsome;—I *remember* her a toast." The stranger stood corrected,

and often was ashamed to have given a judgment in which no man of his own age joined.

Life is not life on terms like these to an acknowledged beauty; and Miss Arden was continually considering how to change to advantage her sphere of action, when the death of Lady Lettingham ascertained her fate. The high style of that lady's establishment made her debts exceed all she left behind; and the beautiful Miss Arden suddenly beheld herself without a lover, a friend, a fortune, or a home.

Sir Edward Arden, on whom, in the helplessness of an unformed mind, his sister threw herself, felt now, even to the extent, the evils of thoughtlessness and self-indulgence. The little fortune he had inherited was already gone—the beauty he eminently possessed already faded—the friends mere kindness might have secured to him, offended by his excesses, or chilled by his neglect, were all withdrawn; and he had now to support and guard a young woman, spoiled by the idolatry of that world by which she was already forgotten; and without one resource in her own mind against its insults or its evils.

It is among the many advantages which men possess over women, that they may, if they will, know themselves; and perhaps to that alone may be ascribed their superiority of judgment in all the great contingencies of life. Women breathe, as it were, in an artificial atmosphere; and what hot-house rose can bear without shrinking even the genial gales which bring the garden plants to perfection? Yet, let not the men, therefore, impute to themselves the power of escaping the universal charm of flattery;—on the contrary, from its very novelty, it has on them, in some instances, such a wonderful effect, that a well-imagined or well-timed compliment, from a fair lady, has, perhaps, ere now, deposed a king, or made one.

During a country visit to a lady whom Sir Edward Arden prevailed on to invite his sister, while she mourned for her aunt, it occurred to them all, that India was a soil rich in wealth, and as yet unpeopled with beauties; where a young woman, with merely a tolerable person and reputable introduction, seldom failed to make her fortune. What then might not the highly born, highly bred, beautiful Miss Arden promise herself? The governor, who was soon to depart for that country, was among those *bon vivants* whom Sir Edward termed his *friends*. Mr. Selwyn had already brought home an immense fortune from the East, and was now to return in a high style. Several ladies availed themselves of his patronage and protection, and were to partake his accommodations; but to Miss Arden all gave way: and Governor Selwyn always presenting her his hand, and the first place, she found, even in her humiliating voyage, a pre-eminence which gratified a mind at once arrogant and weak.

Governor Selwyn was one not less favored by fortune, than slighted by nature. He was more than ordinary,—disgusting. Courage and cunning had, at his outset in life, supplied the place of virtue and fortitude: he therefore had brought back to England rank, wealth, reputation. He lived for some years magnificently; not because he was generous, but luxurious; and he speculated in the Alley, only to multiply those riches which already were more than he ought to have possessed, or knew how to enjoy. The consequence is obvious. A single error undid him. His substantial wealth vanished, but the name of it still remained; and, to impose on his own circle, he even increased that high style of living which he had no just means of maintaining. But Governor Selwyn had already lived long enough to know, that the only way to get money is not to appear to want it. He now assured his circle, all things in the East were going

to rack and ruin for want of him; nor could he longer resist the kind urgency, and splendid offers of his friends, to take once more upon him the irksome office which he thought he had given up for life. A word was sufficient to make the first tradesmen in London wait on him for orders; and the governor embarked in all the pomp of eastern luxury, and surrounded with fair Europeans.

Miss Arden was so naturally beautiful and elegant, and so anxious ever to appear to advantage, that the governor, having trifled in secret with two or three pretty light coquettes, who laughed at his ugly face, and his superannuated gallantry, now resolved to devote himself to this lofty charmer. He already knew that she had no other aim than the other misses—to make her fortune; and that she would value him but as she thought that might be ascertained: yet still he devoted himself to her. He was certain she was ignorant of the change in his circumstances; and he had cheated his own sex so often, that it appeared a mere amusement to cheat a woman. Miss Arden listened to his gallantry like a well-bred lady, who knew exactly how to appreciate it. He soon saw that a rich or handsome rival might step in, and at least puzzle her choice. He therefore became more passionate, more importunate: and lest any doubt, on the score of fortune, should induce her to hesitate, he offered to sign a deed, obliging himself to settle the whole of his, on her and her heirs. Miss Arden paused. This was the best offer she had for a length of time had. The governor might always interfere with her views, if rejected. She could have no more than *all* of any man's fortune. She forgot he was old and ugly, in the remembrance that he was rich: and having allowed him to make a will, as the most secure and immediate method of ensuring to her his property, Miss Arden yielded; and the ship's chaplain married her to Governor Selwyn. As each had sup-

pressed their motives in the match, love and reason could hardly have given to matrimony more apparent happiness: but, alas! all our enjoyments are uncertain, and this was absolutely fleeting. Governor Selwyn died almost immediately on reaching land. His disconsolate relict forgot neither the forms of her situation, nor its rights: but judge of her mortification and amazement, when she discovered that she was little richer than at her embarkation. She however adroitly availed herself of the example by which she had been duped. The fame of possessing a large fortune is almost equal to the possession of it, if the feelings are not nice. Governor Selwyn was embalmed in great state; and his lovely widow again set sail for England, with all his train of black slaves, Indian canopies, gold services, and magnificent china.

Sir Edward Arden had, at her desire, procured his widowed sister a sumptuous dwelling; and she celebrated the obsequies of her "dear, dear generous governor" with a grandeur that drew all eyes upon her.—"How lovely is Mrs. Selwyn in her weeds!" cried those who could not recollect Miss Arden in her simple mourning for Lady Lettingham. Her doors were besieged, and when it became her to open them, lovely, lovely Mrs. Selwyn was again the *ton*. Once more her name appeared in the newspaper—once more her face was at every print-shop: and all the world bowed at the feet of the rich widow.

But Mrs. Selwyn now knew the world in all its ways; and had no time to lose in fixing some man of rank and fortune, as yet unversed in them. In her parties sometimes appeared the young Duke of Aberdeen. Through the avarice and partiality of his father, he had lived till near eight-and-twenty with little more information or acceptance than his steward; when a surfeit, taken at a public feast, carried both his father and elder brother out of the world, leaving him sole master of a large fortune,

and distinguished by high rank. He rolled up to London immediately, with that prodigal splendor incidental to persons suddenly enriched; and then had good sense enough to discover that he wanted every thing but money to qualify him for superior society. The elegant manners of Sir Edward Arden attracted his notice. The beauty of his sister seized on his heart. Hardly able from *mauvaise honte* to reply to her graceful address to him, the noble rustic yet adored her for the very ease he wanted: and Mrs. Selwyn was in possession of the Duke of Aberdeen's heart, ere the younger coquettes had woven the light chains by which they meant to enthrall it. Mrs. Selwyn soon saw, in the constant visits of her lover, and the increasing awkwardness of his address, her power: but the great advantages of such a match easily led her to overlook the little defects of his mien.

Time, however, showed her, that this unformed duke had not only strong passions, but strong sense; and, however easy it might be to bias the first to her purpose, to act on the last required most refined address. She therefore grew more reserved in her conversation, though more impassioned in her manner. Whenever marriage was hinted at, she sunk into a tender reverie; and sometimes, on her raising her eyes, the duke saw those fine eyes flooded with tears. The indistinct alarm such a conduct caused, increased his affection. He importuned her to confide to him the care that preyed on her heart, and blighted the happiness which she allowed him to hope for. Having wrung from her a promise of revealing the secret, she appointed him to come to her house the next evening, when the door should be closed on all but himself. The duke saw, in this flattering distinction, a full assurance of success, and passed the tedious interval in revolving every possible cause for the distress of his beautiful widow, without once dreaming of the real one.

Mrs. Selwyn saw her fortune now at the point of a moment, and omitted no art of the toilet to improve her natural beauty. Her apartment was scented with the rich odors of the East; gauze shades softened every light: a gold muslin robe was girt to her graceful waist with a purple sash, and fell in the luxurious drapery of a Circassian slave: while her heart, throbbing now with hope and now with fear, gave to her character what it naturally most wanted—sensibility and interest. The Duke of Aberdeen, unused to the world, and to women, felt a strange and exquisite delight, when mysteriously conducted to such a Mahometan paradise. No sooner were they alone, than, falling at her feet, he implored her full, her promised confidence. She now entreated his pardon for having given him reason to expect it, but found herself so utterly unable to avow a circumstance which might rob her for ever of him, that she in vain resolved to be sincere. The anxious lover now found fear wrought up to agony: his conjectures overdid, as she meant they should, the reality: in fine, when at length he discovered that Mrs. Selwyn had nothing to give him but her heart and her hand, the duke felt a transport so great, that all the factitious part of her conduct and character was overlooked. A special license was obtained the next day; and Sir Edward Arden was summoned to give the hand of his sister to the Duke of Aberdeen. She had influence enough over her husband to prevail on him to keep a secret now mortifying to both; and his fortune was too ample to render the payment of her debts a matter of any consequence.

Elevated almost beyond hope, the Duchess of Aberdeen had now only one wish ungratified; it was to mortify by her magnificence, overbear by her rank, and humble by her beauty, the whole circle with whom she once mixed. But the duke had no taste for this kind of amuse-

ment; and to indulge the passion she had inspired, entreated her to retire to his seat in Scotland, in terms so strong, that she knew not how to avoid complying. Her brother took occasion to point out to her the necessity of showing her gratitude and affection to the duke, by other means than a perpetual self-indulgence. To rid herself of a troublesome mentor, and weary her husband of his own plan, the duchess at length consented to set out, with a magnificent suite, for her banishment. That her spleen might have an object, when it overpowered her resolutions, the duchess, however, selected as a companion an humble cousin, of the name of Archer, who was thrown by family derangements on the bounty of Sir Edward and his sister. Miss Archer had had the singular advantage of engaging the regard of all who ever knew her; and for a very simple reason—neither nature, nor fortune, permitted her to rival any body. Her features had every disadvantage of ugliness, but that of being remarkable; her figure was small, her articulation imperfect. Accomplishments would have been unnoticed in Miss Archer, and she had good sense enough to forbear displaying those which she indulged herself in acquiring. She had, however, a mind strong by nature, and improved by literature; a just and refined taste, and a sweetness of temper few women can boast. These advantages are of so little estimation in polished society, that Miss Archer had reached five-and-twenty without having it in her power to gratify any passion, in either accepting or rejecting a single lover. She had the additional vexation of being always a selected person to assist at the nuptials of her young friends; and became the universal confidante of other people's love affairs and griefs, because she had none of her own to burden them with in return, while she showed patient sweetness in hearing, as well as advising. Such a friend might have

been the first of blessings to the Duchess of Aberdeen, had she sought, by rational means, rational happiness: but no sooner had that lady convinced herself that the duke's magnificent domains contained not one person worth either charming or fretting, than she sunk into *ennui*. Even her beauty no longer engaged her care; and when the duke insinuated any displeasure at her utter neglect of herself and him, she petulantly asked if he would have her dress for the owls and the daws; and that if he meant to see her what she used to be, he must let her mix again with those whom she was used to mix with. Miss Archer's gentle hints she treated with superlative contempt; and the Duke of Aberdeen felt his heart was already thrown back on his hands.

In the friendship of Sir Edward Arden, both yet found a solid good, and an equal satisfaction. The generous assistance of the duke had enabled the baronet to visit his native country, and pay off a mortgage on his patrimony, without which it would have been added to the estates of the Bellarney family. The earl being lately dead, his vast fortunes were vested in his only child and heiress, Lady Emily Fitzallen; who was now first brought out at the castle, and the beauty of the day. Sir Edward Arden saw her there, nor was he himself unseen. Beauty, symmetry, polished manners, and a most winning address, soon made him a universal favorite among the ladies; and the gentle Lady Emily amply repaid him for the admiration he gave her. The old Countess of Bellarney declared herself unwilling to give up a mortgage so very advantageous, as that of Sir Edward's estate. Many conferences ensued, at which Lady Emily was sometimes obliged to be present; when at length the countess, to her infinite surprise, far from keeping Sir Edward's estate, understood that Lady Emily was ready to bestow on him all those which she inherited. The old lady's consent was unwill-

lingly wrung from her; and Sir Edward suddenly found himself possessed of a most lovely and tender bride, with half a principality as her fortune. Time had corrected his love of dissipation, and every other foible, which bounded fortunes, and boundless wishes, had produced in him, during the early period of youth; and his high spirit, glowing heart, and refined character, so completely endeared him, in a few months, to Lady Bellarney, as well as to her daughter, that his will became no less a law with one than with the other. Sir Edward constantly corresponded with the duke; and, in the description of his domestic felicity, often sharpened the pang of disappointment in his brother-in-law's heart. Yet in the hope of an heir the duke found his affection revive; and, as Lady Emily gave Sir Edward the same hope, it was gayly agreed between the husbands, that the lady who was first enough recovered to travel should come to the other. The delicacy of Lady Emily's habit made her a severe sufferer for some months, when she became the mother of a sweet little girl. Great was the delight of the young mother, but, alas! brief. A cold taken by quitting her room too early brought on a fever, which so delicate a subject could not struggle through; and the distracted Sir Edward lost, at nineteen, the idol of his soul. So acute was his grief, that his health severely suffered. The scene of a happiness so dear became odious to him; he staid only to assist with the old countess at the baptism of his daughter, whom he called by the beloved name of Emily, and, bathing her with tears, committed her, with all her vast fortune, to the charge of her grandmother, and resolved to seek, in the society of his sister and the duke, for the peace he despaired, even with them, to find.

And well might he despair, for peace was already wholly banished from the seat of the Duke of Aberdeen. Born to love and hate with vehemence, that nobleman no

sooner found that his wife took no pleasure in exciting the first passion, than she exposed herself to become the object of the last. Yet the impassioned heart will have some object, and none was within reach of the duke but Miss Archer. She had no attraction save mind; yet, in the tyranny of a beauty, that was first brought to light. The duke soon studied her convenience, soothed her wounded pride, found her necessary to his happiness, and well knew how to make himself so to hers. Exquisitely susceptible of gratitude, Miss Archer perceived not the danger of indulging its emotions, nor how fine that fiber of the human heart is by which the passions communicate. Hers were all awakened by the duke, who better knew how to calculate his own influence than she did. Honor, feeling, every right principle, bade him spare the young woman who had no other good than the one which he might rob her of: but Miss Archer loved him, she alone loved him; and, in giving her up, he must destine himself to know only a chilling existence. He ventured, in a moment of loneliness, a mark of partiality; and surprised at a novelty like that of being beloved, a fearful kind of pleasure caused an exclamation from Miss Archer, but ill calculated to check a lover: the duke felt his power, and soon won her. The bitterness of her remorse, even in yielding, the excess of her tenderness, the reproaches she lavished on herself, and the anxiety with which she sought to keep alive in his heart even the passion she arraigned, all acted upon a strong character like the duke's, and bound him wholly to her.

Tired of the constraint both were under in the house with the duchess, the duke often importuned Miss Archer to quit it, for a hunting-lodge he had at a little distance, which was accordingly elegantly fitted up for her; but the boundless passion she had for him, made her rather choose to endure all the humors of his wife, than lose that

portion of his society which she must have given up, had she accepted this disgraceful, though safe, home. Yet the situation she soon found herself in, showed that was a measure she must ere long yield to.

The pregnancy of the duchess caused a public joy, while that of Miss Archer gave a secret one, to her lover. He passionately desired a son; and therefore, as far as possible, indulged the whims of the duchess, while soothing more tenderly her guilty rival. A delicacy of mind which Miss Archer still cherished, made her anxiously conceal her situation; nor had the duchess the least suspicion of it, when one day, the dessert being on the table, both ladies cast a longing look on a peach of singular beauty and size. Both at one moment reached out a hand to take it; but the duchess, as the nearest, succeeded. Miss Archer struggled for a little while with her sense of disappointment, when, after changing color many times, she fainted away. The exclamation of the duke, his suddenly starting from his chair, his manner of caressing the guilty insensible, together with her person, on which the duchess fixed her eyes, in one moment unfolded to that weak and furious woman the whole truth. The frenzy of her passion could not be controlled; she exhausted herself in reproaching her husband; and, seeing her wretched cousin beginning to revive, reviled her in the most opprobrious terms. The only effect of this ill-judged rage was to make the duke throw aside all regard to decorum: he avowed the guilt she charged him with, but bade her find in herself the excuse; and soothing the unfortunate and silent Miss Archer, admonished his wife to imitate at least that part of her cousin's conduct. The duchess, exasperated beyond all utterance, threw herself into violent fits; and the duke, ordering the servants to convey her to her own apartment, led Miss Archer to hers himself; and leaving at the door several domestics,

he charged them, at their peril, neither to admit the duchess beyond that threshold, nor any of her peculiar attendants. He now went to visit his wife, who refused to see him; and having given orders to her maids no less carefully to guard her, he withdrew.

The weak and guilty Miss Archer, who had against her better knowledge sacrificed her virtue, recovered from insensibility only to sink into despair. The duke found her in its extremity, and spared no effort to reconcile her to herself, and those indignities and sufferings from which he could not save her. He solemnly vowed, as soon as the duchess should have given him an heir, he would separate for ever from her; and in the interim her own safety should be assured by her going immediately to the lodge, already prepared for her reception, whither he meant to retire, till his wife came to reason. The physician he had sent for now arrived, who, finding Miss Archer had strong symptoms of premature labor, ordered her not to be removed. The duke, having reinforced his injunctions concerning her being unmolested, to the servants in charge, mounted his horse, and rode to the lodge, to meditate more at leisure.

The Duchess of Aberdeen, who had no complaint of the heart, was not long a sufferer. She no sooner understood that the duke had quitted the house, than, notwithstanding her situation, she flew to Miss Archer's apartment, to thunder in her ears the flaming indignation with which she was yet bursting. The servants posted at the door resolutely opposed her entrance; and, after threats and prayers, she was obliged to retreat, that she might study a revenge proportioned to such insults. The suffering Miss Archer sent many humble letters, and messages, expressed in the most penitent and moving terms, to her cousin; but these only added fuel to the fire. The duchess exhausted language to compose her answers,

without finding any words bitter enough to express her feelings.

It was at this trying crisis that the melancholy widower, Sir Edward Arden, landed from an Irish bark on the shores of Scotland, and rather chose to be his own harbinger, than have notice given of his approach. Confused and astonished at sight of a guest so unexpected, the servants, by their eyes, referred Sir Edward from one to another, when he inquired for the duke. Wholly occupied with his late loss, and his own sufferings, the baronet now conceived the idea that his sister had ended her days in the same miserable manner with his youthful Emily, when he suddenly heard the voice of the duchess in not a very harmonious key. He flew to her arms, and remained long there (for he fondly loved her) lost in affliction and tears; those she shed, he for some time imputed only to sympathy for his loss; but observing, at length, that they redoubled when he named the duke, while her cheeks burned with anger, he considered what had passed more dispassionately. He saw in her disordered dress, indignant features, and, when he named her lord, broken accents, some grief beyond a common occasion; and he fondly entreated her to confide her soul's inmost care to a brother who adored her. The haughty, imprudent duchess gave way at once to all the frenzy of her jealousy; she related the past scene with every aggravation that her fancy suggested; while all the faulty part of her own conduct was unmentioned.

Having represented Miss Archer in a light sufficiently odious to exasperate even Sir Edward, the duchess implored him to assert an authority which she had not; and after he had turned the duke's servants from the door of Miss Archer, then employ his own to expel her from the mansion, into which she had first brought guilt and misery; declaring this the only satisfaction his brotherly in-

terference could give her. Sir Edward felt even to the utmost the unworthy conduct of the duke, and the representations of his sister ; but his generous nature revolted at the idea of thus insulting a wretched woman, who might be more unfortunate than culpable ; nor would he promise to be guilty of inhumanity, however worthless the object. After pausing, he required of his sister a little time to prepare his mind and regulate his conduct ; then pressing her hand, fondly assured her, that she might safely entrust her cause to his care, since he would either restore or revenge her.

Sir Edward walked out to ruminate on this strange *éclaircissement*, and form some eligible plan for removing Miss Archer, as the primary step to reconciling the married people. By the account of the duchess he in fact believed his cousin to be the sole aggressor, and of course, the just object of punishment. He beheld the bark that brought him over yet moored in a little creek ; it was manned by some Irish fishermen, whom an extraordinary payment would easily persuade to go to France ; and his valet might by the same means be won to take charge of Miss Archer, and lodge her in a convent, where his own interest, and liberality, he was sure, would confine her.—This appeared a safe and eligible plan, if he could get the imprisoned lady to adopt it voluntarily. Yet he could hope to win her compliance by only one method—the idea that it was the proposal of the duke ; who had chosen this way, that he might avoid further exasperating his wife, or endangering her own safety.

Sir Edward had received many letters from the duke, and he passed part of the night in counterfeiting his hand : which at length he thought himself sufficiently improved in to write a billet to Miss Archer.—He informed her, that, having heard Sir Edward Arden was arrived, he was doubly unhappy about her safety ; he ad-

vised her to escape, ere his imperious sister should have enraged him by her story; adding, that, to secure her from pursuit, he had sent a small vessel to wait, with a woman to accompany her.—She had only to steal in the dusk of the evening alone to the garden gate, nearest the beach, where she would find that woman and a mariner attending to guard her to the bark. Early in the morning Sir Edward Arden confided his plan to his valet, who readily undertook its execution; and having charged him to fix on some woman capable of assisting Miss Archer, should the pains of child-birth seize her, together with every accommodation a person in expectation of them required, Sir Edward thought he had thus acquitted himself of the duties of humanity, as well as of his promise to his sister.

The frail Miss Archer had a little recovered from her pains, when the news of Sir Edward's arrival almost caused her to relapse. The quiet that succeeded lulled her into a false security; and his letter, which was delivered to her in great secrecy, as from the duke, seemed a comfort sent her from heaven itself. Without once reflecting on the improbability of the duke's being awed by the arrival of any one into a mysterious underhand proceeding in his own house, Miss Archer waited impatiently for the appointed hour which was to enfranchise her. When that approached, she desired to pass the servants, who were placed only to guard, but who had no authority to imprison her; and, stealing through the garden, blessed the moment that put her into the power of those whom she found waiting for her. Sir Edward's valet sent him, when the vessel set sail, the glad news of her having voluntarily, and unobserved, embarked. Sir Edward hastened to his sister, and, without speaking of his arrangements, told her that she had for ever got rid of her troublesome and formidable rival: when the

duchess, subject to extremes, in a transport of gratified revenge, fell into labor, and soon gave birth to a fine boy. This event caused a jubilee in the family: the servants vied who should fly first with the news to the duke, and Miss Archer was in a single hour forgotten.

In the time he had been obliged to spend in solitude, the duke had reviewed his past conduct; and, even giving all the weight self-love could to the faults of his wife, he had not been able to acquit his own heart. Miss Archer, however tender her claim to compassion, escaped not her share of blame; and not all his understanding could reconcile interests so opposite, or fix on the point of morality, without sacrificing feeling and honor. He had half resolved to abide by his duty, even though he should for ever renounce Miss Archer, when he was informed of Sir Edward's unforeseen and unwished arrival. In the expectation of a challenge, the duke relinquished all idea of conceding to his wife; and he found, with astonishment, a whole day passed away, without either brother or sister taking any step in which he was a party. This moderation on the part of Sir Edward the duke considered as a favorable omen; when the amazing news that Miss Archer had by her own choice quitted his house, and that the duchess had brought him an heir, at the same moment reached him. Convinced that no force could have removed Miss Archer, the duke imputed her withdrawing only to the good offices of his brother-in-law, and called for his horses, impatient to return home. He was, however, met on the way by Sir Edward, whose face conveyed to the duke the tenor of the conversation which he wished to hold with him. The servants retiring, Sir Edward haughtily inquired if the duke was returning to atone for the wrongs he had done his helpless wife. The duke replied, he considered the question as a challenge, and demanded his pistol. A word must have

made them friends or foes, and to be the latter was their choice. They passed behind a thicket, and dismounting, the duke stood the fire of Sir Edward; then gallantly and firmly returned it. Sir Edward's second ball grazed the shoulder of his antagonist, who, throwing down the remaining pistol, undischarged, cried out, "You have had your revenge, Sir Edward; and now, without attaching to myself an odious imputation, I may own I have erred. Forget that error, and let this embrace renew a friendship, which will, I hope, end only with our lives."

Who could resist so generous an enemy?—Sir Edward embraced the duke, and felt that his sister must have been wrong, though he knew not how. The servants saw them return unhurt, and arm in arm, with a joy which they dared not express, and knew not how to dissemble. Sir Edward desired permission to hasten on, and prepare his sister to receive her husband. With infinite tenderness he imparted to her the whole proceeding; assuring her, if he had the least knowledge of the human heart, gentleness and affection would for ever bind the duke's. If, therefore, she prized her present or future happiness, she would never recall the idea of Miss Archer for one moment to his mind; but, by cherishing his tenderness towards herself and child, strive to make that unfortunate woman forgotten.

The duchess's present situation had subdued her turbulent passions. She thanked her brother affectionately for his counsel, which she promised to follow. Sir Edward now conducted the duke to her bedside, and left them together. The duchess never looked more lovely than in the maternal character, and she was quite the mother. She held out one hand to her husband, and, with the other, pointed to the fine babe who lay sleeping beside her. A thousand tender and hitherto unknown sensations rushed through the frame of the duke. He sunk on his

knees, and now kissing the hand of his wife, and now the infant, entreated her to pardon, and rely on him. Tears were the general conciliators; and, from this time, the Duke and Duchess of Aberdeen began mutually to concede, and live well together. Sir Edward enjoyed the happiness he had made, and gave his own name to the young Marquis of Lenox, whose baptism was celebrated with princely magnificence.

The duke, from time to time, vainly hoped Sir Edward would unfold to him the destination of Miss Archer; but, as her name never escaped his brother's lips, the duke determined to rely on his honor, in having properly provided for her, and to show his sense of the generosity by silence. Sir Edward himself was not so easy. The time that had elapsed ought to have brought back his valet, yet he came not. He wrote to France—Miss Archer had never been heard of:—he then inquired for the fishermen, and their bark, at Bellarney; but, alas! the former had never returned: and Sir Edward, after many vain inquiries, was obliged to conclude that the unfortunate woman, whose fate he had ventured to decide, had found in the ocean a premature grave, together with the infant she was on the point of bringing into the world. Melancholy was so much the habit of his life since the death of Lady Emily, that even this gloomy impression added little to it. Time—together with the good consequences resulting from the sending away Miss Archer—and other contingencies, at length wore from Sir Edward's mind the painful recollection of her sad and untimely fate.

The limited understanding, and advanced age of Lady Bellarney, together with the infancy of his daughter, made Ireland a melancholy and unpleasant residence to Sir Edward. Both the duke and his sister delighted in his society; and save those periodical visits to his Emily, which the tender remembrance of her mother exacted

from Sir Edward, he passed many years with relatives so beloved. The little marquis, growing thus under the eye of his uncle, became his dearest care, and the sole object of his affection. Delighting to instruct the lovely boy, Sir Edward made the office of preceptor almost a sinecure to the gentleman intrusted with it. Nor was his fondness for his nephew to be termed partiality. The Marquis of Lenox joined to a beauty not less striking than his mother's, manly grace and mental energy, together with insinuating address, and polished manners. When Sir Edward left this beloved youth, to visit the blossom blowing in the wilds of Ireland, how would his soul melt over the gentle image of his heart's dear Emily. Miss Arden already blended enchanting softness of manners with a frankness in which her father delighted. It was much, though vainly, his wish to educate her in England, and insensibly lead her heart towards that of the youth whom he fondly thought he could at any time lead towards her. This project by degrees took possession of his whole soul. He suggested it to the duke and the duchess, who, seeing in Miss Arden the sole heiress of two great families, and an immense property, adopted the idea with all the facility her father could desire. The gentle Emily heard so much of her accomplished, her beautiful cousin, that all the vague, indistinct attachment her early feelings allowed, followed the bent of her father's; who, triumphing in the soft blush which the name of the marquis now always called into her cheek, saw, in the ardor of his soul, its darling project already realized. Sir Edward had not, however, calculated all the prejudices he might have to contend with. The Marquis of Lenox, born to the first rank, an immense estate, great natural, and, in time, acquired advantages, felt a haughty independence of mind which neither of his parents ventured to overrule. He had from his birth been such a

general concern—so inexpressibly dear—that to find himself irremediably bestowed in the most important of all points, shocked and offended him. That constraint at which all young minds revolt, appeared to him a peculiar hardship, and the little rustic in the wilds of Ireland a most unsuitable wife for a nobleman, who, all the family flatterers declared, might choose, and reject, in any house in England. His mistaken parents, and fond uncle, increased his disgust, by reckoning on his prepossession; and the health of his little wife was at length a matter of ridicule to himself and his young companions. As time ripened his judgment, he recollected this *little wife*, this *early betrothed*, was the daughter of Sir Edward—that uncle, whose indulgence for him knew no bounds;—still she was a mere rustic, and a bride imposed on him. Therefore, to avoid seeing her, and break this tie, involuntarily on his part, became the sole object of all his plans. Miss Arden and her cousin were eighteen, and Sir Edward had made many unsuccessful attempts to carry the latter over to Ireland. Now he was sick—now engaged in a shooting party—now obliged to appear at court—or, when all other excuses failed, the marquis had but to assert his influence over his weak mother, and she would declare, that her death must be the certain consequence of his leaving her a single month. A little piqued at delays which he could no longer misunderstand, Sir Edward departed, at length, without even inviting his nephew; having been much pressed to visit Ireland by an anxious, alarming letter from his daughter. On arriving at Bellarney, he found, a very common effect of dotage, that a young woman, who had been reared and educated by the bounty of the countess as the humble companion of Miss Arden, had, through the indulgence of her aged benefactress, of late assumed to herself an authority and consequence very mortifying to a creature

too gentle to check the insolence she suffered by. Emily Fitzallen, for this upstart was Lady Bellarney's god-daughter, had, by perpetual attention, and mean adulation, almost shut out the young heiress from the confidence and society of her grandmother, who became persuaded by this cringing, assiduous friend, that Miss Arden was wanting in both affection and duty. The concessions Sir Edward recommended to his daughter, as the most likely way to recover her influence, and displace the encroaching favorite, were, by her means, treated as mean and servile in Emily, whose life would have been without hope or happiness, had she not early imbibed the fond impression which her father had so often sought to give her, of the young marquis. She languished to visit England, that she might improve the partiality she had been taught to believe mutual, and judge of the truth of the representation made of his charms and graces. She had asked for his picture, which her father had brought to her; but, though the marquis never demanded hers in return, she was too new to life to see the slight, and contemplated his likeness every hour with increasing partiality. Finding how little the old countess valued her society, Miss Arden had sometimes obtained leave of absence to visit her mother's relations; but, even for that, was obliged to humble herself to her former companion.

Miss Emily Fitzallen was not less distinguished for either natural or acquired advantages than Miss Arden herself. Though of too low a birth to choose to have her origin investigated, she had a graceful and majestic mien, which often made her mistaken for the heiress of Bellarney. Miss Arden had blue eyes, long fair hair, and an air of the most exquisite feminine delicacy; the eyes of Emily Fitzallen were dark, penetrating, and impressive. Her complexion was of the white rose tint; and she strove to blend, with a haughtiness of countenance,

that sweetness which was foreign to her nature, though the genuine expression of her fair companion's.

In a little excursion which Miss Arden was permitted to make, with a neighboring young lady, newly married, it was proposed that the party should cross the channel in a pleasure-bark on the estate, and surprise the sister of this lady by an unexpected visit. Miss Arden alone interfered with the execution of this plan: yet who so much desired it? To breathe the same air with this irresistible cousin—to have but a chance of meeting him unknown—romantic thought! what girl of eighteen could reject it? Despairing to obtain Lady Bellarney's permission to quit Ireland, which her father had often vainly solicited, Miss Arden suggested, that, by taking another name, it might never be known she was one of the voyagers. The idea charmed them all: they vowed profound secrecy, and the anxious Miss Arden thus came at once upon her fate.

This scheme was not, however, quite so unstudied as it appeared. The two married sisters had agreed to convene a large party of the young, the gay, and the agreeable; and those who headed it, well knew that the two betrothed lovers would come across each other, though the marquis would not be aware of his own predicament.

An individual excites little attention in a large party; but the consummate, though simple, grace of Miss Arden attracted universal observation. Her young heart beat without ceasing, when she found she was really going to see at last this cousin, on whose perfections she had been taught to dwell; but he, unapprised of the anxious expectation he excited, loitered by the way; and the masquerade, which was to be the last amusement, came without the Marquis of Lenox: yet still he was hourly expected. Never had the lovely Emily found it so hard to arrange her dress. In this solitary situation she had

little variety, and no resources; but true beauty never appears more conspicuous than when thus thrown upon itself. In the habit of an Italian peasant, her neck and shoulders half covered with her rich profusion of fair hair, a mandoline in her hand, and the light air of a Grace in every step, Miss Arden appeared more captivating than if arrayed in all her mother's jewels. A buzz in the pavilion when she entered, informed her that a knot of young men, whom she now first saw, were the persons newly arrived, and a glance, that one of the dominos must be the marquis. Her heart instantaneously made its election, and "Oh if that should not be my cousin!" sighed Miss Arden. Yet with the anxiety of the moment no mortification was blended. Accustomed to consider the husband elected for her as the being on earth whom she would have chosen for herself, the gentle Emily knew not the revolting spirit that man often thinks virtue. Surrounded by a crowd of uninteresting admirers, Miss Arden studied in silence how to attract the notice of the elegant stranger, whom she learnt, by the flying whisper of her friend, to be the right person. That very notoriety she shunned, proved in reality the allurements by which the marquis was drawn.

"Who is that graceful Italian peasant, with the redundant locks of fine fair hair?" was his inquiry often repeated, and always in vain. "The fair stranger," was the general reply. "*Fair*, indeed," thought he, "if her face answers to that light and delicate figure." He hovered near awhile. Emily forgot the crowd that surrounded her. He spoke, and she heard in the whole busy circle only the voice of the marquis. He lamented his loss in not seeing her face, or rather, he added, he ought to congratulate himself, as his fate would then have been for ever fixed. The timid air with which this interesting stranger answered gallantry so general, something sur-

prised him; but imputing her embarrassment to being unused to these meetings, he still followed, still flattered her. An irresistible something in the tone of her voice fascinated him: yet all it uttered bespoke a mind so sweetly formed—a soul of such sensibility—that he felt afraid to treat her as a common character. “She is no masquerader,” cried he to himself; “now let me address her more respectfully: and, to convince her that no impertinence is meant, I will show my own face.” That beautiful face, so highly expressive of sense and sweetness, caught the eyes of Miss Arden, and impressed itself for ever on her imagination. The fine flush of agitation, hope, and a full room, heightened every glowing charm. His gay and pleasant air, the variety of his manner, in answering such numerous addresses as the freedom of the place authorized, and the delicate way in which he interposed between this unknown charmer, and every light speech made to her, more than delighted—fixed Miss Arden. “But, dare I hope to gain such a creature?” sighed she: “or even if I do, dare I think it possible to keep him?”

They were now in an illuminated walk, leading from the pavilion to the house. The marquis had distanced her masked admirers, and the saving her from falling, when she accidentally slipped, left him in possession of the softest, whitest hand in the world. He now addressed her at once with more tenderness, and more rationality. The delicacy and justness of her replies enchanted him. “This is indeed a creature to share one’s life with,” thought he; and Miss Arden felt that he more passionately grasped the hand which she was not prudent enough to draw from him. Love insensibly became the subject of their discourse; he found the little white hand tremble. “Good!” thought our young man, “I would have it do so,”—but before he had sufficiently recollected himself, Miss

Arden again was mistress of her mind. "No, my lord," said she, with a gay raillery, in return to some fond avowal of his impartiality, "I will never be a receiver of stolen goods; and when I tell you it has been whispered to me your heart was allotted ere you knew that you had one to give, you will not be surprised at my doubts of my own power over you." Emily now drew her hand from him, and was lost in a brilliant crowd.

"And who are you," cried the marquis, pursuing her with his eyes, "who know so well the foolish bargain made for me? I must follow, and render the knowledge mutual." In a moment the marquis was once more at the side of Emily, with whom he gayly trifled, till the crowd dispersed. "Never will I part with my fair Italian," cried he, grasping her hand as if he then felt it to be his own for life, "till she does more justice to my sensibility than to suppose that I shall ever deign to take a wife chosen by others, and to my taste than to conclude that a little unpolished rustic, bred in the wilds of Ireland, and my perpetual ridicule, would be that wife." The marquis ceased to speak; but how was Miss Arden to reply? To raise the curtain between human nature and eternity, could hardly astonish a doubting, anxious wretch, more than these words did the hearer.

"He hates, he despises me!" exclaimed she, mentally: "the Marquis of Lenox, my betrothed husband, the man whom, of all men, I alone can love, loathes the wife imposed on him. And have *I* been so imposed? Oh unfortunate Emily! undone by too much kindness."

Finding the charmer replied not, the marquis pursued his discourse: "You, whoever you are, who know me so well, need not, perhaps, be told, that I have never seen this redoubtable, troublesome, uncouth cousin of mine; need I add that I never intend so to mortify my eyes?"

"Never, never shall you!" sighed to herself the af-

flicted, yet incensed Emily. To him she spoke no more ; but, replying to the indiscriminate compliments of the many who hovered about her, took the first opportunity to quit the masquerade, and hasten to her own apartment. Alone, tearful, mortified, dejected, she threw aside her mandoline, and hastily tearing off the gay paraphernalia assumed for conquest, sat down to quarrel with the lovely face which her glass reflected. "Yes, no doubt," sighed she, "I have always been flattered : if my father is blinded by my fortune, and his own partiality, well may the mean, and the interested, deceive me. I am, I dare say, the uncouth wild Irish rustic, this insolent, irresistible Lenox so frankly calls me ; and, but for him, I had never known it. Yet ah ! why came I in pursuit of affliction ? Why invited I the odious sincerity ? Why did I ever see, or, in seeing, why did I not hate, in turn, my capricious, charming cousin—the allotted of my early days ?—Oh ! why, in the erroneous choice of my father, did this weak heart find, or fancy, the most perfect of human beings ? I will not, however, be as unjust as himself. *He* is certainly all he would be ; and I can only lament that I have not the same superiority over my own sex, he so eminently possesses over his."

Emily now cast her eyes on the elegant deshabelle which her maid had laid ready for the morning. "What ! to appear again before this cousin—repeat the mortifying scene under the scrutinizing eyes of a large company, many of whom knew both the relationship and the engagement ? No, that I can never, never submit to," sighed Miss Arden :—"to fly home is yet in my choice. The marquis knows not the insult he has offered me ; and if he knows, may hate her he now only scorns. The bark is at my command, and I may sail for Ireland with the next tide. There, unnoticed and unknown, let the little rustic wither. Yes, dear Lenox, this way I may show a

generous regard, which will one day insure me thy esteem. Be from this hour master of thy own resolves; find the happy woman who may give thee happiness; nor ever learn that thou hast thus humbled, and afflicted a creature whose dearest hope has long been that of becoming thy choice."

Emily flew to the apartment of her hostess, to impart the strange incident of the evening,—and implore a general secrecy as to her name,—after which she declared the magnanimous resolution she had formed of quitting the party. But this had no sooner the sanction of her friend's approbation, than a strange kind of regret, a secret ill humor, made poor Miss Arden sensible that she had hoped to be entreated to stay. Alas! she might never more see the marquis, and how was she sure, that when he knew, he would disdain her? But *if* he should—that tremendous *if*, ever so conclusive in a delicate and virtuous mind, at once made Emily impatient to be gone. Orders were sent to the mariners to be ready at sunrise, and Miss Arden retired, to walk about her chamber, meditate, wonder, wish,

"——— resent, regret,
Conceal, disdain, do all things but forget."

The Marquis of Lenox, in the interim, wholly unconscious of the malice of his stars, was something surprised and perplexed, at suddenly missing the fair Italian, but naturally imputed her withdrawing to heat, fatigue, and the lateness of the hour. Having inquired her name, and being told the one she assumed, he threw his head on his pillow, to dream of the face that to-morrow morning was to present to him in all its beauty.

The sun arose too soon for Miss Arden's wishes; and the sailors had sent notice the tide served at that hour. Impatient to be at home, they came for the trunks, and

urged her to hasten to the beach: it was only two hundred yards below the gate of the garden. All was dead silence—the variegated lamps in the walks, late so crowded, were yet burning; but

“’Gan to pale their ineffectual fires.”

So general had been the fatigue, as well as enjoyment, that hardly could the servants of the family open their eyes to unbar the gates for the fair, the early traveler: those gates which were, perhaps for ever, to shut her from the object of her tenderest contemplations: even at the moment of renouncing him, the sad pleasure of her life—by the most grievous occurrence become so dear, at the very point of time that assured her of his loss. Emily lingered—she sighed—nay, she wept.—It is true, she insisted to her maid, that her feet were wounded by the pebbles; for hardly to herself would she own the wound to be in her heart. Seated, at length, on the deck of the bark, Miss Arden once more wistfully surveyed the hospitable mansion which she had, perhaps, too hastily quitted. The beams of the rising sun burnished all the windows, but the shutters were universally closed; and Emily saw the idol she sought there only in her heart. “Thank Heaven! he knows me not, however,” repeated she to herself; and though this grateful exclamation recurred every moment, her own soul told her all it knew of comfort was the recollection, that should the marquis be *very* inquisitive, many of the company could inform him who it was had thus excited his curiosity.

The cause of the perpetual delays made by the marquis, as to visiting Bellarney, was now too clearly explained—too fully understood. “Why, then, my father, would you thus dupe me?” sighed Miss Arden; “why studiously bias my heart towards a young man by whom you knew it slighted—scorned? Yet, alas! my father might, like

myself, be deceived, and the dupe of his own wishes." To complete her mortification, she then discovered it must be among her chagrins to explain to Sir Edward the insult to which he had involuntarily exposed her.

Such were, for many a long day, the contemplations of the melancholy heiress of Bellarney, as she wandered, spiritless, heartless, through that domain which the increasing infirmities of her grandmother would soon make entirely her own. The chilling air of Miss Fitzallen, now the chosen and perpetual companion of the old countess, and the fretful questions of the invalid, made the gentle, timid Emily often retreat from both, as if she felt herself an intruder. In the solitude of the woods of Bellarney she, however, found nothing repelling, though the sound of the "wilds of Ireland" yet rang in her ears; nor could she now even survey the fair face her glass reflected, without recalling the idea of the "little unpolished rustic." Yet, by one means or another, it is certain that she passed almost the whole of her time in thinking of a man, who, it was plain, thought too little of her, either under her own name, or the one she had assumed, to cross a safe, and very short passage in pursuit of her.

In this she was, however, mistaken. The marquis had risen, on the morning of her departure, at an earlier hour than usual. He had been more studiously elegant in his undress than his valet had ever before known him, and was pacing in a saloon, where a magnificent breakfast was prepared for the whole party, long ere a creature appeared. Convinced that his Italian could neither hide her luxuriant fair hair, nor lose her graceful mien, he watched the entry of each lady, till the signal was given for breakfast, without being able to discover, in the gay group, one whom he could mistake for the charmer. He now ventured a faint inquiry for her. "She sailed for Ireland at break of day," half a dozen ready voices answered.—

"Sailed for Ireland!" returned the lover, in a tone of dismay, "while I was stupidly dreaming of her whom I should have attended! But are you sure she is gone?"

The beaux, as in malice, conducted him to a telescope, which showed him the vessel, though it was hardly visible to the naked eye. Ardor of heart, and impetuosity of temper, characterized our young man; and it was happy for those allied to him, that he had hitherto been too rational greatly to desire many things, for those he did desire he never knew how to deny himself; and, to prevent even his wishes, had been from his infancy the study not only of his parents, but of every one around him. The breakfast, the party, the modes of life, vanished at once from his mind, and he hastened through the garden to the beach, where a group of fishermen sat warming themselves in the sun, and leisurely mending their nets, while their ready boats, now plucked from, and now thrown towards the shore, invited them to try the fortune of the day. The marquis hastily demanded, if it was possible to reach the vessel which sailed with the tide of the morning. "What, with the pretty young lady?" cried one of the men, with an arch smile, and scratching his head. "You saw her, then?" returned the eager lover. "Saw her! aye, to be sure, we saw her, sure enough; and so might you, if you had opened but half an eye; for she did look back, many's the time and often, and examine all the windows of the great house. I warrant she thought somebody would have been stirring with the lark this morning."—"Ah! could it be for me she looked?" thought the marquis, while a faint blush reproved the vanity—"no—for then she would have staid—at least, a few hours. Hoist your sails, however, my honest fellows, and follow; here is gold to encourage you."

Already was the boat prepared—already the marquis

had leaped into it, and his servants were hastening to embark with his trunks, when a signal was made which stopped the fishermen; and a man on horseback appeared, whom the domestics of the marquis knew to belong to the duke. He waived to them to stop, and presented to the young lord letters from his father and uncle, informing him that the duchess had had a paralytic seizure, so alarming, as to leave her half motionless, and quite without speech. Even in this state, she by signs continually demanded her son, who must hasten to her without delay, or lose the consolation of softening her last moments.

Never was son more fondly, though to weakness, beloved:—never was mother regarded with more affectionate devotion. The power of nature overwhelmed that of passion, and the fair Italian was no longer remembered. Actuated by the same impetuosity, however distinct the occasion, the marquis mounted the horse which had brought the servant, and flew towards home, leaving his suite to follow, for to overtake him was not possible. The duchess had still some remains of recollection, when her son took her in his arms; but it seemed as if she had struggled to retain her last sigh only to breathe it on his bosom.

For a considerable time the generous, affectionate heart of the marquis mourned a loss which he felt the more sensibly, observing how little impression it made on his father; in whom he soon discovered a coldness towards himself never till that period apparent. In truth, he had been the first bond of union between his parents, and he had long been the only one. The indulgence of the duke to his son had been merely habit, and diminished daily, as it interfered with that he thought it justifiable now to grant to himself. Neither apathy nor sensuality withdrew however from the marquis the sympathy or indulgence of Sir Edward Arden, who, though he often greatly

blamed, had always fondly loved his sister, and now joined with her son in deeply lamenting her. The youth whom she had a thousand times recommended to his parental care and attention, became doubly dear as her representative; and the marquis felt his attachment to this generous uncle so augmented by the tears they daily shed together, that when the cherished remembrance of the fair Italian presented itself, he rejoiced he had been prevented from following her; since to have been known to visit Ireland without paying his devoirs to Miss Arden, would have wounded Sir Edward to the soul; nor could the meditated trip have been concealed, had the boat his father's groom stopped, once put from the shore with him. The marquis was of an age when the impressions of one week efface those of the last; and he found it a much easier task to give up all thoughts of the fair stranger, than to encounter the formidable heiress to whom he had been so long affianced.

To avoid sealing by word, or deed, the compact, till increase of years, or other circumstances, should make him master of his own resolutions, was now the single object with the marquis; and this he thought might best be effected by making the grand tour. He therefore daily found it advisable to discover deficiencies in himself, not obvious to any other person; and declared nothing but a more general knowledge of men and manners could qualify him for the rank to which he was born. The duke had been too sensible in his own person through life, of the disadvantage of a contracted mode of education; and nothing but the ill-judged fondness of the duchess had kept her son so long in his own country. Since her death, the duke had likewise made another discovery—that his son was grown a man, while he found himself in some respects yet a boy; and that both the marquis, and his rational, correct uncle, were terrible

drawbacks on the use of that liberty which he now began again to enjoy to licentiousness. The choice of the marquis being applauded by his father, Sir Edward found his opposition would be vain. Yet mortal was the chagrin he felt at seeing this darling nephew, with a heart glowing and unfixed, formed by nature to charm, and disposed to be charmed, ready to plunge into the gay world, where he might so soon be lost, ere yet his Emily had been allowed the chance of attaching him to whom she was betrothed. Perfectly aware of all the seductions to which an ingenuous, open nature exposes a young man of condition, Sir Edward could not, to the one in question, insist on what, by implying weakness of character, often mortally offends self love. Nor did Sir Edward Arden fail to appreciate duly the advantages of his daughter, although he forbore to urge them. He well knew that the marquis, seeing him live within the narrow bounds of a scanty patrimony, could form no judgment of the high style of life which his daughter's birth demanded, and her fortune accustomed her to; yet, how, in the calculation of her rights and her merits, could a proud spirit bring forward advantages merely accidental, though often decisive in their effects in the grand computation of human happiness? On mature reflection, the fluctuating father gave up the project of bringing the young people together for the present, and resolved to accompany the marquis in his tour. The enthusiastic joy of the young man, when informed of his uncle's kindness, well rewarded that uncle.

Due preparations having been made, the marquis and Sir Edward were ready to set out for the continent, when a courier from Ireland stopped the latter. Miss Arden conjured her father to hasten over immediately, as Lady Bellarney was pronounced beyond all hope, and she had reason to fear that she should be unprotected, in case of

her death; perhaps insulted by the overbearing Miss Fitzallen; who now assumed rights, which the death of her patroness would either wholly assure to her, or rob her of. Sir Edward requested the marquis to delay the tour, till he could fulfill a duty so important; and having vainly waited to hear his nephew offer to accompany him, suppressed as much as possible the bitter chagrin which so mortifying a coldness could not but occasion; and, leaving the marquis in London, hastened to Bellarney, attended only by his valet and groom.

It was not without reason that Miss Arden dreaded being in the power of Lady Bellarney's upstart favorite; by whose means she had long been excluded from the fortune, as well as favor, of the countess. Miss Fitzallen having infinite address, in childhood obtained an ascendancy over a weak mind, since subdued by infirmity and age, to imbecility, and by fondness to dotage. The patrimony of Miss Arden was, in right of her mother, secure and immense; but the old lady had great fortunes which she could bestow by will, together with the mansion of Bellarney,—a family honor that it ought not to have been in her power to alienate: this, and all in the old countess's own gift, she had often declared she should certainly bequeath to her *dear girl*, her *tender nurse*, her *young friend*, her *God-daughter*, and *namesake*, Emily Fitzallen. It is true there were some among her neighbors, who would insinuate that this young person had a claim beyond those alleged;—that the old lady had been a *gay widow*, and this girl, christened after her, *resembled her very much*. It was certain the countess never would allow the origin of her protégé to be questioned; and the haughty Miss Fitzallen latterly always threw at a distance those who presumed to treat her with less distinction than the heiress.

How uncertain are ever the resolutions of a weak

mind, and tenacious temper! Lady Bellarney had indeed made a will wholly in Miss Fitzallen's favor, and was in so infirm a state as to make her existence very precarious: when, in a luckless hour, this favorite, against the choice of her benefactress, joined a party going to some races, and who only invited her from knowing the consequence she would shortly have a right to. The peevishness of age, increased by loneliness, aggravated this little selfish indulgence into a heinous fault. The old countess suddenly began to bewail the loss of her own dear Emily, her darling daughter, long laid in the grave. The poor orphan she had left now came across her mind; but that girl was cold, inattentive—no matter, she was better than nobody; and Miss Arden, to her great surprise, was summoned to keep her grandmother company. Long admitted as the visitor of a moment only, to pay her duty, and superseded in every right of affection, Miss Arden had felt, and appeared a cipher. It was otherwise now. She encountered no insolent competitor, and soon saw how she might greatly conduce to the personal ease and mental amusement of Lady Bellarney. Astonished to find such tenderness, skill, and readiness, in a young creature whom she had been taught to think wholly occupied with herself, the old countess relaxed at once. During the evening, she confessed to Miss Arden her bountiful bequest to Miss Fitzallen; and, finally, showed her a copy of the will. Miss Arden returned it respectfully, observing only that Lady Bellarney could never give her favorite any thing she grudged her like her affection; nor could she live on terms with herself, if she had lost that distinction by any voluntary failure in duty, gratitude, or tenderness. So mild and sweet a reproof had full weight with the capricious countess; and when Emily knelt, as she nightly did, for her blessing, the invalid, throwing her arms round her grandchild, hastily

committed to the flames the unjust will, made in a moment of mistaken fondness; vowing, that if she lived to the morning, she would dictate one in favor of her own Emily; and if she did not, all would by law devolve to her. This important change in her resolution kept Lady Bellarney awake almost the whole night; and finding herself, of course, weaker and worse, her lawyer was hastily sent for. He, in a summary, but regular manner, assured to Miss Arden all the possessions of her grandmother; who, with an almost equal injustice, left unnamed, and unprovided for, the young woman whom she had raised so far above her condition; and who had, from childhood, been subjected to all her whims. Till this unlucky hour, she had, indeed, sacrificed every pleasure of youth, and principle of honor, to soothing and working on the weak woman, who had repeatedly assured her of an ample fortune. Miss Arden, it is true, knew that it would rest with herself to secure the discarded favorite a competence; but vainly tried to have it done in the properest manner,—as the act of the obliged.—So inflexible are the resentments of age, so fluctuating the determinations of dotage.

The whole family loved Miss Arden too well to inform Miss Fitzallen, when she returned, of what had been done in her absence; while, to the astonishment of Miss Arden, her grandmother once more yielded to habitual subjection; and in the servile solicitude, and fulsome flattery of her favorite, wholly forgot her sudden sense of affinity, feeling, and regard to herself. It was impossible to guess what might be the *last* will of a woman, who hardly seemed to have any; and when Lady Bellarney expired, poor Emily Arden knew not, but that she should find herself to be an intruder in the mansion of her fathers.

Miss Fitzallen, who was ignorant of any will but that in her own favor, assumed to herself the necessary powers

of directing; and lamented with all the dignity of the heiress of Bellarney. Her mourning was made exactly similar to Miss Arden's, and as for a mother. With civil inquiries for that young lady's health, she requested to know whether Sir Edward would arrive, to attend the opening of the will, and the funeral, *if he chose it*: in the meanwhile she had given orders to the servants to show every *proper attention* to Miss Arden. Hearing that Sir Edward was hourly expected, Miss Fitzallen convened not the family circle, exulting in the thought, that by having the will read in his presence, she should effectually mortify a high-spirited man, whose keen eye had often rebuked hers.

To be the object of impertinent politeness, from one born in a manner to wait on her, was a great trial of Miss Arden's temper. Yet, as it was possible that she might have the power of retribution too amply in her own hands, Emily deigned not to appear offended. On the day appointed for the reading of the will, the two ladies accidentally met in a narrow gallery; and Miss Fitzallen taking Sir Edward's daughter by the hand, assured her, that she took her *behavior very kindly*; then, with a haughty, conscious air, added, that she should *find her account in it*; for though the library, with every thing else, was willed to *her*, *that* should be her *present* to Miss Arden.

At this extraordinary juncture Sir Edward stopped at the gate, nor knew whether he should take the horses from his carriage, or deign to set foot in a house which he could doubt to be his daughter's. Miss Arden hastened to entreat that he would show her grandmother the last respect of following her to the grave. The grave opened for Lady Bellarney contained his angelic wife, and Sir Edward yielded. But Miss Arden had greater difficulty to prevail on him to listen to the reading of the

will. The high and peremptory air with which Miss Fitzallen had announced herself to be sole executrix, and heiress, of the old countess, left no doubt among the remote relations of her being indeed so; and though Sir Edward thought it possible that a will was extant in favor of his daughter, he thought it merely possible: so bad was his opinion of the artful Miss Fitzallen. The relations and friends of the family, who had attended the funeral, awaited the reading of the will; and the self-named heiress, overwhelmed with modesty, gratitude, and tears, swept her long mourning robes through the whole train of sycophants, to an upper seat in the room.—Miss Arden, distinguished by simplicity and sweetness, took the place which she had always filled in her grandmother's lifetime: and Sir Edward, not deigning to mingle with the set, rested his arms upon his daughter's chair, as ready to lead her out, the very moment any word that offended his ears reached them. What was then the confusion of the mean train who had bowed to Miss Fitzallen, when they heard Emily Arden pronounced, both by nature, and choice, sole heiress and executrix of Emily, Countess of Bellarney. Miss Fitzallen remained for a few moments speechless—convulsed—in a manner distorted.—She then outrageously discredited the will; called it a forgery—a base fabrication of Sir Edward Arden, who had ever, she said, hated and insulted her.—But the reign of arrogance ends with the means. This wretched creature found hers was already over.—No eye now paid her homage. No ear now heard a word she uttered. All parties united to overwhelm Miss Arden with congratulations, which, knowing their true cause, she despised: and feeling even for the insolent by whom she had suffered, she alone spoke to Miss Fitzallen.—The latter, in bitter agitation, implored, entreated, to be suffered to look at the will.

“What makes this young woman so troublesome?” was the chilling exclamation of those persons who but an hour ago had thought her born to grace her fortune.—Again, agitated beyond utterance, Miss Fitzallen sunk into a seat, to which Sir Edward’s generous daughter kindly advanced.—“Recollect, my dear Emily,” said she, mildly, “how patiently I have borne, during my whole life, my grandmother’s partiality for you; nor thus repine that she has at her death duly considered an affectionate, unoffending child.—Let me lighten your affliction, not add to it—I am not yet by law empowered to say *how* I will provide for you; but be assured that the proportion of fortune I shall offer you, if I live to be mistress here, shall not disgrace your education, or my own; nor shall you ever have reason to think yourself forgotten by Lady Bellarney, while Emily Arden represents her.”—Dashing with superlative insolence the hand of Miss Arden from hers, the disappointed Miss Fitzallen arose from her seat—the natural majesty of her form dilated by passion to an almost fiendlike grandeur—her large dark eyes flashing with supernatural brightness, and all the rage of her heart burning in scarlet tints on her cheeks.—“Who could mislead you so far, Miss Arden,” cried she, when words came to her assistance, “as to make you believe that *I* would ever owe any thing to Sir Edward Arden’s daughter? Since he has taught you how to step between me, and the provision long mine by promise, keep it all—dear to you may one day be the acquisition—your whole fortune could not buy off my hatred, nor could the empire of the world buy off my revenge.”—Rushing through the astonished train of gaping relatives, Miss Fitzallen passed the gates of Bellarney, nor once recollected, till they were closed on her, that she had not whereon to lay her head; or one friend in the world anxious to soothe, serve, or receive her. In a neighboring

cabin, gold, however, procured her a temporary home, till her maid could pack up her clothes, with some jewels, and other valuable presents of the old countess.

On the mind of Sir Edward, the unmatched insolence of Miss Fitzallen had made such an impression, as doubly endeared to him the daughter whom he found so unlike her. That amiable young lady, at the age of nineteen, mistress of herself, the magnificent seat of her maternal ancestors, and immense wealth, thought so generously, and acted so wisely, that Sir Edward groaned under the secret sense of her cousin's injustice: that cousin whom she seemed born to make happy! New hopes and plans again took possession of his mind. No duty now bound Miss Arden to move in the narrow circle of her maternal connections; and her father thought it advisable to carry her to England, with a suite and establishment proper for her birth and fortune: resolving himself to present her at court; he fondly hoped the marquis could not know his Emily, without blushing at his own coldness and injustice; and, being led by the lovers she must necessarily attract, to avow his prior claims, and endeavor to win her heart. As it was not possible at once to arrange all Miss Arden's newly devolved fortunes, Sir Edward was obliged, however, to pass some time in acting the guardian, as well as the parent; and often adverted to the brilliant *entrée* she would make under his auspices in the gay world. Coldness, silence, dejection, always followed, on the part of Emily. "No—she had not the least taste for the world; and would rather, if her father pleased, pass the whole time of his absence at Bellarney." The vexed father now sighed to himself, "*Both—both* infatuated alike!—what can be done with them?"

In renewing the leases, and other negotiations with the tenants and dwellers round Bellarney, Sir Edward learned

a hundred tales of the selfishness, meanness, and overbearing disposition of Emily Fitzallen, who still remained at the cabin she had at first retired to, languishing in a fit of sickness. To Miss Arden's proposal of giving her a handsome fortune, Sir Edward absolutely refused his concurrence; nor could Emily dispose of aught considerable without his knowledge, after having made him her guardian, as he ever had been trustee. An annuity just sufficient to save this wretched young woman from want and ignominy, Sir Edward thought as much as she merited. To this Miss Arden could only add her own jewels, which were indeed a fortune. With these she sent a kind letter, assuring her former companion, that nothing but her inability to act for herself could have made her appear deficient in generosity or feeling. The jewels sent she should desire to redeem, when she became of age, at the price of a proper provision for Lady Bellarney's favorite friend; and, if she died in the interim, she entreated Miss Fitzallen to consider them as her own.

Unaltered in mind, though humbled in fortune, Miss Fitzallen returned the bond of annuity, jewels, and letter, with sovereign contempt, and without a line, into the hands of Sir Edward Arden: who treated his daughter's generosity as mere weakness of temper. He soon converted it into an argument in favor of his own plan of carrying her to England. From arguments he came to injunctions; and finally hinted, that, if she remained without a male protector in her own country, she would be carried off by the first fortune-hunter who had half the courage, or assurance, of Emily Fitzallen. This conclusion appeared so unfair and humiliating to Miss Arden, that she burst into tears, and declared her fate very hard. Sir Edward would know, in what it appeared so. "I shall offend—nay, I shall, I fear, pain you," sighed the gentle Emily, "if I am candid." Still Sir Edward insist-

ed on the truth.—“Pardon me, then, my father,” resumed she, “if, weak of character, lowly of mind, as you think your daughter, she should have mind and spirit enough to shun for ever the Marquis of Lenox.” Sir Edward started angrily, and gazed intently. “Why shun him, Emily?” was all he could utter. “He hates me, my dear father—he ridicules—he despises me.” “And who dared tell you this?” returned Sir Edward, in a tone which admitted the truth of what she said, though his eyes struck fire at the indignity. “Alas! I could not doubt, sir:—it was from his own lips this mortification reached me.—Control your passion, and learn the whole story. I do not suppose, that had he known, my cousin would have insulted me:—we met in masks, nor does the marquis guess, to this hour, the wound he gave to a heart he might have won. Alas! it has been my misfortune to be imposed on him: had he thought himself unfettered, I might have had a chance of winning him. He is now lost. Under these circumstances, to *force* myself on his notice—insist on the poor advantages I should in turn despise him if he valued me for—would for ever disgust a heart which it would yet be my pride to convince, my pleasure to win. The little merit I possess would be lost, under the pomp and splendor of my rights in life; which he no doubt concludes the family reason for making him wretched. And could a cold compliance with his engagement fail to make me so? No—rather would I waste the rest of my life in this seclusion, bewailing for ever the want of his heart, for whom,” faltered the sweet girl, with increasing confusion, “I had wholly, I will confess to my father, reserved my own.”

Sir Edward hid her ingenuous blushes in his bosom, and fondly prayed to Heaven “yet to unite those hearts so equally dear to him.”—“I have not told you,” resumed Miss Arden, in the same timid tone, “that I even now

despair, if you will permit me to execute a plan I have meditated ever since I found myself at liberty to quit my native country. My wayward cousin is, I must first inform you, still a stranger to my features; nor knows he that it was Emily Arden he cruelly humbled in the description of herself. Unless you betray me, I may yet appear before him in any character I choose to assume; and I have a romantic fancy afloat in my brain, which I can not execute without your concurrence. Return, my dear father, to England, alone: urge, persecute the marquis to visit me in Ireland: and, while he, of all human beings, detests this troublesome, overbearing heiress, might he not, on some obscure spot of his father's estates, stumble on a simple rustic, with just such a face as mine, and perhaps love her with his whole heart? Dennis, my silver-headed foster-father, may not unaptly personate my real one; and be a protector. Think of the delight we should both feel, if the poor Marian, in a plaid jacket, should step before your rich Emily, covered with diamonds.—If, on the contrary, I make this effort in vain, let it be a last one. To Bellarney let me fly undiscovered: nor ever allow the marquis to know that he has personally slighted the daughter of a man to whom he has been long endeared by a parental affection.”

Age had not yet so chilled the heart of Sir Edward, but that he caught in a degree the glow of his daughter's. The romance was simple—was safe;—if he discharged his groom (for he could trust his valet)—practicable.—During the time Emily had been thus sweetly insinuating wishes and views so consonant with his own, Sir Edward had considered the soft and unassuming grace of her figure, the delicate turn of her beauty, and the artless eloquence of her voice. He now fancied her in a straw hat, with her fair locks playing round her face, and now adorned for a birth-night; and he plainly perceived that

she might lose, but could not gain, a charm, by splendor or fashion. Her plan every moment grew upon his imagination. He saw his prudent Emily, even in her romance, had guarded both his pride and her own. He well knew that he could not brook to have his daughter, as herself, refused, even by this darling nephew; yet he never recollected the mortal coldness, and probably eternal alienation, such a procedure might occasion, without a feeling almost amounting to horror.

After a long silence, Sir Edward, embracing his apprehensive daughter, told her that the proposed experiment had not only his sanction, but warmest approbation; nor would he omit calling on the duke, to aid the malicious persecution meditated against her lingering lover, the more fully to prepare his heart, by the agitation of dislike, for the reception of a more pleasing passion. The delight expressed by Emily called forth the power of her soul, and the more dignified graces of her mien, till Sir Edward half rejected the scheme, in the firm persuasion that she could not fail to charm, as herself; but having won his consent, Emily bound him to his word.

How pleasing was her employment, while preparing all things for her obscure departure, and instructing Dennis and her nurse in the parts they were to act. When the cot should be ready, Sir Edward was to inform his daughter; who could then embark for Scotland from her own estate.

Nor was Sir Edward without his share of delightful hopes and recollections. To know the fate of the two beings most dear to him on earth, so near a crisis that promised to be happy, gave his heart those sweet pulsations, which have all the charm and softness of passion, without its danger.

And now, what became of the marquis? Why, he devotedly wished the old countess "an earthly immortal-

ity." But, finding that her soul had made its escape without his permission, he heartily prayed he could make his, ere Sir Edward returned to London: for that he would bring with him this odious Irish heiress, was, the young man thought, too certain. At the moment Sir Edward's carriage drove to his father's door, he was coming out of it: and, what a relief was visible in his features, when he observed that it contained not a female. How cordial were now their greetings! The duke, however, not having the same objections to Miss Arden's company, inquired why her father had not, at last, brought her over to England. Sir Edward very naturally answered, that he had fully meant to do so; had not some of Miss Arden's romantic female friends in the interim insinuated to her, that it would be a high indecorum in her to seek the Marquis of Lenox; and, from the moment that whim had taken root in her mind, he found every effort vain to remove it. Fixed as the arrangements had long been for the tour abroad, he added, that he imagined it would have been irksome to his nephew, had he then proposed the visit to Ireland. A female, of advanced years, and due consideration, had therefore been found to give propriety to Miss Arden's remaining at her own seat, till the tour, which they must now necessarily shorten, should be made; after which he hoped the marquis would be as ready as himself to attend his bride elect.

The marquis, finding the evil day of insipid courtship once again deferred, was no longer in such haste to commence his tour; and heard that law affairs must detain his uncle for some time in town with great satisfaction. This conduct made Sir Edward enjoy, almost to malice, the meditated attack on him, which he meant should shortly come from his father.

In hours of loneliness, Sir Edward recounted to the

duke his daughter's little history of the slight she had borne, and the effort she now meant to make to engage the affections of the marquis: but the natural delicacy of his mind made him represent the plan to have been his own, and one to which she had with some difficulty consented;—resolving, if this failed, no longer to sacrifice her claims in society to an ungrateful relation who despised her. The duke was a matter-of-fact man, and easily followed the idea presented to him; nor failed to lecture his son on the disrespect shown to Miss Arden; which was not only calculated to rob him of all hopes of her heart, but to induce her to carry into another family the immense fortune she inherited; while that he was born one day to call his own, was already insufficient for two men, neither of whom was old enough to give up his tastes, nor young enough to be controled in them. It is true, the love, respect, and confidence, which the marquis once had for his father, had declined from the day of his mother's death; but he had not yet learned to act in opposition to his will. Indeed, till this moment, he had never known it asserted. The important cause was argued, and re-argued; and Sir Edward, by turns, appealed to, as the judge. He had always the address to avoid so odious an office; yet his nephew thought he could perceive that it would be easier to work on his mind, than the cold, worldly, selfish one of his father. How grievous was it to feel that he had such a father, and to recollect that his mother brought no fortune into the family, nor had he a claim to a guinea during the life of the duke!

The arrangements in Scotland were now made for the establishing of Emily there; and the feelings of the marquis wrought up to a high pitch of vexation, when the two fathers found out that his signature, ere he went abroad, would be essentially necessary to some family deeds, which must be executed in Scotland. The recol-

lection of the vicinity of the castle to Port Patrick, made the marquis very unwilling to go, lest his father should drag him to the feet of Miss Arden; yet he ventured not to hint the fear, as that might lead to the determination.

Sir Edward having no need of an English groom on the continent, easily parted with the one who had attended him in Ireland: thus was there not a single domestic in the suit of the family party, who had ever seen Miss Arden. Arrived within a bow-shot of the cot where she had taken up her abode, whole days passed away without Sir Edward's daring to set foot in it, or even to see his daughter, lest suspicion should follow. He could not persuade himself that it was possible she should conceal her birth, of which her deportment was so expressive; or avoid, on seeing the marquis, the deep confusion which implies design. On full deliberation, Sir Edward resolved to break in upon her by accident; and in taking a morning's ride with his nephew and the duke, affected to be seized with a vertigo, and almost fell from his horse. The marquis and grooms lifted him off, and assistance was hastily demanded from the adjacent cot, whence came the silver-headed Dennis; soon outstripped by a wood-nymph so exquisitely animated and lovely, that, to the astonished marquis, the Graces seemed all embodied in a rustic of Scotland. The disguised Marian, alarmed with the sudden attack of Sir Edward, forgot that the duke would be a spectator, remembered not the marquis, even when their looks met; but sensible only to filial anxiety and affection, fixed her dark blue eyes on Sir Edward, and gave to herself the first, and dearest charm in humanity,—the having forgotten she had one.

A wicker chair was now brought, and Sir Edward placed in it; the white hands of Marian assiduously sprinkled his forehead with cold water, while drops, more vivifying than art, or nature ever otherwise prepared, fell

from her cheek to his. How sweet was this moment to a father so tender; to find that love itself was lost in the sense of his imaginary danger! Placed on the humble bed of Dennis, a valet opened a vein in his arm. Marian, the ready Marian, prepared and fixed the bandage, her hand alike administered the cordial, nor till all that could be done, was done, did she suddenly find herself standing before those who were to decide her fate; the single object of their attention. In the looks of the duke she discovered that he knew, and, knowing, approved her. In those of his son she discerned a restrained, but boundless admiration; a something that, passing from his heart to hers, seemed to bind them sweetly together, by an unseen, but indissoluble ligament. Sir Edward cast his eyes from one to the other, and had his full share in a feeling, which made the humble hut of Dennis appear a paradise to every being it contained.

The duke had sent for his coach to convey the invalid home. The marquis desired to accompany his uncle; and the carriage was no sooner in motion, than each fell into a distinct reverie, though in both, the same object caused it. The marquis at length broke silence; and not having yet had experience enough to observe that the thing a person first speaks of, after a long meditation, has generally been its subject, exclaimed, "how beautiful, how redundant, her fair hair! once only"—Sir Edward, not more cautious, subjoined, "and the softest hand in the world—would it were now bathing these burning temples."—"I can fetch her in a moment, uncle," said the impetuous youth, attempting to open the coach door, and glad of an excuse for returning. "Not for the world, my dear boy—she is young—not ordinary—I would neither trust your father, nor his dissipated servants:—were I to cause her innocence a risk, I should never forgive myself." The marquis put up his lip in silence: could Sir Edward think

so superior a creature could listen to the servants—or be bought by his father? Sir Edward read this in his face, and saw, in the contempt which the marquis ventured not to avow, the interest Marian had already gained in his heart.

The marquis now again was in no hurry to commence his tour:—he, therefore, less lamented his uncle's illness, though it kept him almost wholly in his apartment—where he often revolved the means of establishing an interest in the heart of this lovely creature, who alone, of all he had ever seen, reminded him of the fair-haired Grace, who, as an Italian peasant, appeared, as it were, to enchant, and vanished to bewilder him. After many contemplations on the subject, he put twenty guineas in a purse, and having wandered doubtfully for some hours round the cot of Dennis, faintly rapped at the door. Marian herself opened it: but Sir Edward being no longer near, to mark, or to divide her attention, so rich a blush mantled on her fair cheek, as might give the most modest of men a hope that he had not been unnoticed by her. The marquis, with a varying complexion, and timid air, inquired for her mother. The aged dame rose from her spinning-wheel, and the silver-headed Dennis from reading the Bible: while each deposited a pair of spectacles in the case, remained standing to receive the commands of the young lord. To behold thus in the light of subjection his charmer, and the venerable old people, strangely distressed the marquis. Had Marian not been there, his situation would have been less oppressive. With much hesitation, he gave them to understand, that Sir Edward Arden had made him the bearer of his acknowledgments for their benevolence. He then put into the mother's hand the purse, and its glittering contents. "No, no, my lord," cried the respectable Dennis, "that can never be.—Wife, give his honor back the purse. Sir Edward sent

his own valet yesterday evening with a present of two new guineas, fresh from the mint, for our Marian."

The marquis was dumb at what he thought the meanness of his uncle. To affront the charmer of his soul with the paltry gift of two guineas!—sent by his valet too!—He turned to apologize to Marian, but she had disappeared: no wonder, when she heard herself, and two guineas, spoken of together. "Well, my good old friend," said the marquis, "my uncle might do the odd, mean thing you say, for he has been delirious, and raves often of your assiduous Marian. But he is now in his senses, and better knows how to respect himself, and your daughter. I have no mind to drive him into a frenzy again, by taking back the little mark of his gratitude." Having thus said, he laid down the purse, and ran out of the cot. Perceiving, in a field very near, the plaid dress of Marian, he was at her side in a moment;—spoke of her generous sympathy—the illness of his uncle—the wild beauty of the scenery around—any thing, every thing, that might prolong the exquisite pleasure he found in being for one minute the sole object of her attention, the engrosser of her thoughts and conversation; yet Marian seldom spoke, and always said the least she could; nor did she often raise her dark blue eyes to meet the impassioned glances of the marquis. Still a sympathetic charm, never to be defined, told him that she was not insensible to his presence—not willing to bid him farewell.

Neither in the sick chamber of Sir Edward, nor in the saloon with the duke, did this Grace of the woods ever become the subject of discourse; yet both the fathers were well informed that the marquis hovered anxiously, early and late, near the cot of Dennis, well rewarded if he obtained but a word, a glance from Marian. Sir Edward did not find it convenient to recover

immediately; and never did his nephew think it possible till now, that he should dread seeing him leave his chamber: but to be dragged out of the kingdom ere he had time to win on the affections of the charmer he adored, or to bind her to him by mutual vows, almost distracted him. The duke easily perceived his distress and agitation; but as the two fathers had agreed that the fear of losing her would best secure the attachment of the marquis, by rendering her the perpetual object of his thoughts, they would not consent to her avowing herself.

Nothing but the dread of separation, and the necessity of employing the short time the lovers were able to pass together in conversations respecting the future, could have kept the marquis in ignorance of the past; for his mind was often filled with a vague idea of something mysterious in the situation of Marian; as well as of superior elegance in her language and manners. But who, thinking every look he gives to her he loves may be the last, can press for details of remote occurrences?

Sir Edward was now ready to depart: the happiest of fathers to know that his Emily had conquered;—that she reigned in the ardent heart of the young nobleman, who had in secret solemnly affianced himself to the choice of his parents,—the once dreaded, hated Emily Arden. Often, when she saw him at her feet, the glowing exultation of secret triumph so heightened her beauty, that the delighted lover wondered in vain at its suddenly acquiring so celestial a charm. It was now the precise moment for tearing him from her; and both fathers again proposing the tour to the continent, any delay, on the part of the marquis, would, he easily saw, have led to a discovery of his motive. Every leisure moment he flew to Marian, to lament his untoward fate, and execrate the cold nature of those who thought it possible that he should find in the overbearing Irish heiress, a creature

who could dispute his heart with Marian. This name, so humble, so rustic, now was music to the ear of Sir Edward's daughter; for under it she had given, and received, vows, which no time, no circumstance, could ever annul.

Sir Edward now suddenly seemed to recollect how proper it would be for him to make his personal acknowledgments to the daughter of Dennis, and chose to have the company of his nephew. The cottagers received the visit with joy and gratitude. Sir Edward very gravely exhorted them to guard so lovely a creature as Marian from the attacks of the duke, or the humiliation of marrying one of his servants. The marquis and his charming mistress exchanged souls in a glance, not unseen by the watchful Sir Edward. He concluded this exhortation with informing the old people, that whenever they found a suitable match for their daughter, they might apprise him, and he would portion and patronize her. "Ah! uncle, will you really do this when a *suitable* match occurs?" said the intelligent eyes of the marquis.

Sir Edward settled upon the cottagers an annuity of twenty pounds a year, and departed overwhelmed with blessings: unable himself to utter one of the many his heart poured on his Emily. The marquis no sooner saw his uncle again in his own apartment, than he flew back, to reiterate, under a more flattering and tender form, the same cautions to Marian. He made her again promise, vow, solemnly swear, to live for him, and him alone. What laws in return did he not impose on himself! How impossible did it appear to him that he should ever find a charm in another woman, or ever breathe to a second object a vow like that he now blended with his parting kiss, his long farewell! The interesting Marian left on his cheek the seal of true love, in a tear; and had the resolution to see him depart, in the full conviction that he

spoke only as he thought, and that all their present pains would eventually complete their mutual wish.

"Ah! happy error in the good and just,
Whose upright natures never know distrust!
Distrust, which is itself almost a sin,
And often marks the villain wrote within."

With the embarkation of the marquis Miss Arden's disguise ended. She accompanied the Duke of Aberdeen to London, where a lady was already engaged to sanction her living in his house. When presented at court, the admiration she excited procured her high offers of marriage, though many lovers sighed in silence, as her engagement with the marquis was universally understood. Surrounded with her own friends and suit of attendants, Miss Arden had no motive for anxiety but the absence of her beloved; yet as that only could prove the truth and strength of his attachment, which the most impassioned letters daily confirmed, she had very little cause to complain of her fate.

And now the marquis and his uncle were for the first time in Paris; plunged into that busy vortex, the world, where the virtues are often at once ingulfed; and if they ever rise again, it is in fragments, hardly resembling their first state. Yet such a guard, on a noble nature, is a true and tender passion, that the marquis found not the love of pleasure lead to licentiousness, nor that of distinction to corruption of soul. The strongest emotion of vanity he felt, when the object of universal attention, was a faint wish that the charmer of his heart could know its value, by seeing how many were willing to dispute it with her. But what an enviable fate was Sir Edward Arden's! enabled, unsuspected, to trace to its inmost recesses the emotions of the heart he best loved; to see all that was generous and amiable in nature point to one object, and that one object his own dear Emily! Not a letter did the

trembling hand of the marquis tear open from her, that the glow of his cheek, the triumph of his soul, did not announce to his watchful guardian; who, thus satisfied that he was relieved from his charge, gave the young man up to his own pursuits, and followed those himself which were more adapted to his period of life. And if the father thus exulted, how must the lover, who found in those letters of his fair rustic, a delicacy, softness, and refinement, which he in vain sought in the rest of her sex; for, however cautiously Miss Arden veiled, in her correspondence, the high polish of her education, the feelings of her heart alone gave them a charm peculiar to herself; while the confiding tenderness they breathed, was the dearest of all claims on the faith of him she addressed.

Sir Edward, who had ever a turn for study and the fine arts, introduced his nephew, with himself, into the society of all persons eminent in literature and science.—The marquis had a taste for drawing, in which his uncle excelled. As both proposed taking views of the scenes that most should please them, the young nobleman engaged an eminent master, under whose instruction he made a rapid progress; and, ere long, obtained almost as much knowledge as might perpetuate to his soul a pleasure that otherwise fades on the eye. The season now was at hand when Sir Edward and his nephew proposed following the course of the Loire in their travels. The drawing-master, one day, while they were enlarging on the labors they should embark in, suggested how irksome it ever is to fill up the outline which we delight to throw off the fancy; and that he had, among his less fortunate pupils, a youth whom it would be an act of benevolence to employ: that he was an orphan in narrow circumstances, but of very superior talents; who, having no hope of future provision, except by improving and exerting them, would think himself well rewarded in the protection and patronage of two

men of taste, provided he might be allowed to employ part of his time in studying the immortal models they must necessarily visit in Florence and Rome. The marquis, it is true, loved drawing, but he was of an age to love his ease; and this proposal united those advantages. He appointed a time to see the youth, whom, in the interval, he proposed to his uncle as an addition to their little suite. Sir Edward agreed, that if the boy's talents equaled the account of them, to take him would be an act of kindness to themselves, as well as to that unfortunate orphan.

When the drawing-master presented the young man by the name of Hypolito, the son of an Italian painter, his extreme youth and pallid looks (for he seemed hardly sixteen, and consumptive) struck Sir Edward, who, with unusual abruptness, urged that objection. The modest lad shrunk back. Tears rushed into his eyes, and the wild air of distress was blended, on his languid countenance, with unmerited humiliation. The marquis took an interest ever in the unfortunate; and, having cheered Hypolito, sat down with him to draw. The youth applied himself to a piece which the marquis was finishing; and at once proceeding with rapidity, while he touched all parts with elegance, showed that he was indeed a treasure to travelers, and a master in his art. Sir Edward was now no less charmed than his nephew.

"Nor is drawing his only talent," said his introducer, handing to the youth the flute on which the marquis played in a capital manner. Hypolito breathed on it, and it seemed to have the charm of the lute of Orpheus, on all but the person who held it; for he, sinking back in a chair, almost fainted. On reviving, the poor lad with blushes accounted for the illness, by confessing that he had not tasted food the whole day. Immediate succor was given him. The marquis caressed him like a brother. From that hour he cast off the mean garments of poverty

for some of his younger patron's own clothes—by care and good living soon recovered his looks, and became the constant companion, in all elegant and scientific pursuits, of the Marquis of Lenox. The world had given him every good but a friend, and that he found in Hypolito.—While Sir Edward saw with delight his nephew filling up his life with so rational a pleasure, many a time did he shiver on the water, or broil on the land, without complaining, if he found their ardent natures bent on perpetuating the scene before them. Sir Edward himself played on the violoncello; and seldom did they rest at a town, or village, where they could not add a performer or two to the concert, and thus inspirit the evening.

Enchanted with the gay scenery, the romantic pleasures of Italy, the marquis wanted only his Marian to share the delight; and well could he have been pleased to pass his whole life there. But it had not this charm for Hypolito. From the moment they quitted France, urbanity of manners vanished. In the petty states of Italy, the little souls of the nobles contract into a very narrow circle what they are pleased to call society. Not all the advantages nature can lavish—not all the acquirements genius can attain, give acceptance, among that arrogant body, to a man born without a positive rank in life, or at least an affluence which bestows on him the appearance of rank. How, then, can he who supports himself by the exertion of talents hope to be received by those who make it their pride to be superior to such distinctions? Sir Edward and his nephew mixed, as they were every way entitled to do, in the first circles; but a deep sense of the solitary situation of poor Hypolito, who was in that middle state which made it as impossible he should associate with the domestics, as be countenanced by their lords, often drew towards home the heart, and not unfrequently the feet of the marquis; for seldom found he a companion he

liked so well. The gratitude and affection of Hypolito induced him to exert every talent and grace to endear himself to his condescending patron; and, as there is no charm so fascinating to the young mind as that of giving at once distinction and pleasure, the marquis grew daily more attached to the humble Hypolito. So marked a friendship drew the observation of the Italian noblemen, although they wished not to know more of the merit that caused it; yet every day produced a new banter among the set, who, by rudely staring at the youth, marked a strange doubt of his sex.

Sir Edward now began, after passing a year in Italy, to bend his thoughts towards home; and proposed their return to his nephew. The unpleasant recollection of Miss Arden, however, damped the tender one of Marian; and the marquis found it easier to live without the latter, than to encounter the former; for to marry her came not within his calculation of things. Till the heiress should have disposed of herself, he knew it would be vain to hope he should prevail on either his father or uncle to approve his humble bride; and he resolved to travel to the antipodes if Miss Arden persisted in waiting his return.

Sicily, the land of fable, was yet unvisited by the travelers. The Count Montalvo, a nobleman of that island, with whom Sir Edward and his nephew were in habits of intimacy, offered to insure their safety, and become their cicerone in visiting the many monuments of art and history that celebrated spot abounds in. Hypolito was urgent for the tour, as well to escape the observation of a circle with whom he had no pretension to mix, as to indulge his natural taste. The count had a bark of his own, which, shortly after, conveyed him, with a large party of friends, to Messina. During this little voyage it was impossible for Hypolito to be wholly invisible; yet the marquis was hardly less disgusted with his Italian friends,

than his *protégé* declared himself. The rude, inquisitive eyes, and broken observations, of the ill-bred grandees, made both youths happy to be once more on land. The marquis had another reason for avoiding the sea; he was always a severe sufferer by the indisposition it very commonly occasions. When, therefore, the party proposed visiting the Lipari isles, the marquis excused himself, and remained with Hypolito at the palace of Count Montalvo, who accompanied Sir Edward. The prince, then governor of Messina, ordered a splendid entertainment, to which the English strangers were universally invited; nor could the marquis decline going, though not accustomed to attend these parties, and very unwilling to leave his Hypolito, for whom his attachment had been daily increasing in a manner very surprising, even to himself. They had ridden together in the morning, which proved so sultry, as to have heated the blood of the marquis, before he went to the palace of the prince. A very little excess in wine acted powerfully on a constitution already feverish with violent exercise; and he quitted the governor's party ere the masked ball began, with which the entertainment was to conclude. The day was not closed when he came home; but Hypolito, who was drawing, had already called for lights.

As the marquis entered the magnificent suit of rooms allotted to himself and friends, his eye was led through them all, to the last, where he saw Hypolito deeply engaged with his subject. Shades over the wax-lights softened the glare, and gave the most feminine delicacy to the youth's naturally delicate complexion. His dark locks broke in redundant curls over the fairest forehead in the world, and played upon his throat and neck, the heat having obliged him to throw open his shirt collar. Suddenly he took the piece he was drawing, and holding it behind the light to survey it, the marquis could not avoid

observing the whiteness and smallness of his hands. "For your own credit and mine," cried the marquis, gayly seizing his young favorite by the shoulder, "row, ride, drive, dig—do something to get rid of this white skin, and those delicate hands; for I can not long stand the raillery I have encountered for this month past; and you must make up your mind to be considered a woman in future, unless you contrive to get something more the look of a man." It was only by chance that the marquis removed his eye from the landscape he had taken from Hypolito, to raise it to his face; but, dropping the drawing from his hands, it there became, in a manner, riveted. That beauty, always too delicate for a man, had now the softest charm of woman, a mantling suffusion, a downcast grace. The dangerous silence that followed, was at length, in a faltering voice, broken by Sir Edward's nephew. "And what embodied angel, then, are you," cried he, "dropped from the skies surely to guide and guard me?"

The marquis spoke in the most winning voice; yet the charmer replied not; but, sinking on his shoulder, as he knelt at her feet, hid there her blushes, and communicated her tremblings.—Let no one vaunt fidelity, who avoids not danger.—The marquis, already fevered by wine, found the intoxication now passing into his soul. The fair, the pure image of the distant Marian vanished from his memory; and he saw, heard, thought of, only this nameless, trembling charmer. That she had followed him by choice was very obvious;—for his sake had endured inconvenience, indignity, fatigue, and even servile degradation. The entreaties he redoubled to extort her secret, bewildered more and more, every moment, a head and heart already confused and impassioned; nor were the tears she now profusely poured forth, wanting to confirm her influence over the surprised, delighted lover. How, then, were his feelings awakened, when she at length

avowed herself the slighted, detested daughter of Sir Edward Arden!—who, hopeless of ever conquering in her own character the inveterate prejudice he had conceived against her, and resolved that he should never be master of her hand from any motive but choice, had, ere her father and the marquis left England, quitted Ireland to assume this disguise, and wait their arrival at Paris; hardly hoping to escape the keen eye of her father, but convinced, that, if he should recognize her, his pride would make him conceal what he would never have authorized. Happily, however, he had not lived enough with her to have the same quick recollections other parents have of their children. And, far from being discovered by him, she had found herself so long overlooked by the marquis, though beset by most of his Italian friends, that it was her full intention, the first safe opportunity, to quit Messina, and give up all thoughts of a man, who, whether as Miss Arden she sought a lover in him, or as Hypolito a friend, knew not how to distinguish or value her.

But this was a charge she knew her own injustice in making; the eyes of the marquis now dwelt enamored on her beauty; his eager ear carried to his heart the comprehensive, though implied tenderness, which her words conveyed. Too well he recollected the slights he had shown Miss Arden; to atone for them, he knelt, implored, repented, vowed; *would* be forgiven: in fine, he was so. In the impassioned conversation that ensued, nothing transpired which could enlighten the marquis: he found this impostor as familiar with his family,—its relations, feelings, secret occurrences, and future prospects, as Miss Arden herself; and, wholly unsuspecting of the possibility of any deception, indulged the ardor of his nature, and urged her to give him, as the pledge of her forgiveness, that very moment, the precious hand which alone could

insure it to him. To surprise Sir Edward, on his return, appeared to his nephew a most happy device: the glowing cheek of the fair one contradicted her words, when she insisted on waiting the consent of her father. "Why, why should we?" cried the eager marquis; "has he not, from the hour of your birth, bestowed you on the favored Lenox? Ah! wherefore sacrifice happiness to form? Now, this very moment, give yourself, my Emily, to a husband, who will add the remembrance of this generous condescension to all your virtues and your charms." She urged the indelicacy of being married in her disguise.—It was the only way they could be married at all, the lover insisted; and they were in a place where love wore many a disguise. Once let the priest join their hands, and he pledged his honor to leave her full liberty to give decorum to her situation, by allowing her to resume the habit of her sex. Her denials became every moment fainter; and the marquis, half inebriated with pleasure as well as wine, more importunate. In fine, they stole from the palace to the great church, where Emily informed him her confessor officiated; and as that priest already knew her secret and its motives, from him no painful objection would be made respecting her disguise. The priest was found; two more joined in the secret as witnesses, and the mistaken, impassioned marquis was solemnly, regularly, married to Emily.—The name of Arden was not mentioned necessarily in the ceremony; and the bridegroom read not the certificate he signed, or he would have seen that of Fitzallen subjoined; for it was, indeed, that fiend in human shape, who had thus accomplished the deep revenge which she had so bitterly vowed on Sir Edward and his daughter.

Never, for one moment, had Emily Fitzallen lost sight of the persons whom she was determined to persecute. She followed and discovered the little delicate artifice by

which Miss Arden sought to win the affections of her betrothed husband. Thus the name and condition which the gentle Emily thought it wisdom to give up, the vindictive Emily saw she had the power of assuming: and finding, when his constant companion, that in her own person she might not have influence enough to decide the fate of the marquis, she resolved to avail herself of the rare advantage of Sir Edward's absence, to borrow his daughter's name: and the unfortunate youth, as if willing to second her views, and destroy his own, had that day allowed his judgment to be weakened, and his constitution inflamed with wine. The priest who performed the marriage ceremony, had been previously prepared to attend at a moment's notice, as well as forewarned to be cautious in rendering it full, authentic, and duly witnessed.

The new married pair found, on entering the count's palace, that some of his domestics were already arrived, to notify the intended landing of the voyagers that evening. The marquis felt it a respect due to his bride, to allow her leisure to resume her own dress, as he had promised; and the increased agitation of mind in which she appeared, claimed this consideration from him.

It would have been much more agreeable to the marquis, as well as the bride, had the return of their friends been a little deferred. However, as that must happen when it would, the lover was anxious to find Sir Edward, ere he reached the palace of the Count Montalvo; as well to apprise him of the recent ceremony, as to prepare him to avow a previous knowledge of his daughter's disguise. Wandering, with this view, through those beautiful groves that on all sides border the shores of Messina, the pure air insensibly calmed the spirits, and sobered the brain of the marquis. He half wished that he had waited the return of Sir Edward, ere he wrested from

him his daughter; and turned towards the walk on the quay; where he anxiously looked out for the bark of the count. The grandeur and beauty of the view never struck the marquis so sensibly: behind him arose the magnificent natural semi-circle, with the lofty columns of the Palazzata; before him appeared the celebrated strait, once sung by all the muses; and the elegant fictions were yet present to his mind. Blending, in an hour and situation so singular, the romance of poetry with that of love, he threw himself on a marble seat by the fountain of Neptune, and repeated, as he gazed, the verses of Homer. The blue strait, hardly dimpled by a breeze, was half covered with gaudy galleys, and the boats of fishermen; the fires of the light-house were reflected in glowing undulations on the waves; heavy black clouds, tinged with a dun red, seemed to seek support on the rocky mountains of Calabria; and the winds, after a wild concussion, subsided at once into a horrible kind of stillness. The rowers, whose laborious and lively exertions animate the sea they people, now made vain, though more vigorous efforts, to take shelter in the harbor. Suddenly the atmosphere became murky and oppressive; the clouds, yet more swollen and dense, sunk so low, that they almost blended with the waters. Not a bird ventured to wing the heavy and unwholesome air; and the exhausted rowers could not catch breath enough to express, by a single cry, the agonizing fear that caused cold dews to burst from every pore. A tremendous sense of impending evil seemed to suspend all vital motion in the crowd late so busy around the marquis; who impulsively partook that sick terror of soul, to which no name has ever yet been given. This awful intuitive sense of the approaching convulsion of nature was, however, only momentary. A tremendous shock followed, of which the marquis felt all the danger, and tried to arise, but the

earth rocked beneath his feet. The marble fountain, near which he rested, was cloven in twain instantaneously; and hardly could he escape the abyss which he saw close over a number of miserable wretches, who, but a moment before, were standing beside him. Columns of the Pallazata, and other surrounding buildings, fell with a crash, as if the universe were annihilated.

The horror yet raged in all its force, when the sudden rise of the earth he stood on, threw the marquis, and a crowd around him, towards a wall, which must have dashed their brains out, but that, weak as they were, the wall was yet weaker, and fell before them in a cloud of dust. Oh! God, what it was to hear the agonizing shrieks of suffering humanity, blended with the thunders of desolation, and the deep internal groans of disjointed nature! when, to complete the calamities of Messina, the sea, in one moment, burst its bounds; and boiling, as it were, by subterraneous fires, rolled forward, with horrible roarings, a mountainous deluge. As quickly the billows recoiled, bearing away a train of bruised and helpless wretches; and among them, that youth who was so lately the gayest of the gay, the happiest of the happy,—the unfortunate Marquis of Lenox.

Recollection was too fleeting, life too dubious, too fluctuating in the marquis, when first he found that he yet existed, for him to connect his ideas, or utter any sound but sighs and groans. He soon perceived that he was in a small, but miserable place, encompassed with persons whom he had never beheld till that moment, while hoarse voices resounded in his ear, equally unknown to him. Alas! the only eye he could have seen with pleasure dared not meet his; the only voice which he could have found comfort in hearing, uttered not a word, lest the agitation, even of pleasure, should, in so weak a state, be death to him. Yet watching every breath the

unfortunate youth drew, ready to echo every groan that burst from him, sat, hid by a curtain, his anxious, his affectionate uncle, Sir Edward Arden: and that the Duke of Aberdeen had yet a son, was rather owing to the baronet's natural sensibility, than his immediate affection.

On the memorable evening of the earthquake at Messina, Sir Edward, the Count Montalvo, and two other Sicilian noblemen, were making the harbor; as the sailors had predicted foul weather, though no one suspected the immediate and awful danger impending. In one moment the experienced mariners, by expressive cries and gestures, made the noblemen comprehend that a singular and frightful motion of the vessel was not natural. Now, as gravitation were, by a strange inversion, removed to heaven, it was drawn at once back and upward, then thrown impetuously down into the dark abyss of the waters, and again in one moment caught upward, with a reeling, convulsive trembling, as if the timber had a vital sense, and felt the fears of those who would have worked it, had human art availed against the struggles of disjointed nature. Yet, tremendous as was the state of those on the sea, it was safety compared to the situation of the sufferers on land; which the vessel so often approached, that the horror-struck passengers could see the victims collected upon the beach lift up their hands one moment to Heaven for pity, and the next sink into the burning abyss that yawned at their feet. As no power could steady the vessel, nor direct its course, the count and his friends knew not whether they, with the helpless mariners who yet contended hard for life, were to have a watery, or a flaming grave. Nor was the concussion and entanglement with other vessels in the same tremendous predicament, the least of their danger; though, when thrown out to solitary suffering, that danger appeared yet more horrible.

At this fearful crisis every evil was increased, by one of the prime sailors falling, from the mast which he was climbing, into the sea. His comrades, with the bold humanity incident to their profession, made the most strenuous efforts to recover him: and one of the sailors fancying, imperfect as the unnatural light was, that he saw the body, leaped overboard with a rope tied under his arms, and was as hastily drawn up, clasping a half-drowned wretch, who, it was soon discovered, was not his lost comrade. Having disengaged this man from the plank he convulsively embraced, and which had, in reality, saved his life, on finding him a mere stranger, they would perhaps have abandoned him to his fate; but that the fineness of his linen, and a rich watch-chain, attracted their notice; in a moment they stripped and plundered the insensible sufferer; and the surgeon of the vessel alone saved a being from perishing by neglect, who had thus wonderfully escaped the wreck of nature. It is true his humanity was quickened by the recollection, that a man of so delicate an appearance, and who had been as delicately dressed, might one day well recompense those who preserved his life. Thus, by a strange ordination of things, unknown and unnoticed, in the poor cabin of the surgeon, lay, with hardly a symptom of existence, the Marquis of Lenox; and there, so precarious was his situation, he might perhaps have expired, but that the sailors, who had possessed themselves of his valuables, burned to convert them into money. Interest is often the last, as well as first principle, in vulgar minds. Hardly had the vessel got out enough to sea to promise safety, or the elements subsided sufficiently for the compass to guide, before a calculation of the plunder was made; and the watch-seals, and other ornaments of the marquis, handed among the domestics of the nobleman for sale.

What was the astonishment and horror of Sir Edward's

valet, when he saw to whom they had so lately belonged! Far from guessing the fact, he only concluded the man on whom they were found to be the murderer of the marquis, thus overtaken at once by the justice of Heaven. Instantly he rushed into the cabin where Sir Edward and the noblemen yet remained, stunned as it were with fear and horror. The earthquake was however forgotten by the baronet in his agony for his nephew; and not forming the harsh conclusion of his valet as to the stranger, he demanded to see him, that such care might be taken as would preserve his life, and enable him to give all the account in his power of the unfortunate Marquis of Lenox. Ah! what tender anguish overwhelmed Sir Edward, when, wounded, wan, insensible, wrapped in coarse and dirty linen, he beheld the dearest object of all his cares, the sole delight of his remaining life—the darling son of his darling sister!

From the surgeon Sir Edward understood, that, beside a great number of bruises, the marquis had a contusion on the head, attended with a high fever, nor, if it once flew to his brain, could human art save him. The sense of his own danger yet not over—the dreadful images of the horrors he had witnessed—all, all, was lost in the impression made by the beloved object before Sir Edward. The marquis was immediately removed to the best bed the small vessel afforded; every comfort, as well as medicine, anxiously administered: yet many, many miserable days and sleepless nights did Sir Edward pass, before he was sure his own life would be prolonged, much less that of an invalid in so weak a state.

The fever of the marquis was at length enough subdued for Sir Edward to appear by his bedside—faint ideas of affinity and tenderness indistinctly floated in the aching head of the youth, when his eyes wandered over the features of his uncle, and in a weak, inward voice he

murmured out, "Hypolito."—Sir Edward spoke not, but raising his eyes to Heaven, and letting his hand fall, implied by this action that the youth was no more.—Intense faintings and convulsions seized the marquis.* The relapse was so alarming, that he had been many days in a palace at Naples, and attended by the ambassador's physician, before he was allowed again to behold a face, that might once more confuse those faculties on which it was plain his existence depended. Yet no sooner did the interesting, affectionate eyes of his uncle meet his, than he again sighed out, "Oh! sir, Hypolito!"—"That we have life ourselves, my dear Lenox," returned Sir Edward, "is little less than a miracle:—to preserve yours, you must be patient, silent, submissive—need I say, that you have not a wish I would not anticipate—a feeling I would not spare? Imagine every thing said you would have said—every thing done you would have done."

Alas! of the most generous assiduity the marquis was well assured, and this it was struck so deep a despair through his heart. The sad history of the relation which he supposed the lost Hypolito stood in to Sir Edward, was yet in the bosom of her lover; and no other being knew at what an interesting moment the impostor was so awfully inhumed. In the delirium which attended his fever, Sir Edward had, with great surprise, heard his nephew now call for Hypolito, now for Emily—now for Marian—now urge the disguised fair one to an immediate marriage; and smile at the scruples she made to decide her fate without her father's being present, when "it would make Sir Edward so happy to find her a bride." These vague rhapsodies applied so exactly to the romance, the passion, and the secret situation of the marquis with Sir Edward's daughter, that the only conclusion drawn by the tender father from these complicated wanderings and feelings was, that Emily had, in spite of all her prom-

ises, betrayed her own disguise to her lover. How sad and dear then was the delight of thinking, that even in delirium she continued to be the only object who existed to that lover.

Time, however, strengthened the intellect, and improved the health, of the marquis; who soon learned the melancholy detail of the almost destroyed Messina, by that earthquake, which, throwing him into the sea, had in fact preserved his life. He dared not flatter himself that his bride had alike escaped; for, alas! was it not sure that she would have eagerly sought her father and her husband; and how should he be able to disclose the tremendous secret? Should *he* afflict the generous uncle, who lived but in his looks, by telling him, that the very moment which accomplished his wishes had snatched away the dearer object of them? Ah! no; better was it that Sir Edward should still suppose Miss Arden living in Ireland, and waiting their return.

The marquis was at an age when the spirits make great efforts to rise above the calamities of life. However strong the impression made by the lovely disguised fair one, however tender and sacred the tie that bound her to her lover, the impression was sudden, the tie incomplete. Sir Edward judged it wise to assume a general cheerfulness, that might renovate his nephew's spirits; and the attempt insensibly wore off the gloom and horror that for some time hung about the young man. The soft, the soothing remembrance of the fair, the gentle Marian, aided in reviving him. Marian yet lived—lived too for him: nor would ever know his generous infidelity—an infidelity the grateful affection he felt for his uncle almost sanctified; and which, having swayed him to fulfill a dear and sacred duty (for thus frail mortals daily extenuate to themselves their lapses), no longer obliged him to forego the cherished choice of his heart. During the term of

his nephew's sickness and convalescence, Sir Edward had kept back many of the letters of Marian, which now were delivered to her lover in a packet ; and the marquis drew thence a renovating power, that not even the pure air of Naples could afford.

In the long leisure of a sick chamber, the marquis had often pondered over the extraordinary situation from which he had so miraculously escaped with life ; and though there remained not a hope that Hypolito survived (for why, in that case, did he not appear ?) an ardent wish lived in the mind of the widower bridegroom once more to revisit the memorable scene of his marriage—to learn if possible the manner and moment of the death of the disguised fair one—to see at least the priest who had, in an hour teeming with horror and evil, united their hands—to shed with him some tears of generous anguish—and, in the great church of Messina, to consecrate the memory of the unfortunate Emily by a magnificent monument.

The danger of revisiting Sicily had now for some time been over ; and when Sir Edward found his nephew strenuous in the wish of going, he no longer opposed, though he did not choose to accompany him. A bark was engaged by the melancholy marquis ; who, passing by many a scene of desolation, at length sailed into the almost choked-up harbor of Messina ; an awful memento of the vain labors of man, and all the little pride of human magnificence. The half-fallen pier—the tottering Palazzata—the solitary strand, and the indistinct streets, through which crawled a few mangled wretches, who lived only to envy those whom the earth had wholly swallowed up, made the very soul of the marquis recoil within him, before he reached the great church, and convent adjoining. An enormous mass of ruins alone marked the spot where they had stood. Of the priest he sought

not a trace remained. The whole brotherhood had vanished, either into a premature grave, or in search of a remote, but safe home. The bare walls of the palace of Count Montalvo, though injured, had not fallen; but it was plundered of the magnificent furniture, nor inhabited by a single domestic. In fine, no being remained in Messina whom the marquis had ever seen there, nor was the unhappy stranger he inquired for known, either by description or name. How could an individual be remembered in a place where society was become an echo, and the grandeur of ages annihilated by a single convulsion in nature? The marquis again slowly and sadly ascended his bark, and, casting his eyes over the ravaged glories of Messina, "Ah, why, my Emily," sighed he, "when I have so awful a proof how vain is the busy pride of mortality, why should I attempt to raise a monument to thee? The God who at such a moment, and in such a manner, claimed thee, has made Messina thine!" Then turning appalled from the enormous mass of splendid ruins, he hastily cut through the green waves, on which the evening sun still played with undiminished, unaltered beauty.

Once more in Naples, the marquis, though silent and melancholy, was not inconsolable. During his convalescence, he had rather felt, than seen, his boundless influence over his uncle; which it was now his first wish to increase; that, whenever the day came when he should acknowledge the humble choice his heart had made, he might act on a nature so generous, in favor of his lovely, his interesting Marian. It was, however, the subject of great surprise to him, that Miss Arden's fate was yet a secret to her father: but, as Sir Edward had long forbore to mention her from prudence, and the marquis always avoided it from choice, this was not a moment to lead to so painful an inquiry, by a single question. Too

soon would it be, whenever a father so tender learned her melancholy fate. It would then become *his* duty and choice alike to soothe and to console his uncle. Perhaps, when the bitterness of grief was assuaged, and Sir Edward was informed of the sacred rite which brought them still nearer in affinity than nature had, that generous man might in turn be brought to adopt, and second, the only feeling that could induce him to take another bride.— But why should he prolong his banishment? His own country now contained not the once dreaded Miss Arden, while in that country lived for him, and him alone, his Marian.

After an apparent weariness and constraint, the marquis one day abruptly proposed to his uncle returning to England. The keen, but delighted eye of Sir Edward, seemed to pierce his nephew's very soul, yet vainly he sought to account for the cloud that immediately succeeded on his brow, or a kind of stifled compassion for himself that followed the proposition. No possible objection, however, occurred on the part of the uncle: on the contrary, it produced a gay flow of spirits, extremely embarrassing and distressing to the young man, who found himself almost unable to keep the dreadful secret; and seeing, from that moment, in all the gay scenes of Italy, only the grave of Sir Edward's lovely and affectionate daughter, he could not control his increasing impatience to depart, and urged his weak health as rendering it necessary he should travel very leisurely, a mode which he knew his uncle detested. Having settled their route, and appointed to wait in Switzerland, he left Sir Edward behind to fulfill some excursive engagements, and set out, attended by only his servants.

Gentle exercise, pure air, the variety of simple scenes and objects around him, gradually invigorated, as he went, the health of the marquis, and made him delight

to linger in Switzerland. Ah! who would not delight to linger in Switzerland? Who would not wish the soul now to dilate into grandeur, and now, with sweet compression, to contract into content, as simple or majestic nature takes its turn to act upon it?—In that wild region our traveler found all the fervor of romantic passion rekindled in his soul. He walked till he could walk no longer;—he rested only to gain strength to walk again;—and, if fatigue caused him to sleep, he carried into the torpor which was necessary to repair exhausted nature, rich and fanciful visions, not less delightful than those he cherished when awake. Nevertheless, a carriage and led horse accompanied our pedestrian; for such had been the orders of his father.—The carriage he was often pleased to fill with tired and rosy vintagers, on whose gratitude he made no demand. His horse often lightened the way to the sun-burnt veteran, who sought,

“ When all his toils were past,
Still to return, and die at home at last.”

While the marquis thus generously employed his superfluous advantages, he would delight to linger behind; resting under the shadow of some grotesque mountain, and listening to the dashing of some distant water-fall, while his mind now solemnly paused upon the past, now fondly mused on the uncertain future.

After a day passed in this luxurious manner, night so suddenly surprised the marquis, at a solitary but beautiful valley, a few miles from Lausanne, that, had not his servants, apprehending him to be too ill, or too much exhausted, to come on, returned with the carriage, he must have slept on the grass. Once seated, he indulged the slumber which fatigue occasioned, and had been well shaken by his valet, ere he could be sufficiently roused, to understand that his chaise was stopped by another,

which was overturned, and so broken, that a lady and her maid were hopeless of reaching Lausanne, unless some benevolent traveler would either assist to repair the mutilated equipage, or accommodate them with his own. The poor marquis, still a little cross at having so comfortable a nap interrupted, did not find himself in the humor to alight. Nevertheless, he sent in his own name a polite offer of his carriage, and did not think the stranger too complaisant in immediately accepting it. However, he had no choice but to spring out, and show his involuntary knight-errantry. The hills on each side were covered with high trees; which, meeting over the road, added darkness to the night. Having got his chaise safely past the broken one, the marquis with great gallantry handed in two trembling females, who seemed hardly able to thank him; and, having given the postillions strict charge of them, returned to survey the shattered chaise; his valet being provided with phosphoric matches, by which he had now lit a taper. After various proposals to tie it together, the marquis thought its appearance so unsafe, that, tired as he was, he chose to mount a horse, and follow his own carriage, which was not yet out of hearing. He was near enough to the inn, when the strangers got out, to have offered his assistance; but, a little disgusted with the want of consideration on their parts, and perceiving, by the lights held at the door, that his hands and clothes were covered with dust, he thought it a respect due to himself, rather than the stranger, to rectify his appearance. To dress never took the marquis much time; and to his request to inquire after the lady's health, an immediate permission was accorded. As he had sent in his name, the landlord stood ready with lights to precede "*Milor Anglois*" into the apartment of the stranger. As the marquis glanced his quick eye forward, he saw, leaning one arm gracefully

on a low old-fashioned chimney-piece, and with the other caressing a beautiful Italian greyhound, a female, at once so slight, graceful, and dignified, as to rivet his attention, and give a strange, wild, prophetic pulsation to his heart.

This elegant traveler had the air of high rank, affluence, and fashion. She was wrapped in a riding-robe of black velvet, lined with white satin, and girt to her waist by a cord of silver. A pale blue velvet hat, with a plume of white feathers, was thrown carelessly on one side, yet tied under her chin by a white and silver handkerchief. Over the black velvet robe fell, in vast profusion, rich curls of fair hair, from which the marquis, by a kind of intuitive conviction, seemed to recognize his fair Italian; while the whole graceful figure announced to him his Marian. Nor did he err in either instance; the charmer turned towards him, and he saw,—not the humble daughter of Dennis, though every feature of Marian. Ah! no, this was, and was not, Marian;—an elegant, conscious, high-bred beauty, now stood before him: yet, in the chastened delight with which her eye surveyed him, he read the triumph of his own. How new—how tumultuous were his emotions! how exquisite, yet agonizing, the embrace she denied not! That Marian was distinguished, her lover plainly saw—that she might be infamous, he severely felt. Yet, such is the contrariety of human emotions, that the tears his eyes swam in, sprang more from perceiving her to be independent of himself, than a juster cause. The air of this irresistible charmer, however, was not more tender, than it was innocent. She blushed, it is true; but it seemed to be only for the distress she occasioned; since she hardly knew how to interpret the agitation which the marquis attempted not to control.

“I have surprised you, my lord,” faltered she; then,

sweetly smiling, added, "and I too have been in turn surprised." "The meeting with my Marian," replied her lover, again fondly clasping her, "would be a pleasure past all speaking; *but*"—"But what, my lord?"—"To find her *thus*!"—the marquis cast his eye over her dress.—"Oh! is that all your distress?" cried she, with a glow of triumphant pleasure; "I will not be my own historian, positively, when there is a better at hand: let Sir Edward Arden be summoned to expound the mystery."—"Sir Edward Arden, my angel, is far from hence; and my Marian must, in pity of the heart wholly her own, expound this mystery herself." "Nay, my lord," playfully and in exultation returned the charmer, "I may hazard much with *you* in the avowal of my name; but nothing with Sir Edward Arden, by demanding in his arms a welcome for his wandering daughter."

The concussion of nature that swallowed up the impostor Hypolito could alone equal that which now shook the mental system of the marquis. Yet a single thought was conclusive; a single impulse conviction. Yes, the gracious, the graceful creature, now bending benignly to raise him from the earth on which his misery had laid him, was, could be, only the angel daughter of Sir Edward; the being, formed and finished, "the cunning'st pattern of excelling nature:" who, whether she appeared as a masked Italian Grace, a rustic maid, or a high-bred beauty, was intuitively adored by him, and claimed in his heart, whatever shape she wore, a rightful sovereignty. But whence then came the arch fiend to whom he had at Messina plighted his hand? No doubt, from the hell that opened to swallow her, ere yet the sin was consummated. How, how, unless endued with supernatural knowledge, could she have discussed with him the many secret domestic occurrences, not more familiar, as it appeared, to his mind, than hers?

And well might this bewilder the ideas of the unhappy marquis; who had never been enough a party in the little history of Miss Arden, to learn that a creature like Emily Fitzallen even existed;—still less that this companion of her youth had ungratefully supplanted her; and then vowed a bitter revenge, which she had, alas! too successfully executed.

That delicate pride which nature makes one of the first charms of woman, was a little wounded in Emily Arden, on observing a revulsion of soul so singular in the marquis. Yet it was plain he suffered much; so deadly a paleness lived on his cheek, so melting a sadness marked his voice, that, unintelligible as the cause remained (for he answered not to her fondest entreaties), the tenderness of her heart, which was solely engrossed by the lover at her feet, made her lose every other care in that of consoling him. Too true was the sympathy for her to attempt it in vain; formed for each other, they were, without a single vow, united. Hypolito, in a moment so dear, as completely vanished from the thoughts of the marquis, as if the impostor had never existed. Sir Edward Arden was no longer missed by his daughter; and two whole happy hours elapsed in endearment and protestation, ere Miss Arden remembered she was faint for want of food, or the marquis that he was dying with fatigue, when they met. But was ever repast more delicious than the humble one they sat down to, when mutual love thus graced and blest the board? How playfully did the marquis arraign the inflexibility of the fair one, who commanded him to recover his good looks by the morning, when from the table she early passed to the chamber; where the sweet consciousness of rewarded virtue, hallowed the slumbers of the amiable Emily.

Ah! not alike pure and unbroken was the rest of the marquis; so strange, so singular was his situation, so in-

explicable his recollections, that he found it impossible to calm his spirits. To his distempered fancy the chamber rocked with the earthquake of Sicily one moment, and the next was illuminated with the visible presence of a guardian angel, in the form of his adored Emily : nor were his slumbers more peaceful : marriage and death, by turns, seemed to demand him as a victim ; and glad was he to see that day break, which restored to his eyes and heart the beloved object, who alone could chase away each painful thought.

But what a day of delight arose to Miss Arden ! At last to be thus worshiped ! at last to see herself the sole hope of the man who ruled her very fate ! Now, no longer shunned, dreaded, abhorred, the remembrance that she once had been so, only gave sweet confirmation of her power, and exalted happiness into triumph. She was told that her father was coming to meet her ; and though well she knew the share he would take in her felicity, she felt it most perfect without him. Safe in her lover's protection, she enjoyed the fond pleasure of solely depending on him.

The marquis, on the contrary, counted the hours till his uncle should arrive ; for from his hand alone could he hope to receive that of Miss Arden : and dear as was the heart she gave him, he felt it to be only part of an invaluable treasure wholly destined for himself.

A very simple train of circumstances had produced this romantic meeting of the lovers. After the awful escape of the marquis at Messina, he long remained in a state of such danger, that Sir Edward could not conceal it entirely from the duke ; though he forbore, as long as possible, the communication, in hopes of some favorable turn. The duke, impetuous as his son in all his feelings, forgot how acutely Miss Arden would sympathize, and almost killed her with the dreadful recital given by her father. To fly

to the beloved of her heart, to watch over, cherish, soothe, recover, or perish with him, was Emily's first thought, and, indeed, her only one. The alarm of the duke left her without a doubt of his setting out on the arrival of the next letter; and hardly could the afflicted Emily breathe till it came. That letter, however, brought better accounts of the marquis; and the duke coolly left him to the care of his uncle, and thought, from that moment, once more only of himself and his libertine indulgences. Plunged in grief, shut up from company, yet disgusted with her home, Emily soon was shocked with discovering it to be an improper one. The duke was either less attentive than usual to the respect due to Miss Arden, or she felt her perception quickened by the desire she felt to be gone; but it became impossible for her to misunderstand the terms on which the duke and the widow lady engaged to give propriety to Miss Arden's residence in his house, now lived. The disgust and shame of such an affront, however, was soon lost in the recollection, that it authorized Emily to follow her own inclinations, and seek her father. She hinted her dissatisfaction at the conduct of the *lady*, without seeming to include the duke in the censure; and announced her intention of availing herself of the return of Sir Edward's valet, who might with her own suit conduct her to Italy. The duke took no pains to investigate, much more overrule, a resolution which left him peaceful possession of his mistress, and his own mansion, but allowed Miss Arden to stay or go as she should think most eligible. Thus, upon mature deliberation, the delicate Emily found (so fallacious are our reasonings where the heart is impressed) that to run over the continent in search of her father,—for she never allowed her lover to appear a part of her consideration,—was absolutely an act of discretion, and accordingly took leave of the duke.

When once on the road, the impatience which Miss Arden could not restrain, showed too plainly the tender motive of her journey. Having agreed to rest in Switzerland, merely till Sir Edward's valet should notify her approach, that she might not abruptly rush upon her lover, she had sent the man forward only one day, when the breaking down of the chaise prevented her passing, in the dark, the person whom alone she sought.

The delightful rambles of two lovers through that delightful country, may easily be imagined. Sir Edward lost no time from the moment his valet reached him, in seeking his daughter; wondering much at every town that he found her not. But where could it be such happiness to find her, as leaning, with frank affection, on the arm of his nephew, while the glad eyes of both hailed him as the author, the partaker of their felicity! This was, indeed, all of joy a father can know:—to see his Emily, at last, sweetly conscious of absolute power, yet using it only to give delight:—to hear the nephew, whom he had ever loved with parental fondness, implore absolution from him for the secret sins of ingratitude and perverseness, while both, with tender, anxious eyes, demanded from his hand each other. Ah! where could three beings be found so much to be envied? Yet, of these three, the father knew, perhaps, the most exquisite felicity; for he had known the most cruel doubts.

The marquis, impatient in all things, was for being married immediately; but this, Sir Edward urged, was, from a variety of causes, impossible. Miss Arden would then be too much in the duke's power; who, perhaps, loved himself well enough, poorly to leave his son, during a life that promised continuance, dependent on his wife. So mortifying an idea silenced the marquis, but made him urgent to set out for England, where all these arrangements could most expeditiously be made. And now the

gentle Emily became the objector; she could not, truly, leave unseen the beauties of Italy, nor was troubled with the least fear for her fortune. All necessary points might, she observed, be settled without their presence: in short, her father at length comprehended that Miss Arden feared, in returning unmarried, she should be exposed to the ridicule of having come abroad to seek a tardy lover; or rather, that she veiled, under this idea, the same determination with the marquis; and both were alike ready to be united. Sir Edward, therefore, once more dispatched his valet to England, with such proposals to the duke as he thought eligible; and only required of the lovers to accompany him to Naples, where, on the arrival of the settlements, they could be publicly married in the chapel of the English ambassador; after which Emily might, without impropriety, visit Rome. The marquis was perfectly easy on every point, but the tedious time which must necessarily elapse; as Sir Edward, however, during the journey, almost always chose to ride his nephew's horse, and give up his seat in the chaise to him, the lovers contrived to pass the interval pleasantly enough.

The reason which Sir Edward had given for delaying the marriage was so prudent, that it easily imposed on the marquis, but not on Miss Arden. She had penetrated too deeply into her father's character not to perceive that pride was his foible; and, by the refinement of his nature, she was become his pride. Born to give way to his nephew himself, it was only by holding Miss Arden high, that he could render it obvious that she was not elevated by marrying her cousin. In the splendor of the union, the fond father studied to give an addition to happiness;—the hearts of the lovers told them that was not to be given.

The valet, dispatched to England to await the drawing up due settlements under the auspices of the duke, could

not so soon return, but that the party had ample leisure to visit the classical scenes around Naples, in all the intoxication of youth, love, curiosity, and pleasure. Yet fits of absence and gloom, wholly unintelligible to his fair mistress, frequently came over the marquis; and the name of Hypolito often trembled on his lips, although it never passed them. Ah! how should he resolve to debase himself so far, as to tell his adored Emily that an impostor, infamous for aught he knew, had so successfully assumed her name and character, as to seize on his heart, and decide his fate? or even, if he might venture to rely on her forgiveness, was it possible he should acknowledge to Sir Edward that he had been so egregious a dupe?

Sir Edward, understanding too well one cause of his nephew's melancholy and abstracted air, now apprised his daughter of the history and deplorable fate of Hypolito: whom he spoke of so partially, that Emily wept for the loss which the marquis must long feel of an accomplished, attached associate. Warned by her father, that to appear to know the sorrow of her lover, would be to cherish it, she employed all the charms which she well knew how to render successful, to inspirit the marquis; nor would ever suffer the conversation to turn toward Sicily, or an earthquake. Yet, in the exquisite sense of power and passion, she sometimes envied the lost Hypolito, even in the grave, his influence in the heart where she would exclusively have reigned.

A palace and establishment, suitable to her fortune, having been provided in Naples for Miss Arden, her father and the marquis contented themselves with their former home. The lady of the English ambassador was distantly allied to the Bellarney family, and soon circulated the reason of the obvious difference in Sir Edward's mode of living and his daughter's. She introduced Miss

Arden at court, who was thought so irresistible, that hardly had the marquis a friend, who was not secretly his rival. Sir Edward exulted in the admiration his Emily excited; but she loved too truly, not to blush at pleasing any man, except him whom it was her duty, no less than choice, to please. Often did she sigh at the vain parade of her almost empty palace, when she saw its gates close every evening on her father and her lover; nor had she any consolation for the tedious etiquette by which she was enslaved, except that of knowing the arrival of the courier from England would end it.

Sir Edward's valet at length returned, and the marquis had the gratification of finding that his uncle had not been just in the idea he had insinuated of his father. The Duke of Aberdeen very liberally assigned to his son, during his own life, a third of the estates which he would wholly inherit; and to Miss Arden he united with the marquis in making over, for the term of hers, all her own possessions, settling them on the younger children of the marriage, to be allotted at the joint pleasure of the father and mother. To this the duke added letters equally kind and polite, with the promise of a splendid set of jewels to the bride, which was now preparing.

There appeared no longer a cause for delay, and the evening of the next day was fixed for the nuptials, which the English ambassador claimed the honor of witnessing, with his lady, in his own chapel; nor would he excuse the party from supping *al fresco* in his gardens.

The happy day at length arrived; and the marquis, having ordered a gay *divertissement*, came to the hotel of Miss Arden to breakfast. The performers were all stopped in the hall, and the lover only admitted to the garden; where, as by magic, had arisen a straw-roofed cottage, in which appeared, in the simple garb of Scotland, the affianced bride; while, by her, in a habit hum-

ble as that of Dennis, stood her real father. The repast was in the same plain style; and had not the fragrant tube-rose, and flowering orange, scented the air, the delighted marquis would have thought himself still in his native shades,—those sweet solitudes, where first his heart expanded to love and happiness.

The more brilliant entertainment of music, which the lover had prepared, was given afterwards; but, to the maskers, was added the fair-haired Italian peasant, whose light fingers once more swept the mandoline with inimitable grace: that pleasure past, Emily again vanished, but soon to return in the chaste elegance of her bridal dress. Long robes of white muslin, spangled with silver, were girt to her waist by a zone of purple, clasped with rich diamonds. The redundancy of her fair locks was a little confined, by part of them being braided with glowing purple, and strings of pearl, without any other ornament. Several bracelets of pearl encircled her polished and snowy arms, the beauty of which never was so obvious, as while her father holding one hand, and her lover the other, conducted her up through the portico of the ambassador's palace. On the steps, the party were met by the noble owner and his lady, who ushered them through a magnificent gallery to the chapel. It was splendidly illuminated, and so gayly decorated with festoons of roses, as to appear, indeed, the temple of Hymen. Sir Edward Arden, in the fullness of delight, now fixed his eyes on those of his beloved nephew, and now on the downcast lids of his daughter, and saw, in the arrival of this moment, every wish he had ever formed, accomplished. The chaplain began the solemn service; and Sir Edward, taking the hand so dear to him, in the presence of God and man, joined the pair whom he once thought no time, no chance, would ever unite. In the gardens of the palace a splendid collation was soon after

served, and an invisible concert prolonged the tedious evening to the marquis, who watched the glance of Sir Edward's eye, to lead home his Emily,—his own dear Emily.

During the interval, the palace had been universally illuminated, and a great crowd had assembled on the steps of the portico. Emily, distressed at becoming in such a moment the object of attention, stumbled; the bridegroom, concluding that some one had trod on her robe, turned hastily round to disengage it, and fixed his eyes on those of Hypolito.—Yes, the ghastly phantom appeared in the very same boyish habiliments he had worn when the marquis last beheld him: and, oh! fatal memento of their tremendous meeting, and yet more tremendous parting, held up in full view the ring, the fatal ring, with which the marquis had wedded the fair, the fascinating impostor. It had been one given to him by his mother, and hastily applied, however unsuitable, to this purpose; but it was too remarkable to be mistaken; nor could the wretched gazer doubt its identity. The exquisite vision of love, hope, and happiness, faded at once from the soul of the agonized bridegroom; and he sunk, a corpse in appearance, at the feet of the trembling daughter of Sir Edward Arden.

The portico resounded with the cries of the sorrowful and astonished spectators. The miserable marquis was carried into the nearest apartment, and a medical gentleman immediately lanced a vein in his arm.—Wan as though arising from the grave, the lover at length opened his eyes, and wildly glancing them around, no longer allowed them to dwell on her so lately their sole object; but, hardly permitting the surgeon time to bind up the orifice, sprang with the strength of a lunatic from those who encircled him, to fly through the arcade—traverse the chapel—the illuminated galleries—from thence, in the

desperation of sudden frenzy, he rushed down the steps of the portico—but too certain, at length, that the object of his search was no longer to be seen, he struck his head against a marble pillar with such force as to stun himself.

Sir Edward Arden, hardly less frantic at an agony so wholly unintelligible, directed his servants to lift his nephew, while yet insensible, into his coach, and carry him back to the hotel they both inhabited. A trembling hand seized the arm of Sir Edward; and the pale face of his Emily anxiously explored his, while repeating, "The marquis, my father, has now a house of his own—it is your Emily who must henceforward entreat for a home with him."—Conscious of she knew not what violation of decorum in thus asserting her claim, she sweetly shrunk from his glance, and blushed: yet in a moment

"A thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness bore away those blushes."

Pressing his tender Emily to his bosom, Sir Edward dropped on hers, tears of infantine softness and affection. "Sweetest of creatures," cried he, "hardly can this unhappy young man be termed thy husband." "Have I not even now called on Heaven and man, my father, to witness the vow which long, long since, wedded my soul to his? Yes, Edward, beloved Edward," cried she, turning with a gush of tears to the still insensible bridegroom, "I am thine—for ever thine. Whether thou art sick or well, happy or miserable, thy Emily feels it the dear, sad duty of her life, to watch over, soothe, sustain thee. The grave only, perhaps not even that, can sever from thine the soul now repeating the fond, inalienable vow, to him who is, alas! no longer able to return it."

Sir Edward made no further opposition to the wish of his daughter; and the bridal hours were passed by the

tender, agitated Emily in anxious watchings. A raging fever followed the horrible convulsion of mind which the marquis had undergone. In its paroxysms the affrighted bride a thousand times heard him renounce, abhor, the vow of marriage, "by which he had allied himself to perdition." Starting up with fearful glaring eyes, he would command her to quit his sight—never, never more to appear before him. The frenzy, then, would be illumined with a ray of reason; he suddenly beheld in her a benignant angel, descended to save him from the horrors of his own soul. He then would, with that tenderness which was ever so successful, implore her *never* to quit his bedside—*never* once to take from his eyes those charming ones which alone could soften his sufferings; and now pressing her hand to his throbbing temples, and now to his burning bosom, seem to think it quieted each dangerous pulsation; and thus, at intervals, lulled himself into the stupefaction which gave him strength again to struggle. From the imperfect slumbers which her fondness sometimes soothed him into, he would once more start with convulsive shudderings—insist that the room rocked with an earthquake; that the sun was turned into blood—heap dreadful curses on an Emily, "loathsome to his eyes, and fatal to his honor"—demanded in wild transports "the ring, the fatal ring, with which *the fiend had enchained his very soul*,"—and, when the agonized daughter of Sir Edward Arden hastily drew off the one with which he had so lately wedded her, to present it to him, he would gaze mournfully on that, and mysteriously on herself—then cry, "No, no"—wander through faint recollections, and, gently replacing the bond of dear affiance, draw fondly towards him the heart-broken Emily, and deluge her bosom with his tears.

Sacred is the bond of calamity, when thus the visitation comes from heaven. Could Emily in the arms of

the marquis have known so dear a tenderness as that she felt when hovering near his sick bed, conscious that he existed but by the love that would willingly have made him immortal? Ah! when did any pleasure of sense equal that with which the almost expiring lover took from her eyes, and from her hand, the daily portion of prolonged existence.

Sir Edward shared in the assiduities of his daughter, as soon as the marquis began to recover. Yet a strange apprehension, in spite of his better reason, arose in the father's mind, that Emily knew not: he saw, or fancied he saw, that as the strength and spirits of the marquis returned, he found their company an oppression. Alas! the tender parent was not mistaken. What tortures of mind succeeded the sufferings of body from which the miserable Lenox at last escaped! He knew the only good on earth his soul desired, to be his own, yet found himself not the richer. Could he, under the fatal circumstance in which he stood, dare to sully the purity of his angel Emily? Too well he knew that the ring she wore gave him no claim to her endearing tenderness—would convey no inheritance to her children—nay, might, by the malice of a fiend, be taken from her finger. To the fury of fever and frenzy now succeeded a sullen, settled, deep despair. If he appeared at all, his eyes were haggard, and his hair disheveled: he hardly sat a moment at the table—forgot that he had been invited to eat—and, strangely departing from all the civilities of life, no less than its social feelings, would rush from the room, to shut himself up again in his own apartment. Nor was that apartment any longer accessible to the miserable Emily. Yet hours and hours she waited anxiously in the ante-chamber, while he paced irregularly in the one within. Alas! the sighs and groans that at intervals escaped him pierced her very soul.

Sir Edward Arden now, in sad solitude, too sensibly felt how incompetent we are to judge of what we so boldly demand of heaven as happiness. A thousand times the marquis had, with the energetic delight of a lover, told him that he adored his daughter: he could not but see that she lived in the looks of his nephew. It had been the pride, the pleasure of his life, to give them to each other; yet not one of the three found, in the accomplishment of this only wish, felicity.

Not from his daughter, however, could Sir Edward draw a breath of complaint. It was her wan cheek, when she was no longer permitted to watch over her husband,—it was the faint flutter, and delicate glow, that tinted her complexion, when he appeared,—it was the tears which she stifled in his presence, but which flooded her eyes whenever he vanished, that alone told to her fond father the painful sense she had of so deep an unkindness. A thousand times Sir Edward resolved to inquire into the motives of his nephew's extraordinary estrangement—as often the apprehensive Emily left him nothing to complain of, by taking on herself the reserve; and insisting that time, and time only, would enable her to recover the shock and fatigue of so long an attendance on so alarming a malady—confess an obligation to the marquis for returning her kindness, in allowing her to do as she pleased: and finally, with a delicate address conveyed, through her father, this to her husband. What was her grief and astonishment, when she observed that this information contributed more to tranquilize his mind, than all her cares! The fatal idea, that she had been from the first deceived, and that he had married her from some other motive than choice, then suddenly sunk into her soul. No sooner did the marquis begin to ride abroad, and resume his usual habits of life, than the deserted

Emily shut herself up in her own apartment, and almost died at so marked, so cruel a neglect.

Ah! could she have known the employment—the sole employment of the man whom she distrusted!—every moment of his absence was spent in searching for that fiend, whom, once found, he hoped to soothe, or bribe, to allow of the annulling of a marriage certainly incomplete, but which only her acknowledgment could prove so. Should he accomplish this point, he meant to throw himself at the feet of Sir Edward's lovely daughter; and, by confessing the whole truth, prove, what appeared to be his fault, was in reality his virtue—the daring to shun the bride whose tenderness he returned with adoration.

The search, the inquiries of the hapless husband availed not: this fearful phantom, at whose presence virtue and happiness at once vanished, having completed that object, seemed ever to sink into the hell that alone could have engendered her. After a thousand struggles to reconcile his feelings with his conscience, the marquis found that he must still shun his Emily, and, by returning immediately to London, have the advice of the civilians there on the possibility of annulling the first marriage, and making the second valid.

But the latter object, it soon seemed probable, the marquis need not strive so assiduously to attain: it appeared to himself, as well as to the distracted father, a dreadful doubt whether Emily would live to see England again. A grief, too acute for medicine to relieve, had already made deep ravages on the delicate constitution of the marchioness. Her heart, thrown back upon her hands, chilled the pure bosom it returned to. The hours usually devoted to rest were almost wholly spent by her in vain conjectures concerning her husband, to whom she naturally imputed some other attachment. Yet still, by some incomprehensible feeling, she observed in company

that his eyes were ever fixed on her with a dying fondness, though he sought her not at any other time. Determined to fulfill her duty, even in the extreme, Emily yet exhausted herself in efforts to please, or to amuse him. She played, she drew enchantingly. She charmed all who came within her circle, and often saw, in the pride the marquis felt when she was admired, that fond appropriation of herself, wholly irreconcilable with his painful neglect.

The physician having declared the marchioness in too precarious a state of health to venture a long journey, proposed her leaving Naples for a more retired situation. A villa was easily procured; and her afflicted father, unable to endure the inexplicable vexation, made an excursion to Rome, to endeavor to beguile, in the society of the wise and lettered men of that city, a deep chagrin of which he saw no probable end.

Sir Edward had the little relief of shortly after hearing from Emily, that the sweet spot she lived in revived her spirits, and amended her health. Each letter gave him more cheerful accounts. Not only his daughter, but the marquis, at length implored him to return, and both joined in assuring him that his presence, his paternal presence alone was wanting to their happiness. This assurance had too often reached Sir Edward's ears, while only misery was before his eyes, for him to give much credit to it; but the anxious desire he had to know whether his daughter's health was really amended, made him at length risk visiting the infatuated pair, whom wedlock, as it seemed, alone could alienate. But they were alienated no longer; every trace of vexation and sickness had so entirely vanished, that it was only by his memory that Sir Edward could assure himself either had existed. In perfect harmony with each other, the married lovers diffused over the beautiful spot they inhabited

the charms of paradise itself: for what were they but innocence and love?—Ah! was the marquis then innocent? fain, fain, would he believe so. The angel Emily, that lived *for*, lived *with* him, and was perhaps too charming always to be withstood. Her image so wholly occupied his soul, that the horrible one of Hypolito became at length faint, indistinct, aerial—it was the interest of the hapless lover to convince himself, that the heart-harrowing form, holding the ring, on the steps of the ambassador's palace, was shaped by his fancy merely; and the variety of frightful visions which had impressed his brain in the progress of his fever, assumed figures so various and distorted, that well might he doubt, whether fear had not previously conjured up the formidable phantom which thus shook his nature. So fruitless too had been his after-search, that at length he fondly flattered himself the object of it no longer existed; and it was not the dead, but the living, whom the unhappy marquis was born to dread.

Yet nothing but a favorable judgment from the civilians in England could ultimately relieve the mind of the nominal husband; for while one doubt remained in it, that he might yet bring affliction on his Emily, the dear delight of living with her must ever be imperfect pleasure. Their return home was once again in contemplation, when a new cause of delay occurred to the tender father, bringing with it the dearest hope in human nature. Sir Edward was suddenly struck with the same delicacy of complexion, and uncertainty of appetite, that had forerun the birth of his Emily, in herself: and by continually recalling the beloved remembrance of her mother, the marchioness became doubly endeared to him. How exquisite was the pleasure he gave her husband in the hint! Both agreed to leave to the timid Emily the time for disclosing a secret so pleasing to all three; and both with

tender, studious care promoted her every wish, nay sought in silence to anticipate them all.

Retirement was no longer necessary to the restoration of the marchioness; but from the delicacy of her nature it now became her choice; and she formed too entirely the happiness of her husband and father, for either to wish to change the scene. How indeed, when three informed and united hearts devoted every power to pleasing each other, could the enlargement of the party have improved it? Sir Edward among his studies pursued that of botany, and Emily delighted in drawing plants, in which she excelled. It became the favorite employment of her father and husband to discover, in their rides and walks, new subjects to amuse her mind, and engross her delicate pencil.

She was engaged one evening in perpetuating a very perishable flower, while the marquis was walking backwards and forwards in the saloon, trying on his flute, from whence he drew most melting music, a thousand desultory strains, as they floated through his memory. One struck Emily; but busied with her pencil, she hastily asked him, without raising her eye, where he had learned that passage. The marquis paused, and, in the fluttered tone that to wordly observers would have announced insincerity, replied, that he could not recollect; though too well he remembered it was from Hypolito he learned—it was with Hypolito he had often played it. After a period of hesitation, the marquis ventured in turn to inquire if she had ever heard it before. “Certainly, my lord,” replied Emily, gayly smiling, and half raising her eyes—“it is a stray of my own; composed when I was a mere rustic, wandering in the woods and wilds of Ireland, and thinking of my obstinate charming cousin:—it seemed something odd thus to hear the echo of my heart from your lips, especially as I never gave the air to more than

one human being, and she was not likely to fall in your way."

A strange, cold tremor ran through the frame of the marquis—"Ah! God," thought he, "who then was that *one human being*?" Yet to discover even the object of our fear is among the invariable though painful propensities of human nature. Almost breathless, he faltered out, at last, an inquiry. The marchioness replied, in the same gay, careless tone, "I detest Ireland so thoroughly from its having given you an unfavorable impression of your poor little wife, and Emily Fitzallen so much for having made my paternal mansion a miserable home to me, that I never willingly think of, much less mention, either one or the other." "And who," said the marquis, in an impressive manner, "is this Emily Fitzallen?" "Nay," cried his lady, "it is your own fault if you do not know; for she has made no small figure in my little history. I wonder my father never told you the extraordinary scene we had, when my grandmother's will was opened, with her upstart, insolent favorite. The proud, passionate wretch, no sooner found herself thrown on my mercy,—though well she knew she might have trusted it,—than the fury glared at once through the veil of her consummate beauty. I think even now I see, and hear her, solemnly vowing a revenge on me, which happily it will never be in her power to execute; or hardly Heaven could save me;—so vindictive do I know her."

The marquis raised his hands and eyes, in an agony too mighty for expression; and rushed out of the saloon, ere his groans should lead to the mysterious sorrow struggling at his heart, the yet happy daughter of Sir Edward. Thrown at his length in the garden, he tore his hair, and gave way to the frenzy of instantaneous, horrible conviction. "Oh! Emily," exclaimed he, "adored, unfortunate Emily, didst thou know how successful this fiend has

already been, what but death could follow?—Alas! that is, perhaps, only for a little while delayed, and we shall both become her victims. The minute, inexplicable informations of that deliberate destroyer, that smiling Hypolito, are now accounted for: too well do I perceive that the fiend yet walks this earth, vanishing at intervals, only to seduce me into such exquisite guilt, as shall give her, when she again appears, a yet more exquisite power of torturing. That I should, till the moment I fell into the snare, have been ignorant of the existence of this serpent,—and that I should *now—now* first learn it! Oh! just, yet killing punishment!—blind, arrogant, willful, I would not obey the voice of duty, or of gratitude. Alas! my heart's dear Emily, had I sought thee, as any other man would have been proud to do, in the house of thy ancestors; had I shown thee but the common respect due to Sir Edward Arden's daughter, this monster of iniquity would have been known to me; and never, never could she thus fatally have accomplished the vengeance, which hardly yet has a place in the apprehension of my beloved."

From the moment of this accidental explanation, which made no impression on the mind of the marchioness, peace and rest fled from her unhappy husband. The sad sense of an impending uncertain calamity, from which no human care could guard him, together with the painful consciousness of error, poisoned the dear delight of calling Emily his own, and wore him down to a skeleton.

"He withers at his heart; and looks as wan,
As the pale specter of a murdered man:
Nor, mixed in mirth, in youthful pleasure shares,
But sighs when songs and instruments he hears.
Uncombed his locks, and careless his attire,
Unlike the trim of love, or gay desire."

Yet impelled by a tender restlessness continually to add to the knowledge that killed him, whenever the marquis entered into conversation at all, it was to win, indirectly, from either Sir Edward or Emily, more minute informations and recitals, concerning this detested impostor. The strange singularity of her excelling on the flute was at once accounted for by his wife, who informed him that it had been the peculiar instrument of the master who taught both the ladies at Bellarney; and the bolder genius of Miss Fitzallen, she added, ever pursued what struck her fancy, without a thought of the proper or improper. Thus had she been accustomed, in playing, always to accompany Emily Arden; and in every accomplishment kept pace with her.

The more the marquis ruminated on the fatal rite which was the perpetual subject of his thoughts, the more he became convinced that, though a sudden resolve on his part, it was not so on that of the seducing Hypolito; nor had it been imperfectly solemnized. The witnessing priests, no less than the one who married him, were all men high in consideration; and too well he knew the impostor had cautiously secured documents of the ceremony, which he now plainly perceived no wealth could purchase, no agonies win her to give up. Never did he lift up his eyes to the still unsuspecting marchioness, without finding them ready to overflow upon the lovely wretch, who knew not yet that she was so.

The wan cheeks, the wild and haggard looks of the marquis, could not, however, be guarded from the observation of Sir Edward Arden, who saw too plainly some deep-seated sorrow in his soul, which it was his only employment to hide from his Emily,—the beloved of both. In hours of kindness and confidence, when they were alone, Sir Edward often sought to lead his nephew to a disclosure of his grief; but the effort generally produced

vague transports, threatening either despair or madness; and glad was the afflicted father to retreat again into ignorance, so that he could soothe to peace pangs wholly unintelligible.

A love thus steeped in tears, is, however, too trying a sight for a father. Sir Edward, now again unable to endure a state of total retirement, hinted to Emily that it would be advisable to return to Naples. She readily consented, from the idea that the melancholy she perceived yet lurking about the marquis, and now, she feared, infecting her father, might proceed from the sacrifice both made of society for her sake. At Naples she should, at least, feel that they were independent of her; nor would it be necessary for her to mix with them in its gay circles.

Ah! hapless Emily, couldst thou have known the misery awaiting thee at Naples, to the extremity of the earth wouldst thou have flown to avoid it!—A few days after her return, the marchioness was persuaded by her husband and father to drive on the Corso. Before her was an equipage, which they all perceived was English. The slow parade of its motion made the servants of the marquis pass it abruptly; and curiosity to see who of their own country it might contain, caused all the party to lean forward. A lovely face did the same in the other carriage; and with a power, scarce inferior to the fabled one of the Gorgon, transfixed, in a manner, a trio, who, at that moment, had not a single thought of Miss Fitzallen. It was herself—that fair fiend, gay, triumphant, elegantly attired, and sumptuously attended. Her face was too strongly impressed on Sir Edward's memory to be mistaken; to his daughter it was familiar as her own; to the marquis it became a vision of guilt and horror. Ah! had either of his companions instantaneously turned towards him, words would not have been wanting to tell

the cause of all his silent struggles, his embittered enjoyment:—his heart died at once within him thus to find his worst fear verified.

Emily, suddenly recollecting that to the marquis this fatal face was unknown, turned to account to him for the astonishment which it had excited in herself and her father. She saw him sunk lifeless and low in the carriage; and snatching his hand, found on it the chill of death. Miss Fitzallen was no more remembered; the whole world vanished from the eyes of the agitated wife; and prognosticating a second attack of the marquis's fearful fever, she hastened home to call medical assistance, and use every possible precaution. Happily the common methods for alleviating the diseases of the body are the only ones that can lessen the anguish of the mind. Loss of blood, abstinence, and solitude, misery requires no less than fever. The last of these prescriptions gave this unfortunate husband the painful privilege of shutting his chamber-door on all the world,—even on his adored Emily. Once more alone, he would have regulated his ideas; but thought was chaos. He would perhaps have died, had he not known that he must alike kill the wife he adored. Alas! he could only rend his hair, and groan, till exhausted nature relieved herself by stupefaction.

To address with supplication the heart base enough to lead him on to guilt, the marquis saw, as soon as he could reflect, would be a vain attempt; and only show the infamous Miss Fitzallen the extent of power she had acquired. To threaten, might lead her to assert it.—Whence, too, came she? How had she escaped the horrors of the earthquake? how acquired the splendor with which she was surrounded? and under what name and character had she been received in society? Ah! where was he to gain self-command and patience enough to pur-

sue these minute and odious inquiries? Yet, if they should ultimately tend to break the tie so abhorred, and render Emily happy, was it not his duty to sacrifice every feeling to that great one?

Under this impression, the marquis again resolved to dissemble what was passing in his heart; and, by mixing with the gay nobles of the Neapolitan court, trace out the whole secret history of this striking stranger. What was his astonishment, when he returned into that circle, to understand that she was no stranger there!—that, while he was vainly seeking her in the character of Hypolito, without any disguise, and in her own name, Miss Fitzallen had inhabited Naples, almost from the day he left it; where she was considered as a beautiful Irish heiress, enchanting in her manners, and careless in her habits! A woman who dares affect this character, has all the male sex at once on her side. Not an associate of the marquis who did not profess himself of her train; yet not once impeached her conduct, although it was by all considered as very equivocal. To his other cruel chagrins the marquis now added that of knowing, if this woman once dared to assert her marriage, and the laws sanctioned it, she would bring on him, in her own person, indelible infamy; since it was sufficiently obvious that she could have no wealth which vice did not procure. Yet so well are disgraceful secrets usually kept, that it might be for ever out of his power to prove the guilt he in a manner witnessed. But was it for him to attempt proving guilt on any other human being? Did he not crawl upon the earth, the abhorred of his own soul, and endure existence but for the sake of that angel, whom his adoration alone had sullied? Such was the beginning, such the end, of the daily, nightly meditations of the Marquis of Lenox.

Time, however, crept on; and no material change in the situation of any party occurred. Emily Fitzallen, occu-

pied with herself, her lovers, and her gallantries, seemed not to mean any further to annoy the marquis. Sir Edward and his daughter knew not that they were to fear, and soon became used to see her. Could the miserable Lenox, therefore, have compounded with his conscience, he might yet have called his own every happiness, which love, friendship, and fortune, in rare union, sometimes lavish on humanity. Oh! most acute of miseries, to remember that by himself alone the cup of felicity could have been poisoned!

But it was not the fate of the marquis long to enjoy even the respite which doubt now gave. The Duke of Aberdeen had at length sent over to his daughter-in-law the splendid jewels promised on her marriage. They were the first set in the manner, since become so fashionable, called transparent. Emily's natural delicacy made her decline appearing at court, as her person now showed her situation; but these beautiful diamonds became so much the subject of discourse, that the queen sent to desire the marchioness would intrust them to her jeweler, to alter some of her ornaments by. The jewels were committed to his care, and the cause of their not being worn by their owner thus became public. As any trifle will amuse the great, the jeweler's house was immediately the resort of every lady who had, or thought she had, a right to either jewels or fashion. Nor was Miss Fitzallen wanting to her own consequence on the occasion. What was the situation of the marquis, when, an hour after her visit there, this billet was put into his hands!—"Hypolito is charmed with the jewels; in three days' time they must be sent, or you abide the consequence." The incensed and haughty soul of the marquis would have abided any consequence, but for the peculiar, the interesting condition of his Emily. The mere fact, without the least aggravation, would be death to her: but with the colorings this malig-

nant fiend might give it, madness would, perhaps, forerun some tremendous catastrophe. After the most desperate struggles with himself, an anguish past all description, the wretched Lenox tried to unfold a fabricated tale to Emily; and saw, in the alarm that instantly shook her, what the truth would infallibly have produced in so delicate a creature. How sweet was the relief that glowed on her countenance, when she at last wrung from his laboring heart a confession, that he had incurred a debt of honor, beyond the utmost amount of the money at his immediate command, nor could payment be delayed. "The jewels alone"—Emily suffered him not to conclude the sentence:—"Take them at once, my love; take any, or all of my fortune—Oh! that the whole of it could restore color to those bloodless cheeks, or peace to that beloved bosom! well indeed then would it be employed:

"For never should'st thou lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul."

Who would not have endured a daily martyrdom for such a creature?—Miss Fitzallen had the jewels she demanded. The only one the gentler Emily wished for, the heart of the marquis, was wholly her own.

It happened, a short time after, that an English nobleman gave a *fête* ere he quitted Naples, to which, of course, the marquis, his lady, and Sir Edward, were invited. The marquis always declined to partake any pleasure Emily retired from; and she no longer mixed in company. Sir Edward, either from thinking the absence of the whole family would be an affront to their countryman, or a latent taste for gayeties which he was not yet too far advanced in life to enjoy, accepted the invitation; though he joined not the party till late. Among the masked dancers he suddenly perceived one who appeared to him to be adorned with the unworn jewels of the marchioness.

Yet this was so unlikely, that her father drew near—rather to satisfy himself that they were not the same, than from the belief that they were. It was not possible to doubt their identity. Neither would the wearer allow hers to be doubted; for, as Sir Edward approached, Miss Fitzallen took off her mask, and, holding it carelessly in her hand, surveyed the incensed father with an exulting, malignant smile, as though she bade him drink to the dregs the deadly poison of conviction.

Almost frantic with wrath and indignation, Sir Edward rushed from the ball-room, and in one moment would have rendered the two beings most dear to him miserable for ever, but that their better angel had bade them retire early, and escape the storm.

Though the fever of passion raged the whole night in Sir Edward's bosom, reason, at intervals, endeavored to counteract it. In England, he recollected, that it was not unusual for assuming people to hire, at an extravagant price, additions to their own diamonds, on occasions of parade. The same custom might prevail at Naples; and the queen's jeweler have availed himself of the confidence reposed in him, to make a temporary advantage of ornaments which he knew the owner would not be near to recognize. This was possible, and only possible; for Sir Edward hardly could persuade himself that any jeweler would venture to intrust diamonds so valuable at a masquerade; or that any person would choose to hire those so singular in their taste, as to prove they could belong only to one lady. There was yet another remote idea came to his relief, (for it was death to him to think but for a moment, that her husband had thus plundered and insulted his daughter)—Emily herself might have been acted upon by this artful, mean creature, and have given her now a princely fortune in her diamonds. He remembered her having presented to Miss Fitzallen, when she

so insolently quitted Bellarney, all the jewels she then possessed (for the bounty had been haughtily and ungratefully returned into his own hands): Emily might not, in the fervor of her feelings, have either taken into view the vast difference in the value of the benefaction, nor the disgrace which must result either to herself, or her lord, in allowing a woman of a character at the best dubious, publicly to appear in ornaments prepared for, and only suitable to, a duchess.

Morning, however, at length came; and though prudence had imposed present silence on Sir Edward, he was not the less determined to trace to its source this extraordinary incident. When an hour of loneliness gave him opportunity to try how far his daughter was concerned, he turned, as if accidentally, the conversation on the jewels. Emily blushed, sighed, and strove, by beginning on another subject, to waive that. Though this too plainly proved that her diamonds were gone, yet, in the painful state of her father's mind, he was obliged rather to wish the egregious folly of giving them away might be proved upon his daughter, than a cruel doubt remain that her husband had been guilty of ingratitude and baseness. Sir Edward was on the point of reproving Emily for thus unworthily bestowing the magnificent present of the Duke of Aberdeen, when his native pride prevailed; and, by his not deigning to utter the name of Miss Fitzallen, his alarmed daughter understood all he applied to that base woman as referring to the marquis, for it never occurred to her that she could be suspected by a human being of having given to any creature but her husband such valuables. In her perplexity she betrayed, without designing it, how she had disposed of them; but, shocked at the obvious change in Sir Edward's face, extorted a promise of secrecy from him, by the offer of unreserved confidence. That promise was so necessary to his learning

all she could tell him, that her father did not hesitate to comply. She then imparted the specious tale of the marquis's loss at the gaming-table, and expressed the sweet relief which her heart found in taking from his the disgraceful weight of a debt of honor. To smooth the deepening furrows on her father's brow, Emily ventured to vouch that this debt was single in its kind, and generously called on Sir Edward to rejoice that the first went to such an extent, as would, in a rational mind, prevent a folly from becoming a habit. Sir Edward, though, perhaps, not more satisfied than at the beginning of the explanation, saw such merit and tenderness in Emily's conduct, that he yielded to her entreaties, and promised never to mention either the jewels or the debt of honor to the marquis. On his own part, he carefully concealed from his nephew the painful knowledge he had thus accidentally acquired; resolving, by future watchfulness to fathom his heart, if the fault lay so deep, and to admonish him, if it should only influence his conduct.

Time, however, passed on; and the tender lovers, inseparable in their pleasures, gave no cause to the most watchful parent for dissatisfaction. Sir Edward had almost forgotten his cause of distrust; when, in a moment of hilarity, it not only revived, but became indelibly impressed. In a meeting of the dissolute part of the Neapolitan nobles, with the gay travelers who wander from England to disseminate the bad habits of their own country, and bring home those of all they visit, Sir Edward found Miss Fitzallen the subject of very light discourse, which began with her being toasted by an Italian after the marchioness, and rejected by an Englishman, as not a fit association. The sprightly sallies of gallantry and admiration this creature excited in her defenders, would have been ill borne by Sir Edward, had he not taken a strong interest in her conduct, from the desire he

still had to learn the means by which she had obtained his Emily's jewels. He now began artfully to unbend ; and the company with eagerness listened to authority so indubitable, when Sir Edward recounted all he knew of her history : he concluded with an obvious desire to benefit in turn by their communications, and a marked wonder at the high style of her establishment, since he knew her without any inherited resources. A laugh, that proved he had shown ignorance where he might have been supposed to have information, embarrassed Sir Edward ; who, struggling to conceal his anxiety, redoubled his address, fully to develop those truths which he almost trembled to know. Without hesitation, the thoughtless party spoke of a variety of lovers as favored by Miss Fitzallen, and lavishing their wealth on her : but the most profuse, they all admitted, was Count Montalvo, who *first took her from the Marquis of Lenox*. Sir Edward Arden thought his senses failed him ; or rather, that apprehension shaped into words the workings of his fancy. The conversation, however, was pursued.—Those who had named the marquis, rather treated him as one who had formerly followed, than who now paid her homage. Sick, sick at heart, the fond father smiled ; though on his lips the smile stiffened almost into convulsion, that still he might hear : and hear he did. The name of Hypolito at length was mentioned ; and the start of Sir Edward showed this, as applied to Miss Fitzallen, to be a discovery. He now was obliged to encounter their railery on his own blindness, and had the vexation of hearing that almost every one around him had discovered this favored youth to be a woman, who had thus disguised herself to deceive the uncle, and make the nephew happy.

And now, to the jaundiced sight of Sir Edward, the whole horrible truth stood revealed in its most odious

colors. In this nephew, so beloved, admired, esteemed, he suddenly beheld a man capable of licentiousness and hypocrisy in the first instance—baseness and ingratitude in the last. He now could recollect that the features of this feigned Hypolito had from the first struck him as not new to his eye: still they caused no suspicion: confiding, as he did at that time, in the marquis, and almost inseparable from both. When he saw in the impostor the talents, mien, and manners of a youth, how was it possible that he should surmise her sex? Yet well he remembered, long after the earthquake at Messina, the agony of the marquis when Hypolito was named; and he bitterly reproached himself for not reflecting, that the feeling of man for man never produced so pungent a pang.

That the marquis, at Messina, either by the calamity, or her own choice, had lost the worthless wanton, was, to the erroneous judgment of Sir Edward, obvious: that he never bestowed a thought on Emily Arden till that moment seemed equally obvious. It is true, that when he met, he condescended not to hate the gentle creature who lived in his looks: nay, he even deigned to marry her. But no sooner did the beautiful impostor appear, in the new charm of her own shape, than she resumed her full empire over the ungenerous marquis; and he not only sacrificed to her his fortune and his honor, but feeling, nay, even decency. “And such, then, is the husband whom I have a thousand times implored Heaven to bestow upon my innocent, my noble-minded Emily!” groaned forth the afflicted father.

One only hope of happiness remained to them all, in the judgment of Sir Edward, and that was a hope horrible to humanity. A single lover might not be able to attach Miss Fitzallen; a single fortune certainly could not support her; and if once the marquis discovered

that he only shared her heart, her reign would be over. Sir Edward had pledged himself to endure the scene before him with patience, and he determined that he would do so ; though his secret soul misgave him, that the fair fiend, if she ruined not the husband by her extravagance, would sooner or later destroy the wife by her malice.

The favorite and trusted valet of Sir Edward knew his master too well not to understand something of the cares that preyed on his peace. From that domestic, Sir Edward had the additional vexation of hearing, that every servant in the family had, from the first, suspected the sex of the feigned Hypolito ; but that they all concluded it to be a love affair of the young lord's, which his uncle would not see. He, too, confirmed the opinion of his master, that, in the earthquake at Messina, this disguised favorite vanished : and the affliction her lover long showed, proved he believed her to have been among the victims.

By means of his valet, Sir Edward now had a strict watch kept on the wanderings of the melancholy Lenox ; but, from these, malice itself could have drawn no conclusion against him. No being could point out the moment which he passed not in lonely misery, save those he beguiled in the society of Emily and her father. Yet the latter no longer sought, still less condescended, to soothe him. Each had his own sad secret to guard ; and the marchioness became soon the only link between two hearts, that once preferred each other to the whole world.

Nor was even Emily without a latent fear,—a buried sorrow. Among her insipid Italian female visitants, one had been found capable of shocking her with the information of who now possessed, and affectedly displayed, those rich baubles, that seemed to have been sent only to

torment her : and though it was possible that the winner of the immense debt, which the jewels were appropriated to pay, might gratify Miss Fitzallen with them, it was likewise possible that the marquis himself might have been the donor. The long absences which he rendered every day longer, perplexed and afflicted his wife ; who, more and more confined from her situation, had ample leisure for conjecture. Had she too set a spy on the marquis, well would she have known that the periods when he no longer gladdened her sight were always spent by him in the deepest shade of some convent garden, in solitude, penitence, groans, and anguish.

The days that passed rapidly to the fearful Emily, seemed to creep to the marquis ; who expected, with more than a lover's impatience, with more than a father's anxiety, the one which would render her a mother : as her recovery would leave him at liberty to hasten to England, where alone he could satisfy his mind as to the predicament the laws of that country would place him in. By those of Italy, he knew himself condemned, unless Miss Fitzallen consented to prove the marriage incomplete. This was an inquiry too delicate to intrust to any human being ; nor dared he on paper commit himself. Every day, every hour, he ardently repeated with what impatience he should hasten, when able, to England ; and even Sir Edward, not knowing how to reconcile this lively anxiety to return, with the charm which he still fancied Italy contained for the marquis, now gave him credit for reviving virtue, and now despised him for consummate hypocrisy.

Sir Edward, foreseeing how little Emily would like to mix in the Neapolitan society, and quite convinced that it was necessary, in her condition, to take exercise and amusement, had resolved to surprise her with a useful present. He had, therefore, ere she left the country,

employed his grooms to break a set of beautiful Spanish horses; and procured a light, low, elegant kind of carriage, which ladies often safely drive. The rides round Naples are beautiful, but not contiguous; and thus was the marchioness to be seduced into exploring them. The sweetly fancied carriage no sooner was seen, than, like the diamonds, it became the object of universal attraction. Miss Fitzallen was among those whom it captivated;—to admire, and to appropriate, was, with her, always the same thing. The success of her first bold demand insured her whatever else she might require of the marquis; and another peremptory billet from her almost overset his reason. The little equipage in question had not been *his* gift; it had no comparative value; nor could human ingenuity invent a mode of obtaining it from the generous owner, that would not wound her to the heart. Yet, O! too sure the fiend must be silenced. A day and night of exquisite torture, on the part of the marquis, announced to Emily another impending affliction; when her tender importunity wrung from his sad soul an insincere confession, that he had, in an hour of accidental inebriation, wantonly staked her little favorite carriage and horses; which, having lost, he found, to his unspeakable chagrin, that no equivalent would be accepted, nor any thing on earth but the simple stake. The tender Emily listened, but it was no longer with an implicit reliance on his honor and veracity. Neither could she find, in this recital, however agitated his manner, that openness or probability by which his actions had been heretofore characterized. Yet it was certain, whatever the cause, that he greatly desired the beautiful trifle in question; and it was still her duty, as it had always been her pleasure, to comply with every wish of his. She faintly hinted a fear of offending her father; but bade the marquis honorably acquit himself to his in-

exorable opponent: nor could she account for the burning drops which her cheek the next moment imbibed from that of her husband, as with a long embrace he strained the generous charmer to his heart.

Perhaps, rather to please her father than herself, Emily had shown a singular delight in this little carriage; and he had fully felt the delicacy of her gratitude. She now continually made excuses for staying at home, which Sir Edward sometimes yielded to, and at others sought to overrule; urging her health as his motive. His daughter became chagrined and embarrassed. A secret consciousness that she had not wholly relied on the account of the marquis, as to the disposal of her father's present, made her hesitate to repeat it. She therefore slightly answered, that she found the Spanish horses were too spirited. Sir Edward was hastening to talk to the grooms on that subject, when his daughter, with increasing embarrassment, stopped him, by saying that the alarm she had taken, had made her resolve to put it out of her own power to risk so dangerous an indulgence in future, by desiring the marquis to change the carriage with one of his friends, who was urgent to get such another. The simplicity of this account, though he might have thought his little gift too slightly valued, would, at another time, have entirely satisfied Sir Edward; but, watchful as he was now become, and sweetly ingenuous as he had ever found his Emily, it was impossible but he must perceive that she veiled the fact, if she was too upright to falsify it.

To accord, however, with her father's wish, as far as was in her power, the marchioness ordered her coach to be made ready; and, attended by her woman, drove to the Corso. What a spectacle awaited her there! Miss Fitzallen, in all the insolence of exultation, seated in the beautiful carriage, so lately Emily's, was driving the same horses in the English style, to the admiration of a

set of Italian nobles, by whom she was surrounded. Hardly could Sir Edward's gentle daughter suppose even her vindictive spirit capable of an outrage so gross: but her woman could not forbear confirming the fact, by an exclamation of disdain. At that moment the gay, insulting fiend, perceiving by the livery who was approaching, made her coursers fly as close as she dared to the coach of the marchioness; who, lifting her tearful eyes to heaven, pressed her white hands on the heart that had betrayed her peace, in adoring, as she believed, a worthless object, and sunk back in a swoon.

The proud career of Miss Fitzallen was something checked, however, by her meeting, in the way, Sir Edward Arden on horseback. His indignant eye suddenly fell from herself to the well-known horses: again it was pointedly raised to her face, and again, with contempt and fury, glanced upon the carriage. A look informed him that the base woman who had, through the marquis, thus poorly plundered his daughter, wanted the decency to expunge from her acquisition even the arms of Lenox. Sir Edward stopped his horse a moment, as dizzy and stupefied; but, recovering himself, turned the animal round, and was presently by the side of Miss Fitzallen; who felt not quite easy at finding he meant to accompany her. She slackened the reins, and summoned all her resolution, when she saw him alight at the same moment she did, and abruptly follow her into her own hotel. Passing into the first apartment, from a something of fear she could not control, she threw herself into a seat; and, with her usual dauntless air, demanded to know to what extraordinary occasion she was to impute the extraordinary intrusion of Sir Edward Arden. "The intrusion is so extraordinary to himself," returned that gentleman, "when he considers the person whom he has joined, that he will speak to the point, and spare discussion:—all

other feelings are lost in those of the father. I come not, madam, to *ask* aught. I come to *command* you to efface, from the beautiful bauble you have just quitted, the arms of the Marquis of Lenox. Though he may empower you to destroy the peace of his wife, it remains with her father to guard her honor.”—“Have a care, Sir Edward,” returned the lady, suffering all the fury to glare over her fine features,—“have a care how you venture a *command* to me. If ever your daughter carries a point in which I am concerned, it must be by very different means.”—“Weak, insolent, wanton woman!” cried Sir Edward, with increasing bitterness, “do you mistake me for the worthless young man over whom you tyrannize with a power so absolute? Do you think it possible that *I* should ever level his mistress with his wife?”—“Address to your own daughter,” retorted the lady, with a smile of diabolical triumph, “those gross terms, misapplied, when lavished on me. *Command* her to efface from her carriage the arms of the Marquis of Lenox. Bid her lay down *my* title; and when you henceforth speak of the mistress of your nephew, think of Emily Arden; when you mention his wife, remember only *me*.”

Too powerful was the emotion of Sir Edward's nature at this assertion, incredible as the fact appeared, for him to utter a single syllable.—Miss Fitzallen, after a pause, resumed—“I can easily guess what weight my claim would have, did it depend only on my own word, or your idolized nephew's honor. But I have full, authentic documents, which prove me the wife of the marquis, months ere he in idle pageant gave that name to your daughter: and here,” cried she, opening a locket which hung at her bosom, and taking from it the witnessed certificate, which she spread before the miserable father's eyes,—“is one irrefragable proof, which will convince even you, that my marriage with him was solemn, regular, and valid.”

Sir Edward Arden's quick eye, rendered even more quick by disdain, saw (and, seeing, recognized) the handwriting of Padro Anselmo, with whom he had once held a literary correspondence; nor were the names of the witnessing priests unknown to him. Wrung as he was to the last gasp of suffering nature, the dignity of his mind did not desert him. With that lofty obeisance which is rather a respect paid to ourselves, than the object before us, Sir Edward in silence admitted the claim, however insolently made, and hastily withdrew: while in his pallid countenance too plainly appeared the deep, the uncontrollable anguish of his soul.

Nor was it anguish alone which the insulted father felt—unconquerable indignation, burning rage, strung every nerve, and the storm burst only with more dreadful violence for his having allowed it to collect with a deceiving stillness. Calmly mounting his horse, he rode home, and there giving it to his groom, returned as usual to his own apartment. Having taken thence a pair of pistols, he always kept in high order, and ready loaded, he resorted to a convent-garden, which his spy had informed him was among the favorite haunts of the lonely, melancholy marquis.

Sir Edward was too successful in his research.—In the most retired spot of the sacred ground, where a deep shade extended over a sainted oratory, thrown at his length upon a stone seat near the entrance, and lost in mournful meditation, was the interesting object of Sir Edward's fury. There had been a time when so to have seen his darling nephew would have melted Sir Edward to the weakness of childhood. The waste of his graceful form was never more visible. His wild and hollow eyes now scanned heaven impatiently, and now sunk heavily to the ground. No sense of pleasure—no flow of youthful vigor was now apparent in the unhappy Lenox.—Yet

did not his countenance bespeak the perturbation of guilt. A silent, sullen, impenetrable sorrow lived there; which, hoping nothing, demanded nothing: but draining as it were the sap from the tree, left it without life, though it fell not.

Yet who can wonder, in the deep sense of present injury and outrage, Sir Edward Arden lost for a moment the acute sensibility, nay, even the humanity of his nature? Fiercely approaching, without deigning a word, he offered to the unfortunate youth, who hastily started up on seeing his uncle, one of the pistols, and waived to him haughtily to take his ground. Acceptable from any other hand would have been the tendered death which the marquis dared not give himself; but from his uncle!—the father of his Emily!—He gazed on the friend he never more must call so, in mute misery. With the pistol he caught in fond agony the hand that held it, which he kissed in silence: it was the hand that had cherished his infancy—the hand that gave him the sad invaluable blessing he knew not even now how to part with. Sir Edward snatched it from him with a fury that almost threw him backwards. “Coward, too, are you, as well as villain?” cried he, with almost inarticulate passion. “Double your infamous perjury—swear to me that you are not married to Miss Fitzallen—that you did not deliberately dishonor”—his native pride would not allow him to finish the sentence. In a tone even yet more choked, he resumed, waiving with his pistol the due distance to the marquis, “Take your ground, sir; keep your guard; worthless as you are, I would not be your murderer.”

The youth had arisen, and a faint flush, at the personal insult of his uncle, gave a wild indignant charm to his natural beauty: but he spoke not—moved not—nor, though he held the pistol, did he lift it. Sir Edward observed him no more; but, conforming to the modes of duels, re-

treated properly, and turning, impetuously fired,—alas! with but too sure an aim. In one moment he beheld his nephew in the agonies of death. Passion expired—human resentment and injury were at once forgotten—and he who had killed the wretched young man, hung lamenting over him, even like a fond father by some unforeseen stroke rendered childless. The marquis perhaps accelerated his own fate, by a fruitless effort he again made to seize and kiss his uncle's hand. After a dreadful convulsion, he at length found voice to cry, “Fly, save yourself.—Oh God! save Emily: leave me to”—life now flitted from him, and Sir Edward remained a monument of horror.

And is it thus we daily arrogate to ourselves the bloody right of adding crime to crime, and call it honor—justice! an impious law, by which proud man lives to himself alone, and defies his Maker!

In the Neapolitan government, as well as many other Italian ones, justice is lame as well as blind; and he must be a lagging criminal indeed, who can not escape so tardy a pursuer. Hot and impetuous spirits have therefore often presumed to right themselves, and personal vengeance is become an almost licensed evil in civil society. The safety of Sir Edward was not endangered, as he well knew, by a duel; but the spot on which it had taken place was hallowed; he could not, being a protestant, claim sanctuary with the monks, therefore knew himself liable to be seized for sacrilege. In the situation of Emily this would be consummate ruin; and for her sake only did he think it necessary to guard himself from being stopped in retreating from the garden. The loaded pistol he was sensible would enable him to command his freedom; and, approaching again the lifeless body of his nephew, he took it from his hand, dropping the fatal one which he had himself fired. What cruel pangs seized

upon his heart, as, kneeling, he fondly gazed on the wan visage of the marquis, and groaned forth the name of his sister! Each feature seemed molded by death to a yet stricter resemblance of those long buried in the grave.—Again Sir Edward returned; again he wept; again he smote his breast; and willingly would he have laid down his own life to restore that which he had so rashly taken.

The part of the convent-ground in which the marquis had fallen, was at certain hours open to all visitants; nor did Sir Edward, either at entering or retiring, meet a single being. Not daring to risk one look from his widowed daughter, he retreated to a hotel, and sent for his valet; a rational man, in middle life, on whose conduct and fidelity he could fully rely. Having hastily and imperfectly imparted to this trusty domestic the fatal fact, he bade him think, if possible, how it could be for a time concealed from the unfortunate Emily; and how she could be wrought upon to remove from the terrible scene of her husband's death ere she knew she had lost him.

Sir Edward's valet, who had long seen some heavy evil brooding in the three bosoms, was less surprised than shocked at the present one. After pausing a moment, he called to his master's recollection, that in the bay lay prepared, for a little voyage to the neighboring isles, a small pleasure-bark, the marquis had purchased. This might in a few hours be ready to put to sea, and was the only way by which a lady in the condition of the marchioness could venture to travel, as well as a secure mode of avoiding either following couriers, or accidental intelligence. He offered immediately to wait on her, and, by a partial communication of the truth, prevent her from a more close inquiry: She would easily, he thought, be persuaded to embark, if informed that her husband

and father had both been engaged in a duel, in consequence of which, though unwounded, they had been obliged to quit Naples abruptly. In the interim, he promised to keep so strict a guard at home, that no alarm should reach the ear of the marchioness till she was again in her father's protection: but not as easy for his master's safety, as Sir Edward himself appeared, he exhorted him to mount his horse; and, posting through the Neapolitan dominions, make the utmost speed to gain those of the pope.

The distracted state of Sir Edward's mind caused him at once to acquiesce in those minute arrangements which he had hardly power to comprehend, much less make. His horses were soon ready; and, as motion seems always a temporary relief to an overcharged soul, he involuntarily complied with the advice of his faithful domestic, in hastening towards Rome, which he reached without attracting any observation.

The faithful valet of Sir Edward felt all the weight of the office which he had undertaken, when he learned that the marchioness had been brought home from the Corso in fits; and was now shut up in her chamber. From her woman, however, he heard not any thing that implied a knowledge of the truth; and, having dispatched orders to the mariners to be ready to sail in two hours, he imparted to the servants Sir Edward's directions to get immediately together whatever might be necessary for their lady's accommodation, when she should be disposed to go on board. While this was doing, he underwent the most painful apprehension lest the body of the unfortunate marquis should be brought home for interment, with the rude train of an unfeeling mob. The hours, however, passed on, and nothing alarming occurred. The abrupt and broken manner in which Sir Edward had spoken of the rencounter, marked not the place where it had hap-

pened, nor dared the prudent valet risk any inquiry, lest he should show prior information.

The bark was now ready; and the servants, having made due preparations, Sir Edward's valet desired to be admitted to Emily, whom he found lying on the bed, weak, dejected, and tearful: but she in a moment started hastily from it, on being told that her husband and father were obliged to fly, and implored her to hasten after them. The sad circumstances she was in, so much to others the object of consideration, as to detain the whole family for months at Naples, vanished at once from the mind of the impassioned wife—the affectionate daughter. Ah! could an unborn child engross a thought, when the life of the father was in question?

The bark of the marquis was one of a number which the nobles of Naples keep in the bay for parties of pleasure; and those who saw Emily carried into it, annexed no idea to her departure but that of amusement: and, indeed, the season was so favorable, and the shore so lovely, as to render this a very natural conclusion.

The widowed interesting Emily, as yet unconscious of her own misfortune, was no sooner off the shore of Naples, than a sudden lightness seized her heart. Its tormentor was left behind, and surely would not venture to pursue the marquis, to whom she fondly supposed herself hastening. The duel, she immediately concluded to have been between the count Montalvo and her husband; the former being generally spoken of as the favored lover of Miss Fitzallen, and the latter but too probably as his rival. She questioned the valet of Sir Edward: but he, who in reality was informed of very little, would not repeat that little, and only insisted, that he knew Sir Edward and the marquis went out together.

Ah! if they were indeed yet so, and in harmony with each other, might not this rencounter have the happiest

consequences, in removing from the eyes of the marquis that film which an illicit love had spread over them? With what facility does the heart adopt every idea that favors its feelings! The fancy of Emily now sweetly pictured her husband returning to her in confidence and love. She saw his amiable penitence—she heard his vows of future inalienable faith—she enjoyed the fond delight she should find in forgiving his errors, the endeared charm she might obtain in his eyes, by forgetting them. The most balmy slumbers followed contemplations so innocent and affectionate; and, when the marchioness awaked in the morning, she found herself in better health and spirits than she had known for a long time.

The little voyage was, by the management of Sir Edward's valet, ingeniously prolonged, though the marchioness knew it not, that his master might have time to prepare for her reception at Frescati, where Sir Edward had some time since procured a villa as an occasional residence for himself, to which it had been settled his hapless daughter should be conveyed. When the agreed time had elapsed, the bark put in at Cività Vecchia, where a litter, with some domestics of Sir Edward's, was in waiting. The interesting marchioness, supported by the energies of mind against the weakness of sex and situation, lost not a moment in rest at the port, but hastened to Frescati; impelled by a generous hope which she was not permitted to realize, that she should speak peace and consolation to one, or both, of those whom she believed to be waiting for her.

Like a worn wretch, who had never known quiet or rest since she saw him last, stood at the gate to receive her Sir Edward Arden: but, dear as he was, her heart demanded one yet dearer; and she cast her eyes anxiously round the saloon into which her father led her, in impatient silence. The swell of pride, which grief had a little

allayed in her absence, burst out again in all its violence, when Sir Edward cast his eyes on his dishonored child, ready to bring into the world a memento of perpetuated ignominy; all other considerations vanished from his mind. And, when Emily, in faltering accents, demanded her husband, the indiscreet, indignant father clasped her in his arms, and, in a haughty tone, exclaimed—"Unhappy girl, you have no husband; you never had one; the wretch, who, under that name, dishonored you, was already married to Miss Fitzallen: but he has expiated his crimes against us both with his life." Emily, who had made a violent effort to sustain herself, lest the truth should not be allowed to reach her ear, at these dreadful words, with almost supernatural strength, sprang from her father's arms, and turning on him a look of mute, repulsive horror, staggered to a couch, where, throwing herself on her face, she shut out with recollection, for a time, the deep sense of incurable anguish,—utter despair.

Sir Edward, sensible too late that he had risked, by this abrupt avowal, incurring a second misfortune, not inferior in magnitude to that he was lamenting, summoned her women to Emily, and warned them to be tender and careful of her. Long, long was it ere they could recall her to life—Ah! what was life to Emily?

"Why should she strive to catch convulsive breath?

Why know the pang, and not the peace of death?"

Existence was, perhaps, only prolonged in her by the agonizing effort which nature obliged her to make to bestow it. After a few hours of acute suffering, the nurses put into the arms of the exhausted widowed mother a poor little girl. By what fine working of the human soul is it, that we sometimes extract rapture from agony, and sweetness from shame? The first cry of the babe was a claim on the mother's affections, which time could never

weaken ; and, under all the sad circumstances attending the infant's birth, Emily was proud to hold in her arms a daughter of the Marquis of Lenox.

Far otherwise were the feelings of Sir Edward ; nature made him wish to preserve his own child, but in the bottom of his wounded heart lived a faint hope that the offspring of so many sorrows would not survive, merely to become a grievous record of them. The joy which the arrival, and promise of continued life in the little stranger, gave to his domestics, shocked and offended him ; nor did he less offend or shock all the females of his family, by peremptorily refusing to see the infant, and forbidding them even to mention it in his hearing, unless an inquiry came from him.

Torn as Sir Edward was by grief and remorse, his pride still prompted him to guard against the persecuting fiend, whose machinations, any more than her rights, might not end with the life of the marquis. But the passions of powerful minds take so high a tone from the understanding, that it is not easy for common observers to discriminate between their faults and their virtues. Actuated by that dignified pride, which, daring to humble itself to the dust, leaves the mean, or malignant, without any power of humbling it at all, Sir Edward Arden immediately resolved that his daughter should not appropriate aught that any human being had a right to take from her. Calling, therefore, together her domestics, and his own, he ordered the former to throw off the liveries of the Marquis of Lenox, and expunge his arms from her carriages ; concluding with a stern command to the astonished circle, never more to mention the name of his nephew in his hearing, or call his daughter by any other than that which he himself bore. His tone showed he would be obeyed : and he was so.

This grievous effort being made to provide against the

future attacks of the infamous Miss Fitzallen, Sir Edward resolved never more, if possible, to see, certainly never more to exchange a syllable with her, whatever steps either to soothe, or to exasperate him, or his daughter, she might hereafter take.

The morose humor in which Sir Edward had long been, together with the solitary life he now affected, co-operated with this singular and severe command, to give the servants an idea that his senses were touched by the death of the marquis; which the daily, nightly lamentations of the miserable Emily soon circulated in the family. It was whispered, universally, that the unfortunate youth had shortened his own days; which, though it occasioned much sorrow among the domestics, gave them little surprise. In fact, they had long apprehended that his wasting health, and deep melancholy, would have that horrible termination.

This report soon became no less general at Rome; and Sir Edward found, to his own astonishment, that the tremendous secret of who ended the life of the marquis, was confined to his own bosom, and that of the valet to whom he had himself confided it.

Cardinal Albertini, a prelate of the first rank and merit at Rome, who had long been in habits of particular friendship with Sir Edward, and who much admired and esteemed the marquis, now, with sympathetic tenderness, conveyed to the former a regular account of the melancholy fate of his nephew, as transmitted to the holy college by the superior of the convent where the body had been found. It expressed, without any doubt, that the unknown young man must have been his own executioner, as only one pistol had been found lying by him; and two balls, which were lodged in his side, had been indisputably discharged from that pistol.

Sir Edward now remembered, with mute horror, hav-

ing taken from the lifeless hand of his nephew the loaded pistol ; though, in so doing, he only sought to secure his own departure from the convent, not to vail his act.

He resumed the letter. The fathers of the convent were ignorant of English ; and all the letters and papers found on the body were unfortunately in that language. The disgrace of having had their holy precincts stained with blood made them so cautious who they called in as a translator, that some time passed ere they could be sure that the miserable victim of his own rashness was identically the Marquis of Lenox. A faithful brother was then dispatched in search of his uncle, Sir Edward Arden ; but through a singular and unlucky chance he was just gone by sea, with his daughter, on a party of pleasure to Frescati. The melancholy duty of interment admitting, as must be obvious, of no delay, the marquis was buried with the utmost privacy, and the whole as yet had been kept a secret in Naples. It was now submitted to the Holy Father of the church to judge of their proceedings ; and give such instructions for informing the young nobleman's relations as he in his piety and wisdom should see fit.

So extraordinary a circumstance as that of having, by mere accident, escaped the odious stigma attending a duel with his nephew, was matter of perpetual astonishment to Sir Edward. But it is not in the secrecy of its fault a noble mind finds any mitigation of suffering : the specious palliations, the extenuating pleas, which self love boldly urges against the censures of the world, an ingenuous nature dares not bring before the secret tribunal of conscience, where man sits sole judge of his own actions on this side of the grave. At that awful tribunal, Sir Edward Arden every day, every hour, pronounced his own condemnation ; and the image of his bleeding, dying nephew, fondly striving to clasp the unrelenting hand which had struck at his life, was for ever present to his eyes.

Ah! how is it that our deep sense of a past fault prevents not the commission of a new one? Had compunction operated to amendment, Sir Edward would, with endeared fondness, have soothed the daughter he had widowed, and have kept in his "heart of hearts" the babe whom he had made fatherless. But his impetuous nature was unequal to sorrowing for more than one object; and, while he lamented the dead without ceasing, he shunned, nay almost hated, the innocent causes of his crime.

That Emily should shrink from her father's sight was, in her weak and melancholy situation, too natural. The little sensibility he had shown for her, in abruptly disclosing her loss, with its mortifying and calamitous occasion, was never absent from her mind. The harsh and cruel sound of his fine-toned voice, when pronouncing, "*you have no husband—you never had one*"—rang like the knell of death for ever in her ears; nor did her ignorant attendants leave her unacquainted with the humiliating command given by Sir Edward, that she should be called in future Miss Arden only: thus marking with opprobrium the precious infant that once was to inherit the highest hopes,—superior rank,—immense fortunes. When life had thus lost every charm to the widowed Emily, the recollection, that in the grave she should escape from the authority of this inexorable father,—that the killing tone of his voice could no more wither there her heart,—that she should, at last, sleep in peace with the Marquis of Lennox,—made that cold retreat, which human nature commonly shrinks from, to her a dear and desirable asylum. To the poor infant, when the nurses put it into her arms, Emily would fondly whisper,—"*Thou, my beloved innocent, wilt grow up, as thy mother never did, under that severe eye, which will, perhaps, deign to beam tenderness on thee when I can offend no more. Thou wilt not shudder at the sound of that decisive voice; for the destruc-*

tion of thy happiness it may never announce: thou art among the few, the very few, to whom the loss of parents is ultimately a blessing."

Feelings and lamentations like these might well, in the reduced state of Sir Edward's daughter, urge on the fate she implored. A slow fever seized her; and, having first robbed the babe of its natural nourishment, finally left the mother hardly power to receive any to recruit her strength. Dr. Dalton began to be alarmed, and apprised Sir Edward of the precarious state in which he thought the lady. Her father started, as from a dream, and almost envied the fate she was threatened with. Her danger increased; and as Sir Edward was one day gloomily ruminating on its probable termination, he suddenly recollected, that in the singular predicament his daughter was placed in, by this disputable marriage, her child's right to the immense inheritance vested in herself, might one day be contested, perhaps with success, by the remote heirs of the Bellarney family; unless (as Emily was turned of twenty-one) she made a will, clear and unequivocal, in favor of her daughter. To suggest so mortifying, as well as alarming a measure, to a young creature almost on the verge of the grave, required all the firmness of Sir Edward: but he calculated his own feelings at so high a rate, as to fancy he imposed on himself, in seeing the mother and a child whom he abhorred, and discussing this odious and painful necessity, a suffering quite equal to that of Emily.

If to see his daughter was an effort to Sir Edward, to receive his visit was almost death to Emily: she no sooner heard the sound of his feet at the chamber-door, than she shrunk trembling into the arms of her attendants, and fell into fainting fits. The horrible remembrance of his last abrupt disclosure, made, however, all that he could now say, more trying in the apprehension than reality. His assertion might be too true, that the un-

happy child, were her legitimacy undisputed, could not inherit the entailed estates of the Lenox family ; and Sir Edward himself had only a competence to give. The estates of the Earl of Bellarney alone could be rendered its ample provision ; and to prevent future lawsuits with her heirs on the maternal side, Emily must, Sir Edward said, by will secure all her inheritance to the infant.

The tender mother, and obedient daughter, gave no other reply to her father's discourse, than that she submitted to his judgment the right and proper, and should fulfill this last duty to him and to her child whenever he should command her.

But what a trying duty did it prove to the poor Emily, when the moment came when she was obliged to hear read, in the presence of the necessary witnesses, this legal instrument. Conscious, through the whole term of her existence, only of generous tenderness, of hallowed obedience, of every pure and virtuous feeling which softens or elevates humanity, the innocent daughter of Sir Edward, the chaste wife of the Marquis of Lenox, was obliged to hear herself ignominiously recorded as Emily Arden ; while the fatherless babe at her bosom was not allowed to derive even a name from the noble family of her husband, but alike termed Emily Arden, as the only mode of securing it from poverty. Yet was not Sir Edward's proud and embittered spirit less overwhelmed ; he seemed almost frantic.

The sweet saint, who was the more immediate sufferer, with pale composure desired to be lifted and supported in her bed ; and, bending solemnly over her child, raised her hands awhile in earnest, though silent supplication to Heaven ; then meekly kissed and blessed the smiling cherub—"Dear child of misfortune, memento of misery," sighed she, "become not its sad inheritor. Be the last pangs of thy father, the daily anguish of thy mother, in

the sight of God, sweet babe, a merit to thee! and, through his mercy, whatever name the pride of man may give or take from thee, may'st thou ripen into a blessing to all who cherish thy little being, an honor to him who bestowed it!" Emily then signed the memorable will; and duly delivered it, inclined towards her kneeling father with touching dignity, as bending for his blessing; but finding it only in his sobs, turned in silence, and waved thence all the spectators; as though her life had been closed by this act of Christian grace and sad submission.

That lively remembrance of the past, which made Sir Edward Arden's days a burden to him, recurred with additional force after this severe trial of his feelings. He found too sensibly that he could never become a comfort to his unhappy daughter; and he felt she was a caustic to the wound ever bleeding in his heart. He therefore changed the scene awhile, and sought, by mixing in the lettered circles of Rome, to diversify his thoughts which, in solitude, dwelt ever on a single object.

Among the grievous and odious necessities of Sir Edward's situation, had been that of giving information to the Duke of Aberdeen of his son's early and dreadful catastrophe. Unwilling to avow the act of passion which he was ashamed to conceal, he had forborne addressing the childless duke, till Cardinal Albertini sent to him the simple record of the Neapolitan monks. A copy of this he could remit, and not implicate himself, and in his own narration he only included the account of the marquis's fixed attachment to Miss Fitzallen, and the gross insults that followed towards his wife; the arrogant assertion by that worthless woman of her legal rights, and his carrying from Naples his daughter in consequence of this discovery. He concluded with describing, in bitterness of soul, the decided manner in which he had obliged his

daughter to recede from a disgraceful contest, by laying down the title of the marquis; and called upon the duke to bewail with him the birth of a granddaughter, who could only become a grievous memento to both of the crime of the father, and the misfortune of the mother.

It is ever in the power of virtuous and enlightened minds to pour balm into the deep wounds of human calamity. Sir Edward Arden's friends at Rome well knew the heavy visitations in his own family, which had shaken his character, and preyed upon his peace: all, with unremitting kindness, sympathized in his sorrows, till insensibly their severity abated. The venerable Cardinal Albertini manifested a particular interest in them, and hardly more for Sir Edward's own sake than his nephew's. The sweetness of temper, elegance of manners, and frankness of heart, that always characterized the Marquis of Lenox, caused him to leave an impression on the minds of those to whom he was known, not common for young noblemen of his age to make, when on their travels. It was therefore sensibility, and not curiosity, which actuated the cardinal to learn if possible from Sir Edward, the unknown cause of the deep despair which had, in the young man, so fatal a determination as that described by the Neapolitan monks' memorial.

There are moments when the surcharged heart can not resist the secret workings of unmerited kindness. In one of these the afflicted father disclosed all of his distressful story, but the sad truth that his hand had shortened the days of his nephew. He amplified on the joy he took in the birth of the marquis—on the love he had ever borne him—described the mortal chagrin which his nephew's coldness towards the bride proposed to him, in his own daughter, had often given him; and passing from thence to the history of Emily, described her innocent predilection for her cousin, her successful little romance,

and the peace all parties enjoyed when he and his nephew quitted England. Sir Edward now came upon the imposture of Miss Fitzallen, and the fatal success of the diabolical artifice. But it was not possible for him to trace the infamous means by which she had kept her hold on the marquis, and urged him to injure and insult that amiable creature, whose honor she had at last sullied by claiming her husband, and whose days she would as certainly shorten in having caused so horrible a catastrophe.

Hardly could a stoic have heard a father tell his own sad story thus impressively, without emotion: the venerable cardinal was all sympathy and sorrow. The affecting pause was at length broken by that prelate's inquiring in what manner Sir Edward had been convinced of the prior marriage? When told, again he paused: Padre Anselmo, of Messina, was not unknown, either as a lettered or a pious man, in Rome; and the cardinal was struck with chagrin to learn that he had been the officiating priest at the fatal ceremonial. Another long silence followed—again broken by the cardinal, who, in a more animated manner, inquired of Sir Edward if he was sure Padre Anselmo had survived the earthquake? It was a question that had never occurred to the passionate father: yet, oh! how comprehensive was the possibility!—the marquis again lay bleeding at his feet,—killed without sufficient provocation, perhaps; and his knees knocked together. The cardinal, seeing in his agitation only anxiety, and wholly unsuspecting of his self-accusation, assured Sir Edward that there were records in the college of all who had perished in the convulsions of nature in Sicily; and he had a wandering recollection of having seen Padre Anselmo numbered among those swallowed up; but he would be assured on this point ere they met again. The wary prelate took the further freedom of

advising Sir Edward to be very guarded as to any step that he might take respecting his daughter's nuptials, and the consequent claims of the marquis's child by her ; since it appeared to him almost impossible for the base Miss Fitzallen to authenticate her marriage ; and nothing but her doing that in the clearest and most unequivocal manner could affect the rights of a lady of the marquis's own rank in life, regularly united to him in all the rites of his and her own country, in the presence of her father, and with the full sanction of his.

And now, what became of Sir Edward, who saw that, had he advised with but one calm, rational, affectionate friend, he might perhaps have escaped whole years of anguish, and a life of conscious guilt ? Now, that he might be able to endure his own existence, he almost wished all inquiry on the painful subject stopped. It was some mitigation of misery and horror to believe the marquis the greatest criminal. Ah ! what would become of the wretched father, if he should be obliged to feel himself the only one ?

The beneficent cardinal knew how to sympathize in sorrows which he had never personally felt ; and saw, in the fair, unfortunate Marchioness of Lenox, a motive that quickened his diligence. The next day he hastened to confirm to Sir Edward the supposition he had formed. Padre Anselmo, with most of the fraternity, *had* been swallowed up with the great church, or buried in its ruins, and, to all human probability, even if the rite of marriage had been regularly solemnized between the marquis and Miss Fitzallen, it was now become impossible for her to establish any claim to his name or fortune ; nor would the church of Rome recognize or support the assumptions of a worthless woman, only because she called herself a member of it, against honor, justice, and the

rights of an infant, born, as it was obvious, either to all than can disgrace, or all that gives distinction in society.

The wildest frenzy of soul preyed in silence, as his friend spoke, on Sir Edward Arden: he—he himself then had eventually, as it appeared, become but the most decisive implement of Emily Fitzallen's vengeance; for had he not killed his nephew, and defamed his only child, merely to accomplish those views she never, without the aid of his blind passions, could have accomplished?

From this horrible contemplation on the ruin with which he had surrounded himself, Sir Edward was roused by the cardinal's proposing to visit Frescati, and comfort the youthful mourner with the intelligence that neither she, nor her daughter, need shrink from that world where their rights were yet unquestionable. But here, again, by an error of judgment, Sir Edward interfered. He represented Emily, as she really was, in a very precarious state—reconciled to her fate and the will of God, in its present form: but, as the discovery now made carried not conviction till confirmed by cautious inquiry, to awaken a hope, or quicken a pang in her bosom, might only tend to shorten the days which his benevolent friend wished to make long and peaceful. On the contrary, he thought it highly advisable, that they should both remain profoundly silent concerning the painful but important subject for the present: while he, who had no use for life but to serve or save his daughter, would immediately embark for Messina; where, by every inquiry ingenuity could devise, both among the monks, and the domestics of Count Montalvo, he would inform himself of such particulars as should ascertain the future rights of Emily and her infant, and prepare him to cope with the vindictive fiend whom he daily expected again to encounter.

The cardinal assured him Rome was not the place Miss Fitzallen would be likely to choose for the scene of an-

other exploit: since the estimation in which Sir Edward was held among the first circle of learned men there, and the rank and merit of his unfortunate daughter, would make it more probable that she should be sentenced to a dungeon as a licentious woman, than sanctioned in bringing forward any claim to the name or fortune of the marquis, were she daring enough to announce that intention. The purposed voyage of Sir Edward his venerable friend, however, approved; as well as the reasons he assigned for not communicating to the marchioness the apparent prospect of her assuming rights so dear to herself, so important to her child. Alas! this was the reasoning of man, and man only would thus have reasoned! The tender heart of woman would have told her, that the bleeding one of a lover might break, while cool calculations of the future were thus making.

Sir Edward, on returning to Frescati, found the fair mourner still invisible from debility—an alien still to comfort. Dr. Dalton, however, assured him, that the symptoms of present danger had disappeared, and it was possible she might recover. This news enabled the anxious father to prepare for his voyage with less reluctance. In the projected inquiry was comprehended a hope soothing to his pride on Emily's account, though killing to his peace on his own. Yet, at whatever cost to himself, he felt it his duty to invest her again, if he had a conviction of no prior claim that could be established, with the title he had so madly robbed her of. Could he once effect this, he intended immediately to set out with his whole family for England; where, placing Emily under the Duke of Aberdeen's protection, as the marquis's widow; and, having seen her child acknowledged as the heiress of both, he fully purposed to leave them; and, returning to Naples, expiate his sin, by mourning eternally on the grave of the marquis.

The bark that had conveyed the marchioness to Cività Vecchia was still lying there, and soon made ready to sail with Sir Edward Arden to Messina. Ah! could he have known how ineffectual the inquiries made by his unfortunate nephew on the same occasion had proved, never would he have visited the scene where all his miseries originated.

In sailing near the beautiful shore of Naples, how often was the self-reproaching Sir Edward tempted to land; and, on the spot where he had left the victim of his wrath, the beloved son of his beloved sister, weltering in his blood, to pour forth vain lamentations—eternal compunction:—but he conquered the powerful impulse, resolving first to fulfill every duty to the living; when his embittered soul told him that he should consecrate all his future existence to bewailing the dead.

It seemed as if the air that Sir Edward breathed had conveyed poison and death to his miserable daughter; for, from the day he quitted Frescati, her fever decreased. Emaciated and dejected she long continued; but her complaints no longer threatened to undermine her existence. With the dear increasing fondness of a mother she watched over the last memorial of a husband whom she still adored; and the cares necessary for her own preservation she could only be prevailed upon to take, by its being urged to her that they were essential to the welfare of her daughter.

The villa Sir Edward had taken was not large, but the grounds and gardens belonging to it inclosed variety of natural beauty, together with marble fragments of some vanished but memorable building, once seated on nearly the same spot. These gardens, though in a neglected, disordered state, abounded with the rich and beautiful plants natural to the soil, and cherished by the softness of the climate. In this solitary domain Emily suddenly

found herself sole sovereign, and explored its limits with a melancholy pleasure which the grand contention of glowing nature with majestic yet moldering art never fails to produce in a reflecting mind. The myrtles, vigorously emerging between narrow lines of fallen columns, and shedding their uncherished blossoms over the perishing works of man, brought home a thousand sad monumental ideas to the sick heart of Emily, and made it sometimes pause upon its sorrows. Amid this splendid wilderness those sorrows acquired an influence doubly dangerous, as they now kindled into romance.

In the deepest shades, and by the cooling fountains which the gardens abounded with, antique statues, saved from the ruins still scattered around, were fancifully disposed; some of them were invaluable for the design no less than the execution. There is something in sculpture inconceivably touching to the mind of sensibility, when deeply sunk in sorrow. The almost breathing statue, by uniting the chilling effect of death with all the energetic graces of life, diffuses a fearful, holy kind of delight, that, with a charm incomprehensible to ourselves, blends the distinct feelings peculiar to each state, dilates our nature, and lifts the admiring soul beyond the narrow bound of mortal breath and mere existence.

These saddening contemplations aided the tender workings of Emily's heart, where still the marquis reigned, though he lived no longer. Fancy, at intervals, almost gave motion to solidity, body to ideal objects. It is only those who have loved, and loved even unto death, who find a freezing pleasure in calling for ever the moldering tenant of the tomb before them: and when the painfully rational consciousness that he can no more revisit earth will obtrude, it is such only who "turn their eyes inward, and behold him there."—No fear finds place where perfect love has been; and, once more to behold her Edward

was, in the depth of midnight, no less than the blaze of noon, at every hour, and in every place, the wish, the prayer, the sole desire of Emily.

From loathing Italy, and, above all, Frescati, the wild and sublime melancholy that had now seized on the fair visionary, made her partial to both. "Let him return to England by himself," cried she often to her own heart, while she wandered: "here remains all left on earth of my Edward. The world has still something for the proud nature of my father: for me it has nothing but the child of my Lenox, and his ashes. Here, then, will I fix my abode, and pass all my days in lamenting my love; till, sinking into his grave, I assert a right which no one there will dispute with me."

Emily, with her lovely infant, now almost lived in the romantic and shady solitudes of Frescati; where her lonely reveries at times broke into invocation; and her domestics began to apprehend that her mind, too highly wrought, was preying on itself, and melancholy was but too near taking the distorted form of madness. Her musical instruments were often laid in her way; but that once favorite science she now, with a kind of horror, rejected. Melody was become to her but the echo of vanished pleasure; creative fancy had, however, supplied her one, not less soothing, in poetry; and to that internal music Emily began insensibly to adapt the tender effusions of an overcharged heart.

The servants, thus gloomily employed in watching over and commenting upon their lonely lady, found a contagious kind of horror insensibly creep over themselves. It was not long settling to a fear, which Emily could not but perceive: they dared not, after evening closed, venture over the threshold; and, even in traversing the villa, usually moved in a body. The neighborhood of Rome is not sufficiently secure for a lady to wander alone after

night falls, in solitary gardens: and as Emily now found that the aversion of her domestics to guarding her nocturnal rambles had become avowed, universal, and unconquerable, she was obliged to retire, when the day closed, to her own apartments; where, listening to the wind as it agitated the surrounding foliage, she caught, through the breaks, imperfect glances at the ever-varying moon, and addressed to that the passionate elegies which she passed whole nights in composing.

It was soon whispered through the busy train of domestics, and fully credited, that their lady had at midnight a constant visitation from the spirit of the marquis; and some were so daring as to affirm that they had heard his voice. Credulity is no less the characteristic of the vulgar Italians than Irish, and of these two nations was the household composed. It is true the former added superstition to credulity, and the latter soon resorted to it. Beads and relics became the reliance of all the servants in their hours of retirement; and liberal potations enabled them to hold out while in society with each other. As they all knew that their lady never took either of these modes of keeping up her spirits, they agreed one evening over their cups, that, unless they ingeniously devised some way of diverting her thoughts from the moon and the dead, she would soon be lost to all the purposes of existence. They recollected how fond she had formerly been of music; and as she always sat now with her windows open, they resolved magnanimously to venture in a body into the collonade her apartment was over, to cheer her with a lively strain. Some of the men were tolerable proficient; but the terror they were under, and the ignorance of the rest, made the concert a most hideous performance. Yet their gentle mistress saw so much kindness in an effort, which she knew made the whole train of musicians tremble, that she had not the heart to show her

sense of displeasure in any other way than by softly shutting her windows, whenever the miserable dissonance began. An intimation so delicate would not, however, have induced the servants to discontinue a practice which gave them importance with themselves, if not with their lady, when a hint of another kind not only silenced them for ever, but drove them into the house, almost over each other's backs, to apply to their beads, relics, and pater-nosters. A low and heavenly melody suddenly issued from a dell in the garden, not very remote, and entranced the listening Emily. The strain, although wild as the winds, was harmonious as the spheres; eccentric, awful; the spot from whence, too, it appeared to come, was romantic and singular; the ground, in that part of the garden sunk, with sudden, yet beautiful inequalities, into a deep dell, rich with bold rocks, and shaded with lofty trees. In its hollow a translucent fountain sprung playfully up, and fell as playfully again; upon the further side, on the rise of the velvet margin, was happily placed an antique statue of a faun, who seemed surveying himself in the water, while he played on a pipe. The workmanship was exquisite; and the charmed eye almost could believe the graceful figure moved its arms, and gave breath to the pipe on which its light fingers rested.

Eagerly did Emily wait for the following morning; when she immediately issued out to trace, if possible, the nocturnal warbler. From a light Grecian temple on the boldest of the brows overhanging the dell, where Emily often passed whole days, she could with ease survey the whole lovely scene. Her eye, however, found in that no change. The beautiful faun touched his marble pipe with his usual grace; but from it no sound issued. The fountain still dimpled with a pleasing murmur the pool it formed; but no human foot was imprinted on its margin. All that day, and many a following one, did Emily pass

in this favorite temple, without seeing or hearing a living creature, save the servants, who, with fear and trembling, brought her at noon a light repast. As evening came on, she would lift her beloved infant from its downy bed, and retire to her own apartment, there to wait with reverential awe for the nocturnal visitation. Nor did it ever fail. Night after night, irregular, but entrancing melody soothed her sense, and sunk into her soul. The grand enthusiasm of her nature blending the hallowed charm of another world with the wild visions of this, which the nursery leaves on every mind, led her, at times, almost to believe that her prayers were heard, and Heaven had granted to her sorrowful soul this visionary intercourse with him whom it no longer permitted her to behold. Yet much she languished to know if mortal sense might not be allowed to discern the aerial harmonist thus veiled in night. To venture through the shades alone, was, however, more than she dared do; not that fear withheld her: it was a solemn awe, which she thought it impiety to overrule. Bending from the window, she often fondly exclaimed, as to the spirit of her husband:

“Oh! vanished only from my sight,
While fancy hovers near thy urn,
And midnight stillness reigns, return;
But no ethereal presence wear:
In the same form, so long beloved, appear;
Each woe-marked scene let me retrace,
And fondly linger o’er each mortal grace:—
Oh! strike the harp of heaven, and charm my ear
With songs that worthy angels, angels only hear!”

Yet, even thus invoked, no vision floated before that sense which she often strained to penetrate the thicket leading to the dell. The servants, forming as usual, their own premises, and drawing their own conclusions, had, in full assembly, agreed that this strange music proceeded

from the pipe of the faun; and that for a very convincing reason—since it was certain there was nothing alive in the garden, and the faun was the only musical performer, even in marble. That he was formed of no better materials they did not attempt to deny, when their gentle lady urged the conviction; but accounted for their own opinion, by in turn asserting that the devil reigned, ever since the creation, from midnight to the break of day; and, during that interval, it was plain he animated the marble faun, notwithstanding all the aves and paternosters they were constantly repeating: though, to their own pious diligence in that respect, they imputed his remaining still stationary. That they might for ever continue in the same state of ignorance, as to whether the midnight musician was, or was not, the marble god, at the very first harmonious sound they heard in the dell, as at the stroke of a house-clock announcing the hour of rest, they all, with one consent, hastened to their beds; and, tucking their heads under the clothes, passed there the whole time of the solemn serenade: had the faun walked into the house, he might have walked over and out of it without being seen by a single creature, save Emily; who, ever at her window, listening, wondering, and weeping, pondered frequently on exploring this interesting solitude by herself. But, alas! though she knew not how to fear any inhabitant of a better world, this yet contained one whom she was born to dread;—and Miss Fitzallen, too, excelled on the flute. Ah! if, by indiscreet curiosity, she should put herself into the power of that eternal foe of her peace, and rob her Edward's child of a last parent, (for that was often the only, and ever the predominant consideration with Emily) how, how should she be acquitted to God, and the precious infant?

Yet the servants appeared to their lady to be in the

right, in asserting not only that the music came from the dell, but from the precise spot where the statue stood. There were moments, however, when she fancied that it approached her; and others, when, with sweet languishment, it sunk, as if mixing with the clouds, into silence.

So deep a hold had this melancholy, visionary delight, taken on Emily, that the days hung heavily with her; and a restless impatience for night became the habit of her mind: which then no less eagerly awaited the mysterious indulgence. Its period was as regularly announced by the wan faces and trembling steps of her domestics, as by her own high-raised fancy and beating heart. One night, of peculiar beauty, when the moon, with a more pure and radiant luster than usual, sailed through the deep blue of a clear Italian sky,

“When not a zephyr rustled through the grove,
And every care was charmed but guilt and love,”

Emily, as had long been her custom, was at her window, in fond expectation of the aerial music,—it broke at once upon her ear as very, very near her. She started, and turned round, as thinking it in the room; it was not behind her; she leaned over, to seek it in the colonnade; it was not below. From those vague, grand, and uncertain strains, which she had been used to hear, the nocturnal musician suddenly wandered into one dear to her heart, familiar to its beatings. She sprang up, and leaned from the window, with wild and increasing energy,—wrung her white hands, and called upon the invisible power of harmony to stand revealed before her; for this, she cried,

“This is no mortal visitation, nor no sound
That the earth owes.”

Irresistibly impelled to trace the visionary charmer,

she snatched the taper, and descending to the saloon, threw open the door, and found herself alone in the colonnade. Glancing her quick eyes around, she saw only the long range of white marble pillars, half shaded and half shown by the trees and the moon. The music became more remote, low, faint, and, to her idea, ethereal; it seemed to retire towards the dell, and woo her thither. "It is, it is the spirit of my Edward!" sighed Emily, resting her forehead on her arm, and that against a pillar, to save her from falling. "How often have I called thee from the grave, my love!" cried she: "and shall I fear to follow thee even thither?"—She tottered, her heart beating high, to the winding path, which, breaking the descent, led safely to the hollow glen. Bright as the moon shone, it had hardly power to penetrate the thick foliage of the lofty trees beneath which the trembling Emily lingered. No step, however, could she hear; no form could even her fluttered imagination fashion; yet still the music, with more melting sweetness, invited, and she fearfully followed. On a point near the depth of the dell, the shade suddenly broke away, and disclosed the fountain quivering to the moon which it reflected. Faintly, though she knew not why she feared, Emily turned her eyes towards the statue of the faun. Ah, God! what were her sensations, when she fancied she beheld two resembling figures, one half shading the other! A quickened second glance convinced her this was no error of her sense; struck with terror, she tried to save herself from falling by grasping a tree, but fell lifeless at its root.

From this temporary suspension of her powers, Emily recovered, at the soft sound of a voice, that, to her impassioned mind, "might create a soul under the ribs of death." The murmuring whisper of known endearment seemed to her the sweet tone of the marquis. The arms,

that with fond familiar pressure supported her from resting on the damp earth, could, to her apprehension, be only those by which alone she had ever wished herself encircled. She dared not unseal her eyelids, lest the dear, the cherished delusion should vanish, and some hideous form, either living or dead, again harrow up her nature. Yet fondly urged to look up by many a whispered prayer and soft entreaty, she at length timidly lifted her eyes to—Gracious God! could it be?—her husband?—the marquis himself! to her the single being in creation! Invigorated in a moment, she sprang up with ethereal lightness, and the enraptured embrace, mutually given and received, repaid these unfortunate lovers for all the miseries which had marked their union. Too mighty was the ecstasy to waste itself in words: again they gazed, again embraced; they could only gaze, sigh, weep, and murmur.

“Lives then my love?” cried Emily, at length: “and has my cruel father, in wanton power, thus tortured me even to the extremity?” “That I live, soul of my soul,” replied the marquis, “your father neither knows, nor ever must know. Oh! Emily, *to* you, *for* you alone I live; be gracious then and hear me: allow me at last to pour forth all the secrets of my heart; to you, as to Him who created us, will I be sincere, and then shall my beloved decide my fate and her own. But this is a dangerous place for long discourse; the dews of night might prove fatal to so delicate a frame:—my Emily is much changed, since we parted, by sickness and by sorrow.” “And you too, Edward”—Emily could not add—“are not less altered.” A gush of tears explained her meaning, and she hid the wan face her nature melted over, in her bosom. Recovering herself, she took his hand:—“Come to my apartment, my love, nor fear that any eyes, save mine, will observe you; terror, at this hour,

closes all others in my house." "Nor would seeing induce your domestics to follow me," replied her husband; "since, to win you to seek, and oblige them to shun me, was alike my object in assuming a disguise that might yet, perhaps, startle my Emily, unless she coolly and collectedly surveys it." Emily cast her eyes in fond certainty over his figure, as though in no disguise could it ever shock or startle her; yet felt that his tender precaution was not unnecessary. He was clothed in a white vest, fitted close to his graceful form, and exactly resembling the faun; the mask, which covered his whole head, with his flute, painted alike white, he held in his hand. When, at her desire, he put the artificial head-piece on, it was sufficiently clear he might encounter her whole family, and not be known to any one of them for a being of this world.

Conducted by his wife through the saloon to her apartment, the marquis there removed the mask; and Emily, still unsatisfied with gazing, fixed on him again her fond eyes with deep intentness, as even then doubting whether the blessedness of the moment were not a vision, or the dear hand she clasped, might not, while yet she held it, become marble. During this affecting silence, each lover too visibly perceived what it was to have lost the other. The marquis, pale, even to lividness, from the effusion of blood in his duel, was still debilitated by the half-healed wound, which obliged him to lean to the right side. Emily soon discovered this new claim upon her tenderness; and, abhorring the necessary disguise, felt it as a great relief that she had hoarded, among the treasures sacred to his memory, a part of his wardrobe, which she had often kissed and sprinkled with her tears. She refused to hear a word till she had seen him comfortably arrayed, and resting his aching side on a sofa; then taking the posture in which he had implored her to allow him to pour forth

his soul, the tender Emily threw herself on her knees by the couch, and filled up the pauses, pain and fatigue occasioned in his narration, by prayers and devout ejaculations to the God who had graciously preserved, and thus miraculously restored him to her.

The marquis now required not a moment to methodize his recital; for he had no past thought to conceal, no wish to leave untold. He began the detail, that sunk in Emily's soul, from the memorable period when the persecuting fiend first gained his pity and protection at Paris. His wife heard the name of Hypolito with comparatively little emotion; for she was now fully assured of her own boundless empire over a heart, which she ever, till this moment, believed she had divided with that youth and Miss Fitzallen; for only now did she understand that they were one and the same person. He described the talents and tastes of the impostor, so naturally consonant and studiously adapted to his own; and the influence which the feigned youth gained in his affections. The ingenuous nature of Emily made her admit that it must be almost an impossibility for any man to escape so secret and near an attack from a lovely woman, unrestrained in the pursuit of her object by either virtue or feeling. He, in the most natural manner, painted the discovery made of her disguise at Messina; and bewailed the wandering, both of his senses and his reason, by the fever of wine and passion. But, oh! how the gentle Emily started and wept, lamenting, too late, her own innocent romance as the daughter of Dennis; when she learned that, and that only, could have enabled her ingenious and base enemy to add, to her own dangerous allurements, the assumption of her name, character, and rights in life. How strange did it appear to Emily to find that the marquis had married, or meant to marry, her in the person of another. She was lost in horror at the awful catastrophe

of the earthquake; though her heart was more lightened than she chose to own, at finding that it prevented the marquis from consummating his mistaken and miserable marriage. The agony he felt at the supposed deplorable fate of the fair impostor; his subsequent and sorrowful researches for the dear ashes of the daughter of Sir Edward Arden, all, all appeared natural, touching, and hardly questionable to the generous spirit he was now appealing to. Emily's own heart now took up the tale. The moment of their meeting in Switzerland, the gay discovery of herself she then meditated; and the shock it appeared to give him when she announced herself as the daughter of Sir Edward Arden, Emily well remembered. The hours of unalloyed pleasure that followed, till the hapless one arrived when their hands were united, she never could forget. The frenzy that then seized him he fully explained, in representing to her the impressive specter that extended to him the ring, on the steps of the portico, and annihilated at once their bridal happiness. The scene lived with equal force before Emily's eyes, while she read, in the wild glances of his, the eternal impression made on his mind by that horrible moment. But oh! how generous, how noble, how pure, appeared to her informed judgment the mysterious coldness and constraint which, at the time, had so shocked, perhaps offended her. She now again interrupted him, now would longer allow him to be the historian; her delicate nature made her anxious that he should avoid all further mention of Miss Fitzallen; who, hard and self-loving, had, it was obvious, wrung from him, through the medium of his fears, those rich baubles which she in the exultation of malice every where displayed—nor doubted the generous Emily but that her little favorite carriage was obtained by the same insolent exaction.

But, oh! much yet remained for Emily to feel, when

the marquis, straining to his heart the generous creature who would not allow him to accuse himself, and fondly melting under the sad blessing of her tearful forgiveness, faintly uttered—"Oh! Emily, adored of my soul! had your harsh father thus treated me, I should perhaps in bitterness of spirit have shed at his feet my own blood, and spared him the horror of having poorly satisfied his vengeance by stretching me there." This was a thought with which the tender wife had not ventured to trust her own soul:—the idea, spread at first through the family, that in a fit of frenzy the marquis had rashly ended his sufferings, had by means of her woman impressed Emily: and, horrible as such a fate must be, it was less so than the faintest apprehension that her father had shortened his days, while she should be for life compelled to implore a blessing from the hand yet crimson with her husband's blood, or claim protection from the heart hard enough to render her a widow, and her unborn babe fatherless. The further intelligence from Naples, sent by Cardinal Albertini, the valet of Sir Edward had officiously circulated in the family; and Emily dared not trust herself to make any minute inquiry on the agonizing subject, nor needed an exact account to figure to herself all the horrors of his fate.

She in turn described to the marquis the sudden manner, and the means by which she had been decoyed, as it were, from Naples—and her memorable meeting with her father at Frescati; when, in the ungoverned state of his feelings, he appeared incapable of reflection, and insensible to pity. She repeated, in all the force in which the words dwelt on her mind—"You have no husband—you never had one;" and her convulsive shudder proved too plainly that Sir Edward lost at that moment the affection of his daughter. The haughtiness with which he had afterwards ordered, without her consent, that she should

be deprived of the name of the marquis, lived no less in her memory; and finally the severe justice by which he had outraged every feeling, in obliging her to provide for her innocent babe, in case of her own death, by a will which stigmatized the infant's birth, was too wounding to be unmentioned. That nice sense of female delicacy, which speaks even in silence, made Emily by intuition convey to her husband's heart a deep resentment at the indignity, while both overlooked the mortifying necessity, nor could allow the father to be an equal, perhaps, as the proudest of the three, the greatest sufferer. This union of grievances strengthened every other, and the hearts of the only two beings on earth whom Sir Edward Arden really loved, agreed, at the moment when they renewed to each other the sacred vow of eternal tenderness and faith, in shutting him entirely out, and utterly rejecting him.

After an interval, the marquis resumed his narration—"Left in the garden of the convent, drowned in my own blood, and to all human appearance dead, (or even your father, incensed as he was, would not so have left me,) many hours must have elapsed ere any of the monks wandered that way. I faintly recollect, that it was torch-light when the pain I felt in their lifting me on a mattress, to convey me to the convent, caused me for a moment to open my eyes. Delirium and impending death were long, long my portion, in the lonely cell where the benevolent brotherhood attended me with unremitting care. One of them, who had been an eminent surgeon, dressed my wound with tender skill; nor in the intervals of my delirium, when the agony of my mind made that of my body forgotten, did the pious fathers omit all those holy attentions, so comforting to the wretch in this world, so necessary to prepare him for a better. I easily understood, by the

tenor of their consolations, that they regarded me as a frantic man, who with rash hand had sought to end my own calamities. I found a gloomy pride in saving my inhuman uncle from obloquy, and never gave any other answer to the inquiries which the superior ventured, as soon as he saw me likely to recover, than that the fatal catastrophe had been caused by my own despair: and that, unless they meant to drive me to the same extremity a second time, they would conceal from every human being, even my nearest relations, or tenderest friends, my continued existence; on this condition, and this condition only, would I promise to endure my miserable fate.

“In the deplorable state of my health, and the frantic irritation of my mind, the benignant brotherhood held it wise to yield to every request that might conciliate my feelings, or mitigate those complicated sufferings which were perhaps an ample punishment for my sin, great as I own it—and by this indulgence was I won still to suffer.

“I soon learned that my uncle had quitted Naples with you, nor doubted, as the monks assured me no inquiries had been made for me, that you had been wholly governed by his impression of my conduct, and turned from my very grave with abhorrence. Oh! misery, never to be understood but by the wretch who has, like me, felt it; to see all the sacred ties which reason, fancy, feeling, can form, and mutual choice sanctify, burst with a force that throws you, a solitary sufferer, to the utmost limit of creation! When I remembered Emily was mine no more—no more wished to be mine—it would have been happiness indeed to die. My infant, too—my dear unborn—the cruel Sir Edward could not teach *that* to shrink from my embrace—to close its little ears to my lamentations. But that, too, was torn from me; and I stood alone in the universe. My embittered spirit for a time revolted at all soft impressions; and the deep gloom of

my abode co-operated to lead my thoughts only to monastic seclusion. By annihilating myself, in a manner, and yet enduring the sufferings I had brought on my own head, I thought I might, in a degree, expiate my sin against my Emily and her father, and perhaps obtain the pardon of Heaven. But, with the least improvement of my health, silence, solitude, La Trappe, disappeared from my eyes—love and Emily still throbbed at my heart, and incurable tenderness was blended there with a grief no less incurable. Alas! had I not cause to apprehend a resentment on her part at least equal to that of her inexorable father, though she would not show it in the same bloody manner? I often seemed to feel myself sinking into the grave under the curses of both. Yet there were moments when her angel form appeared before me with all that softness which renders her sway so absolute.—I sometimes beheld her sweetly mourning for the very wretch who had marked her days with ignominy and affliction, and clasping to her snowy bosom with increased fondness, because springing from me, the infant inheritor of both. Returning strength (though I was still very weak) impressed with more force this cherished idea. I resolved, the moment I was able, to venture into the country where my adored Emily had fixed her abode, and there meditate on the mode by which I might acknowledge, even to the extent, my offences against her, and make her judge, sole judge, in her own cause.

“I had not patience to wait till my wound was healed. Crawling, only half alive, as yet, on the face of the earth, I assumed the habit of a common laborer, and found a neighboring peasant with whom I could abide. I told him my employment was that of a mason, and the hurt in my side was occasioned by the sudden fall of a fragment, as I was hewing marble: that the weakness it brought on had threatened a consumption; and, now I was able to

get abroad, I had been advised to try whether the pure air of Frescati would not remove the alarming symptoms. I might have added, that if not, in this place should I end my days. Alas! I had reason to think their termination at hand, when first I had the misery to be told that my wife had again taken the name of Miss Arden; and the infant she cherished in her arms was not allowed to bear that of its father. Yet, oh! that precious infant lived; it was mine, my Emily, no less than yours: I languished to behold you both; and to claim my fond, fond right, in our mutual treasure. Night after night did I pass in wandering round the consecrated abode of my Emily, and pondering upon the possibility of conveying a letter to her. Yet a single indiscretion might be ruin, even if I should excite her compassion. Sir Edward would not, it was true, again strike at my existence in my own person; but alas! he had it in his power even more effectually to do it, in the person of his daughter. In my cruel predicament the right of a father was lost to me: that of a husband I dared not claim. It was only the gentle heart of Emily which would grant me either, and to that heart I felt I must appeal, or die. In exploring the limits of the wilderness, I one day found a little aperture; through which, the following night, I made my way, and boldly passed into the garden. My sick soul seemed to revive, when I breathed the same air with my Emily; and these nocturnal rambles became a dear indulgence. To account to my host for such long and late absences, I owned a love affair with one of your domestics, and escaped all suspicion of having any other object in view. Never shall I forget one night venturing so near the house, as to see my uncle walking about in his chamber, and sometimes standing at the window: the lights were behind him, and I plainly discerned his figure—never, never can the strange, the complicated feeling

escape my memory—that form, always so natural to my eyes—once so dear, so very dear to my heart! how could that heart resist it? A frantic kind of emotion came over me; I felt ready to cry out—to demand—to extort his pity—perhaps to undo myself—and not only to lose for ever my Emily, but to rob her of the little peace my fatal love had left her. That I might no more risk so exquisite a temptation, I withdrew to Rome till Sir Edward should depart.

“While wandering, as I often did, whole days among the colossal fragments of ancient magnificence, a fallen and mutilated statue of a faun drew my eye, and recalled to my mind the one by the fountain. The strange thought of procuring, under the idea of wearing it at a masquerade, a habit exactly resembling the statue then occurred to me. I had often apprehended meeting some of your domestics, whom curiosity or love might lead to wander at the same hour in the garden; but, if thus disguised, I was sure of having it all to myself. This habit being prepared, I again housed with my peasants; and, such is the energy of even a remote hope, was flattered by them on my improved looks. Sir Edward Arden was at last gone; and his lovely daughter, whom they touchingly termed the melancholy lady, left alone. Now then, or never, I must obtain the sight of my Emily; and, a month ago, when the moon shone with the same blessed brightness it does at this moment, I assumed my disguise, and hid my own clothes in the grotto in the wilderness; then, without fear, sought the deep dell, to survey my fellow sylvan. How exquisitely beautiful appeared the silent scene! The temple, hanging on the rude brow above, had then the windows thrown open. I made no doubt but that my beloved had been sitting there. I wound through the shady path, and, after listening intently, finding all was solitude, ventured in. Ah! think

of the melting softness that seized my heart, on beholding the sofa which my love had so lately quitted; and where a basket of her work yet remained! I knelt, and worshiped, as if the fair form I adored were still reposing there. On the ground I saw scattered flowers, which, as perishing, she had cast from her bosom. I gathered them up, as devout pilgrims do holy relics, and thrusting them into mine, bade them thus return to Emily!

“An emotion, new—sacred—eternal, yet remained for me to experience, when I cast my eyes on a large wicker basket quilted with down, and covered with a mantle. Softly I raised that covering, as though the jewel were enshrined within it. Ah! no! the cradle was empty. Yet, on the pillow still remained the dear, the soft impression of my infant's tender cheek. That inanimate pillow was wet with the first tears of a father—greeted with his kisses—consecrated by his blessings. I remained riveted to a spot enriched with such interesting local remembrances. I could not resolve to quit it; and, in that sanctuary of innocence, the basket, resolved to hide, for my Emily's observance, some known memorial of our plighted love; when a sound, that suddenly reached me, of “riot, and rude merriment,” suggested a better mode of attracting her. I guessed this rustic serenade to be some mode of amusement your servants had found for themselves; and they had repeated their discordant strains several evenings ere I discovered that they meant to entertain you. I then colored my flute to correspond with my dress; and, in the depth of night, silenced the savages with my lonely pipe. At intervals I paused, to learn whether curiosity had brought too near my retreat any of my auditory. Not a step could I ever hear: not a whisper reached me.

“Night after night I pursued my wild symphonies, always apprehending that some one of the domestics, bolder

than the rest, would pierce the thicket to descry my haunt: but convinced no second person would ever venture near it. All your people were, however, equally timorous; and this beautiful solitude, I now feared, would ever belong only to my brother sylvan and myself. Fully convinced that I had put all my vulgar hearers to flight, I soon became bolder, and ventured from behind the marble faun. Sometimes I could catch your shadow in your dressing-room—sometimes knew it could be only you at the window. Yet one incautious word might have betrayed me; and I almost despaired of wooing you into the garden, when, this evening, I suddenly called to mind that little air which your tender heart so feelingly acknowledged. Ah! God! when I saw the effort successful—when the light disappeared from the room above, and faintly began to illumine that under it—when I found that love, stronger than death, could win my Emily to follow even my supposed phantom, my heart no longer feared hers.—Alas! it feared only the alarm which it was impossible to spare her, ere she could be again encircled in those arms that never, never more, will resign her.”

In discourse like this, whole ages might have elapsed, unheeded by the marquis; but Emily, exquisitely alive to his danger, now saw with affright that day had unobserved stolen upon them, and it was impossible for him disguised or otherwise to return through the garden. The marquis made light of his stay, or departure; for, if she approved the former, who should object? but, on the soul of Emily, the fear of her father was now incurably impressed: and all their future views were too uncertain and indistinct to both for her husband to urge a rash discovery. He therefore permitted her to conduct him through her own apartment to that of Sir Edward; where, having fastened the door at the extremity, she insisted on his endeavoring to recruit his emaciated frame

by needful rest, and, locking the intermediate door, retired to repair her own strength and spirits with a balmy slumber. How different was this day from the last, when, on waking, she felt happiness once more possible. The husband, whom she adored, ever faithful, though apparently otherwise, was for life her own. With light elastic footstep, a hundred times in the course of the day did she visit the door that divided them. As often did she softly pace back again, and fearfully shrink from the indulgence of even looking upon him. Once, and once only, did she unlock it, and impatiently wait to see him partake of some refreshments she had carried him.

The approaching evening Emily meant should afford to the marquis a dear pleasure, hardly more desired by him than herself—the sight of their infant. Affecting an alarm, she took it from the charge of the nurse, to place it for that night in her own bed. Let those who have borne a child to an absent husband, tell the soft exultation which nature makes powerful enough to compensate the pang that renders them mothers, when they lift the mantle which shelters the sleeping innocent, to show to the returning father the little features where each tender parent, by a magic of mind, discerns only the likeness of the other, combined with the pure charm peculiar to infancy!—Sorrow, sickness, the past, the future—all was forgotten by the marquis and Emily, when, with sweet contention, kneeling together, they blessed and kissed this dear little third in their union.

Who can fail to lament that a nature so generous and susceptible as Sir Edward Arden's, should have lost, by one moment of ill-judged passion, the dear delight of sharing a bliss which it had been the single object of his life to insure to the two so exquisitely endeared to him? Alas! occupied wholly by gloomy reflections, and a hopeless pursuit, Sir Edward was wandering, without one

social bosom in which he could confide a thought, through the scenes in Sicily most afflicting to his remembrance; nor had he been able to gather any further information concerning the monks, who were parties in the ceremony of the marquis's marriage, than that Padre Anselmo had certainly perished; but it was doubtful in what quarter of the world the others might now be seeking means to rebuild a part of their convent.

Hours, days, and months, fly swiftly to those who love, and love happily. In the nocturnal interviews which they still mysteriously carried on, the marquis and Emily had ever so much to say of the past and present, that both, as by tacit agreement, threw as far off as possible the more important and immediate consideration of the future. The full confession, and explanation of the marquis, had removed every fear of impropriety in her present conduct from the mind of Emily. It was to her sufficiently clear that nothing but the pride and ungovernable fury of her father had prevented the previous ceremony that had been read to the marquis and Miss Fitzallen (since it was a mere ceremony) from being, when submitted to ecclesiastical discussion, declared, if not informal, certainly invalid; while her own marriage, celebrated in the face of the world, and by every rite of her own church, had the full confirmation of her having borne a child, whom it would be impossible to deprive of legitimacy when its claims were duly made. It was no new vow, therefore, on the part of Emily, to follow her husband through the world; but she exacted, in consideration of this concession, that he should allow her to do it in her own way.

The marquis, who had long found his love for his uncle on the wane, now felt all fear of him vanish. He was fully sensible that Sir Edward had no authority over his daughter's person, if once she should be brought to assert

a will of her own, and abide by her marriage. He sometimes almost wished that accidental circumstances would, by betraying their secret correspondence, oblige her to a decision, which he found it a vain attempt to urge her to fix. Nothing, he was assured, would so soon induce her to avow her sentiments as the dread of their separation; and were his visits once known, she would have no choice but to fly with him, and thus compel her father to second their views, by annulling in the Romish church the former detested ceremony. Yet, delicately as Emily was situated—delicately as she ever felt—to *force* her to any thing would be so ungenerous a procedure, that the marquis suffered time to steal on without forming any fixed plan for the future.

Time, however, had a consequence at once so favorable to his views, and so gratifying to his heart, that he rejoiced he had never, by word or thought, grieved his Emily. Terrified—pale—dying in a manner with fear, she threw herself one evening into his arms, and whispered, “that the child he was holding to his bosom was not the only one it might be her misfortune to bring him.” To all his soothing endearments, she only cried out in agony—“How, how should she ever face her father? He, who had already, when she was in the same state, killed her with an eye-beam, would now wound her with a sense of shame, even while she was unconscious of any guilt, too humiliating to be endured. Never, never could she again encounter, thus circumstanced, the severity of her father.” The marquis, softened with the occasion of this anguish—shocked at seeing its excess—and ever yielding to her wishes—entreated, conjured her to compose herself; solemnly vowing, that, whatever line of conduct would give most ease to her mind, should be that he would implicitly abide by, as the only atonement he could make, for having a single moment exposed her, in the

most interesting of all situations, to any indignity from the looks of her father.

"Never, never will I again encounter such a hateful feeling, my Edward," cried she, with increasing affliction, "while there is either a spot to be discovered on the earth in which to hide this wretched head, or a grave to be found beneath it. I have sometimes pondered upon—yet that would be very difficult—imposes on you whole years,—perhaps a life of seclusion—total annihilation of our rights—shall I, poorly to save my own feelings, bury with me, while yet living, the heir of high rank, splendid fortunes? the man distinguished by every charm and talent that shall make him a grace to his equals, a blessing to his dependents?"

"Emily," returned the marquis, with a sweetly sad solemnity, "I am yours—as we are circumstanced, yours only: no duty can come in competition with that I owe the angel whom my love has unhappily humbled, but never could elevate. Imagine then my impatience, and tell me all that those intelligent eyes are full of."

"I have only a few valuables, and no money," continued Emily, as if thinking aloud, rather than speaking to any body.—"Sold, as they must be, to a disadvantage, I could hardly hope they would produce more than three thousand pounds."

"Sell your ornaments, love?" returned the marquis, in a tone of chagrin, as well as surprise:—"what for?—I have money to the amount you mention."

"Ah! Edward, we shall want that, too," cried his wife, surveying him with a mournful steadiness, as doubting whether she had influence to bend the pride of his nature to the humble purpose of her heart.

"And what," cried the marquis, with some quickness, "can my Emily want so large a sum for?—to endow a hospital?"

"No!" replied she, in a firm voice, and with a dignity of mien that gave her new charms in the eyes fondly fixed on her. "All we can both gather will be hardly enough, perhaps, to maintain us during the life of my father. You have bound yourself, my lord:—thus must it be, if I am again yours. Dare you, on these terms, confirm your vows? Dare you take this hand, and swear on it, never, never to risk the little peace we now enjoy, by putting it in his power again to tear us asunder? Poor man! I am not without pity, any more than you, for his future fate; yet am I only going to take from him what he has shown me to be without value in his eyes—my wretched self."

"Oh! Emily," returned her husband, in tender agitation, "think well, think often, ere you finally determine on a point so important. You will not, in this, accuse me of the indelicacy of considering myself. I am a man; ever retired in my taste, nor expensive in my pleasures. I could easily reconcile myself to the inconveniences of humble life, did I not feel acutely for you: but, born as you are to immense fortunes, bred on the bosom of luxury, yourself the most fragile and tender of nature's productions, can you endure to inhabit a humble home; and perhaps be hardly able, even by severe economy, to keep that? How will you bear to see your little ones, entitled to every advantage, confined to a narrow spot and bounded education?"

"There was a time, my love," returned Emily, bitterly weeping, "when, vainly exulting in the advantages of nature and fortune, we both thought that among the many modes of being happy, each of us might make a choice. Already that vision has vanished, and all the option that now remains to either, is what kind of suffering we can best bear. It is my fixed determination never to endure that of meeting my father: nor,"

sobbed she, throwing herself into his arms,—“parting with you.”

The marquis pressed her to his heart, but was not collected enough to reply.—Emily continued :

“And why, Edward, should we think ourselves poor with the sums mentioned? Fear not but that I can descend to minute attentions without murmuring; for I have feelingly learned that the splendor of an equipage relieves not the repining heart—the gaudy drapery of a dress dries not the tearful eye. In waiving, for a time, our claims in life, we neither renounce them for ourselves nor our children. The day will come when the Duke of Aberdeen may recover a son; it is Sir Edward Arden,” faltered she, bursting anew into a passion of tears, “who, by lifting his hand against your life, and embittering mine,—it is he who has for ever lost a daughter.”

The marquis saw, with tender sorrow, the turn Emily's mind had taken; but to oppose her in her present delicate state, it was plain, would endanger, perhaps shorten her life. Yet, as a man, he calculated at a higher rate than his retired, his gentle wife, the advantages they mutually inherited; and felt that to partake them, was, from the hour of their birth, the right of his children. One bold struggle with Sir Edward Arden would fix their fate. Could Emily be won from a fear and delicacy so erroneous, the moment that her father knew she had confirmed the rights of her husband, and meant to pass her life with him, that very pride, which had disgracefully torn them asunder, would act for their wishes, and urge him to assist the process which should establish their marriage. The duke, too, though not a tender parent, had never been an unkind or ungenerous one. To deprive him of natural ties, and the hope, always so dear to those declining in life, of seeing posterity around him, was painful to his son. Yet all these rational considera-

tions faded from his mind, whenever he discussed this point with Emily; and the single one, that she might die, while her father and he were struggling how to reconcile their modes of making her great and happy, rendered him unable to oppose a fancy, which he daily became more certain was not new to her thoughts, but the long cherished object of them.

Many concurring circumstances, however, could alone enable Emily to execute the extraordinary project of vanishing for ever from her father's eyes; while a very simple event would render it totally abortive—his suddenly returning to Frescati; which appeared to both the lovers equally probable, and obliged the fearful Emily to resolve on sounding the two persons whom she had, in her mind, fixed on as confidantes and auxiliaries. The first of these was her own woman. Mrs. Connor had waited on Lady Emily ere she married Sir Edward Arden; had affectionately watched her in the sickness that laid her early in the grave, and remained in sole charge of the heiress of Bel-larney, till ripened youth allowed Emily to feel her power of acting for herself. From that moment the servitude of Connor was of her own choice. Not being, however, entitled to rank among Miss Arden's friends, and quite unable to live without some share of her society and regard, the worthy creature had preferred attending on her lady, to the kind offer made by her of independence and her own way. These humble friends are among the peculiar blessings the Irish may boast; as if the high polish of cultivation gave hearts so very smooth a surface, that every object slid over them; while, in those more rough, there remained an adhesive power which fixed whatever it once attracted. Natures of this cast have too often a generous defect in their coarse, but strong perceptions of the injuries offered to those whom they love, which to the sufferer magnifies evils reflection would otherwise dimin-

ish. Let no persons say that they are proof against this insensible operation of mind on mind. The wise would be wise, indeed, were they not liable to be biassed by the weak; but it requires a great effort to silence the voice of kindness, even if you think the speaker not wholly competent to his subject. Connor had all this secret and insensible influence over her lady; and a horror of the lofty character of Sir Edward Arden, which made her give the most chilling interpretation to his words, the most irritating one to his actions. She had been among those to whom he gave the "imperial" (as she termed it) command, to call the wife of the Marquis of Lenox, Miss Arden. He had not thought it proper, or necessary, to assign his reason for this; and, had he commanded Mrs. Connor to lay down her own existence, she could not have been more determined never to comply; till the gentle Emily, with tears, requested her father might be obeyed. From that moment Mrs. Connor persisted in it that he would be the death of his angelic daughter; nor did she fail to execrate the day when he again set foot in Bellarney, and carried away its heiress to become a martyr to his whims, and know only sickness and sorrow. If any thing had been wanting to complete her detestation of Sir Edward, he would have supplied it, when he refused to see the "dear jewel," his granddaughter, on the sad day of her birth. All these erroneous opinions of a woman, really worthy, were, however, from the danger of Emily, lost and swallowed up in her fears. No mother could have been more watchfully tender; and, perhaps, but for even her unrefined affection, Sir Edward Arden's daughter had never survived her sickness at Frescati. As her lady amended, by slow degrees, Connor discharged her mind of all its chagrins, which sunk into the already wounded soul of Emily, and produced the deepest horror of her father.

How dangerous is it for parents, in any station, to make over the care of their children, from an early age, to others. Of the tie, so important to both parties as they advance into life, nothing then remains, even in minds well turned, but a sense of mutual duty. The melting look that cherished an infant virtue, the tear that cured an infant fault, has never been riveted on the fond remembrance of the child. The sweet endearments, the soft concessions, which made every fault forgotten, the gay delights of unfolding nature, live not in the doting recollection of the parent. But when children have fortunes and rights in life independent of their parents, it becomes peculiarly necessary for those parents to fix that influence, by early and unremitting kindness, which even the most insensible will lament the want of, whenever the younger party is entitled to judge and act.

Little did the marquis suspect the great influence of Connor with Emily, or that she was meditating to commit to her sole charge the second dear treasure of her life. But the person she thought it most important to embark in her views, she knew, as yet, only from the friendly sensibility with which he soothed her sorrows; while, with exquisite professional skill, he had perhaps saved her life.

Dr. Dalton had, to oblige Sir Edward, broken through the rule he had laid down, when he took up his abode in Rome, never to practice but for the benefit of those unable to reward him. This gentleman was beyond the middle of life, easy in his own fortune, and married to a lady of a still ampler one. His taste for the fine arts had made him abandon his own country, to fix his residence in the center of the ancient world; the venerable relics of which formed his only pleasure. A man of this character could not but be courted by strangers; and Sir Edward Arden had made so favorable an impression on him, that he took pleasure in being his *cicerone*. Such a friend,

with medical knowledge, was a treasure to the afflicted father, in the desperate contingency that followed Emily's arrival at Frescati. Her bitter grief, her exquisite loveliness, the disposition she showed to be grateful for his generous exertions to continue an existence which she valued not, had interested Dr. Dalton's feelings; and urged him to improve the predilection, by bringing his lady to wait on her. But in the melancholy and humbled situation of Emily, the deep dejection of her mind, and the weakness of her health, the good doctor wondered not at her shrinking even from kindness: and when he found his medical assistance unnecessary, he had no choice, but, sighing, to retire from the interesting young widow. Sir Edward had, however, before he left Rome, obtained his promise, that, if summoned to Frescati, he would still have the kindness to attend on his daughter.

The present situation of Emily rather inclined her to shun than to seek Dr. Dalton's presence; for her loveliness was never more obvious. To herself, therefore, she could not summon the person she most desired to see. The infant Emily was a cherub in beauty, and in the full glow of health; and to trouble a man of independence with making a visit to two of her servants, who complained of illness, seemed too great a liberty: yet rendering their poverty an excuse to his benevolent mind, she risked entreating a visit at Frescati.

Dr. Dalton obeyed the summons, and congratulated his fair patient on having recovered a higher degree of health than he thought she ever did or could possess. Her beautiful child delighted him; and he assured her that he could not any longer contend with the impatience of his wife to see both. Emily smiled, but no longer waived the compliment. The doctor returned, however, from visiting the servants, with an air of gravity; and, not moving from a window remotely situated, inquired if she had

ever had the small-pox. Emily replied, that it was ever a disputed point between Connor and her grandmother ; but the former could be called, and give him her reasons for thinking she had had it. "A simple proceeding will spare a long detail," said the kind physician. "Even if *you* have had this disorder, your little angel has not ; and she must not remain here a moment. Your two servants have taken the small-pox, and no human care can prevent its running like wild-fire among your Italian domestics. I shall, therefore, waive Mrs. Dalton's waiting on you, madam, and fulfill my promise to Sir Edward, by insisting on your company to Rome. My house is pleasantly situated,—the gardens are large,—your babe will be safe, if she has not already received the infection, and anxiously attended if she has. This is a contingency when ceremony must be given up, and the old-fashioned thing, called prudence, only govern us."

A thousand thoughts fluttered at the heart of Emily, and varied her complexion every moment. Could she have guessed at the danger, she might have previously apprised the marquis ; but to go without his knowledge was impossible. To keep her darling, however, within the reach of infection, and the dread of death, she could not answer to herself. To the kind urgency of her medical friend, she replied, that some very particular concerns rendered it impracticable for her so suddenly to quit Frescati ; but the babe, dearer to her than life, she would tear from her own arms and commit to his care, as a pledge that she would follow to-morrow. Dr. Dalton ordered a horse to be made ready for himself ; and Connor, with the infant Emily, drove immediately off in his carriage.

For a time the tender mother felt as if stunned. She ran from room to room seeking the babe whom she knew she could not find ; and half fancying that she should

never see it more. A new and pleasing idea then suddenly took total possession of her mind ; and she passed the interval, ere she could greet the marquis, in collecting and packing all her valuables ; appreciating each jewel, as she enfolded it, with a miser's eye. That done, she measured the room for hours, dreading that some accident had happened to her dear nocturnal visitant ; though her watch assured her it was yet too early for his appearance ;—not but he might safely have ventured ; for the nature of the malady which had seized the sick servants threw the deepest dismay over those yet in health, inso-much that each fancied himself walking about the house in a dying state ; nor failed to conclude that the memorable music of the marble faun had been a solemn warning of the approaching mortality in the family.

When Emily apprised the marquis of the danger that had obliged her to part with her child, his perturbation equaled her own. A moment, however, impressed him with a conviction that this removal would involve them both in much inconvenience. Dr. Dalton, he perceived, was, by this hasty confidence, rendered of necessity a party in all their future prospects and fluctuating plans. "What, my dearest," cried he, impatiently pacing the chamber, "could induce you so suddenly to impose restraint on yourself and me ? If you will not consent to my appearing, how can you reside at Dr. Dalton's house ? What will you do there ?"—"Die, perhaps," returned Emily : "I would not, my love, be understood literally ; yet to be thought dead is my only chance for passing my life with you : and without the aid of a character, as respectable in itself, and as highly estimated by my father, as Dr. Dalton's, vainly should I attempt an imposition of that kind."—"How improbable then is it that you should persuade such a man to sanction so strange a fraud, and one, which many occurrences in life may betray !"—"I

know not any, save choice, that can betray us, my lord," sighed Emily; "and I will rather die in reality, than ever again endure the severe control of my father. I have well digested my plan, in which I do not ask your aid; grant only your concurrence; and this, if I am indeed dear to you, I may claim. The circumstances I am in are very interesting and peculiar; I am a wife, a mother; if robbed by an inhuman father of the first title, the last would only double my misery. In human life the least must yield to the greater duty. Reason, nature, law, make me yours for ever; nor can even the power of a parent break the tie which his voice hallowed. A mind so generous and dispassionate as Dr. Dalton's will surely see, that, in thus disappearing from society, I rather seek to guard from another bloody contention two fiery spirits, who each claim so dear a right in me, that, to one or the other, I should be every moment in danger of falling a victim, than to indulge a bold romantic passion."—"Emily," solemnly repeated the marquis, "I am yours—for ever yours; the miseries I have caused you to endure entitle you to judge for both of us. Greatly have I erred; may I alone err! Use the power I so fully give you more wisely than I have used mine."

Morning carried away the anxious marquis, no more to haunt the beloved shades of Frescati. Noon set down Emily at the house of her friend; who welcomed her with the happy news that her babe appeared to have escaped the infection. Mrs. Dalton took the mother to her bosom, with as kind a greeting as she had already given the infant; and, conducting her to an elegant apartment, entreated her to be there entirely at home.

The first few hours were spent by all parties in those ingratiating attentions, which insensibly remove the impression of novelty from a scene or acquaintance. As evening came on, Emily began to be painfully sensible of

the task she had taken on herself, when she engaged to interest absolute strangers in her fate, and her feelings, even at the moment when she had unwarily deprived her heart of its dearest adviser, support, and consolation. Her tears flowed in silence; and Mrs. Dalton, moved by her extreme youth, and her deep mourning, found so natural a grief but too infectious.

Dr. Dalton sought to divert the thoughts of both ladies from sorrowful ideas, by interesting them in the account he gave of a young Englishman, who had, without a regular introduction, applied to him for advice, and won him to regard. He expressed great impatience for the morning, when the stranger had promised him a more full knowledge of his situation, both as to fortune and feelings; which his dignity of mien and intelligent countenance made matter of great curiosity. A vague kind of agitation seized on Emily; she faintly inquired if the stranger was pale, and had been wounded? Dr. Dalton assented; dwelling anew on his air of distinction, "that noble kind of physiognomy which an enlightened mind alone can give even to correct beauty." The flutter of Sir Edward's daughter increased; and Dr. Dalton wistfully surveyed her fair cheeks, on which, in spite of the efforts of her reason, glowed the tender alarms of her heart; while her ingenuous eyes, ever ready to convey its meaning, escaped those of her observing friend only by seeking the ground. "You are, perhaps, madam," said the doctor, after a pause, "already acquainted with this interesting stranger?" Emily shook her head, sighed, but trusted not her lips with a syllable. He again paused; then continued his discourse. "It is, I dare say, impossible to be much with you, and think of any thing distinct from yourself. I can no otherwise account for the singular idea that haunts me, of a striking resemblance between my unknown visiter and Sir Edward

Arden. Yet the youth's complexion is not so dark, and his hair a bright auburn: it is the form of his face—a certain keen turn in his black eyes—something in the tone of his voice—but, above all, the lofty grace of his manner that seemed to give the very man to my mind.”

Emily clasped her hands in silence at the imprudence of the marquis, whom she recognized in every particular Dr. Dalton dwelt on, but remained determinately silent: and her tears might well be imputed to painful recollections, that had no reference to the stranger. He would have vanished from the mind of Dr. Dalton, had not a billet been brought, half an hour after, to Emily.—“Proceed and prosper, my beloved: I could not resist my racking desire to see this friend on whom you have made me dependent; and find in his countenance that prepossessing benignity his voice confirms. Act on his feelings with your best speed, that you may become wholly his, who knows not how to live a day without you. All my objections to your proposed deception vanished the moment I saw you no longer. Early in the morning I will send for your answer: would we were, till then, with the dryads at Frescati.”

The surprise which Dr. Dalton and his lady felt at finding their lovely guest, whom they supposed to be without one friend or connection in Rome, already greeted by a correspondent, increased greatly on perceiving Emily's agitation. When her eye glanced on the superscription, hardly could her trembling fingers break the seal—her overflowing eyes connect the words—or her perturbed mind conceive their purport. Yet her native ingenuousness told her in a moment that the smallest reserve, the least hesitation, might give her new friends a humiliating impression of her conduct. She therefore folded the billet, and, with a dignified tenderness kissing it first, put it

into her bosom, offering an immediate explanation of the mystery it implied.

So touching, though simple, was her little history, that it hardly needed the graces which her drooping youth, exquisite beauty, and tearful sensibility, gave it to her hearers. The forms of life at once were swallowed up in its feelings. Already were Dr. Dalton and his lady embarked in the fate of Emily, joyed in her joys, suffered in her sufferings; glowed with her indignation at the recital of Sir Edward's harshness, and finally shrunk with her horror, when she told them that he had cruelly struck at the life of her husband. They vowed to renounce, hate, abhor the tyrant father; while to the fair, unfortunate daughter, they promised unalterable friendship, paternal affection.

At this crisis in Emily's narrative, the nurse brought in the babe for the evening blessing of her tender mother; who intuitively knew how to heighten every generous sensibility she had excited, by taking it, and dismissing the woman. This simple effect of a delicate tenderness awakened the most lively sympathy for the marquis, of whose prolonged existence she was about to speak. Enlightened by one word, as to the visitor of the evening, Dr. Dalton deeply regretted not having known the truth before the stranger withdrew. It was needless for Emily to plead the cause of her beloved: his pale and anxious countenance was yet before the eyes of Dr. Dalton, and had already so prepossessed him, that the worthy man declared it would have been impossible for any human being, so painfully circumstanced, to have avoided his error; though few would have made so ample an atonement for it. Far, he added, from approving Sir Edward Arden's conduct, he applauded that of his daughter, and should receive the husband with the same cordiality he had the wife; nor would he hesitate to assist in any measure pro-

posed for perpetuating the union of a pair so formed for each other. The tears of apprehension were yet undried on the cheeks of Emily, when those of transport washed them away :—her beauty assumed almost a celestial charm when lighted up by gratitude.

The warm heart of Dr. Dalton made him now regret that he knew not where to find the marquis; for then would he have hastened to add him to the little party: “so should no one heart in it be ill at ease.” Alas! good man! had he been twenty years younger, well would he have guessed that he need not look far for a lover so anxious; who passed half the night in wandering near the house that contained his treasure. It is possible that Emily could have quickened her friend’s perception, if she had not had a task to execute, which would not admit of an abrupt avowal that the marquis yet existed. In the exhausted state of her spirits, it was a great effort to communicate to Connor the secret history of the midnight musician at Frescati.—The ungovernable joy it caused in her humble friend was almost more than Emily could support: yet was she obliged to make a further exertion, that she might talk down to rationality the delighted creature. Even at last Emily was reduced to keep her for that night in her own apartment, lest, in the intoxication of the moment, the important secret of the disguise of the marquis should circulate through a train of servants, who did not now know he was in existence.

With all her sensibility thus afloat, it was impossible for Emily to find repose. If a momentary slumber came over her, she seemed to hear the well-known strains of her nocturnal harmonist, and starting abruptly up, paused—listened—sighed at being undeceived, and wished herself again at Frescati.

The morning at length came, and with it the messenger for Emily’s letter. Her joyful summons bade the

marquis assume any name but his own, and be a welcome visitor to Dr. Dalton. Mr. Irwin was in a moment announced; and received by that gentleman as a friend long known, and newly recovered. The melting sensibility which so many concurring feelings and kindnesses must necessarily call forth in the refined and generous soul of the marquis, made him, in the eyes of all the party, the most charming and interesting of human beings.

In a very short time Emily acquired so unlimited an influence over the mind of Dr. Dalton, that, whatever her opinion might be on any subject, he had a singular facility in persuading himself that it had been first his own. He therefore soon became convinced that it would be meritorious to assist the marquis to run away with his own wife. Sir Edward might then discover at leisure how to reconcile himself to the re-union; as well as how to annul the ceremony of the marriage in Sicily. Having thus far carried the point of fully embarking the doctor in her cause, Emily chose a moment, when she was alone with him, to dwell upon the horrors that had almost precipitated her into a premature grave at Frescati; and seeing the strong impression which her description made on the worthy man, she represented how probable it was that some dreadful catastrophe might again attend the meeting of her father and husband. By slow degrees she reached the meditated point; and suggested her being supposed dead as the only sure way of avoiding the dreadful contingency. Would Dr. Dalton but sanction the belief, that she had taken the malady now raging among her servants at Frescati, it would be no reflection on his skill to have it reported that even his exertions could not prolong her life. On the fidelity of her woman she could depend; and in Rome the interment of protestants was even more than private—absolutely secret.—A corpse

might be substituted; and if Sir Edward on his return should choose to see it, in a disorder like the small-pox, a parent would vainly seek to identify a child. As, however, it was her fixed intention to leave not only her daughter, but all her fortune and personal effects behind, Sir Edward would not have a doubt that he had thus lost her. Could she escape by this plan at once from his power, and the horrors which tormented her when she thought of his meeting her husband, they might, without incurring the disgrace of an elopement, steal unobserved away together, and, in some obscure but happy home, pass those years, which heaven might yet please to give her father.

Dr. Dalton listened, in mute astonishment, to this well-arranged, extravagant project. He saw, at once, that it would involve his character, perhaps endanger his safety, were it ever to be known; yet, observing how Emily's apprehensive heart quivered on her lips, he loved her too affectionately to reject her proposal, or treat it with ridicule. The utmost power he had over himself, when she was concerned, was to point out the perpetual danger to which she would be exposed by her interesting loveliness, and the youth of the marquis. But the confidence she had in her own prudence, and the full reliance she placed in the honor of her husband, made her treat these objections lightly. The inconveniences which, as he hinted, he might bring upon himself, Emily more fully considered and answered. It had been Sir Edward's intention, when he left Frescati, she assured the doctor, to set out for England immediately on his return: and when, on coming back, he should find himself charged with the sole care of her child, the journey would rather be hastened than retarded. Should, therefore, any unforeseen occurrence (though that appeared to her impossible) betray to Sir Edward that she was yet in existence, it must be when

he was far from Rome and Dr. Dalton: for whose honor and safety she owned herself deeply concerned. Her warmth had an effect in favor of her cause which she did not foresee: a strange apprehension that she thought him selfish, if not timid, crossed Dr. Dalton's mind; and to avoid incurring her contempt, he risked deserving that of her father. He therefore dropped suddenly all opposition to her plan.

This doubtful success was more than Emily had dared to promise herself; and on perceiving the marquis approach, she left the gentlemen together. The conversation had been so singular, that Dr. Dalton communicated it as news to the marquis; but found himself obliged to reconsider the proposal more seriously, when he learned that the husband, whom Emily, with sweet feminine affection almost implicitly obeyed, had not been able to remove from her mind this cherished project. The manly character of the marquis, however, instantly gave it another complexion. He could not agree with Dr. Dalton in seeing the fraud in so serious a light. It rather appeared to him a means of chastening the heart of a fond, though mistaken, father, from the pride and prejudice that had already destroyed his own peace, as well as the happiness of the two persons most dear to him. As her husband, he well knew that he could claim Emily in despite of her father, would she allow him to assert his influence; but as the bare idea of a struggle between persons almost equally dear, always half killed her, he foresaw that the return of Sir Edward would, even against her choice, subject her to his will. The project in question did not necessarily lead to ill consequences: quite the contrary, since, in the grief of supposing his daughter to be for ever lost, Sir Edward would more candidly review his own conduct towards her. Perhaps he might then take the infant whom now he loathed to

his bosom ; and cherishing in his noble heart all its native elevation, gradually expunge thence the only littleness it ever knew. A friend, as kind as Dr. Dalton, would find a generous pleasure in aiding the workings of an ingenuous nature ; and might easily guide, towards his daughter, the sorrowful heart of a mistaken but affectionate parent. On his own part, every influence, both of reason and tenderness, should be employed, to bring back, to the wonted habits of filial affection and duty, the beloved creature who was willing, for her husband, to become an impoverished wanderer. A temporary alienation, thus managed, might perhaps re-unite the whole family in an affection, the more tender and lasting, as it would be free from human prejudice, and refined by human suffering. The character of Dr. Dalton would be, the marquis added, as it ever ought, always in his own keeping : since it would pain alike the two whom he obliged, were he to incur a censure, even from himself, to serve either. The doctor would always, therefore, be at liberty not only to avow the deception, but his own motive for joining in it ; which, perhaps, as nearly concerned the happiness of Sir Edward as that of his children. Further to engage the doctor's sympathy, the marquis ventured to communicate to him the tender secret of his wife's present condition ; and nothing hitherto urged was half so influential.

The fragile form of Emily had, even in the care of Dr. Dalton, almost sunk into a premature grave ; nor did he think it possible that she should, in the same perilous situation, survive, if terror of mind were again to accompany those sufferings, from which no kindness could save her. The tender husband, on hearing this, applauded himself for having implicitly indulged a creature, whose fate might so easily become precarious. Reasoning was now, with him, out of the question ; and feeling alone determined the future. Emily had, in the interim, engaged

a powerful coadjutor in Mrs. Dalton; and the league was too strong for the doctor to resist; though still his conscience secretly revolted at consenting to sanction a fraud of any kind, or from any motive.

News arrived the next morning from Frescati, that one servant was dead, and several more had sickened, with the small-pox. All communication with that part of Sir Edward's family was therefore entirely prohibited, and the marquis seriously began to make arrangements for the flight of Emily; who now thought it prudent to impart her views to her humble friend, Connor: and well she knew how hard would be the task of reconciling her to them. How to the gross of soul can delicate minds explain that acute sensibility, which, when once awakened, binds heart to heart by a power discriminating as reason, yet impulsive as sensation,—or, when once wounded, throws each in a moment to the utmost limit of creation?—It knows not how to qualify—descends not to contention—disdains to be soothed—given to dignify existence, even though it entails sadness on those who have it—a good never valued, because never understood by those who have it not.

No human eloquence could have persuaded Connor, that a being born to ride in her own coach need ever know misery; or a daughter inheriting a fortune independent of her father need shrink from a power which it was at her option to acknowledge. How great then was the poor woman's astonishment, when Emily informed her that, instead of maintaining her own pleasure against Sir Edward, she was determined to fly from him; and not only to fly, but to leave her behind. "So, after all her services, all her love, her dear young lady chose to live without her!" In vain did Emily represent that she was obliged to leave her child to her father, and how could she trust the treasure to any other woman's care?

All the power which a rational affection can exercise over a weak one, Emily often tried before she could at all influence Connor; who, though she had learned to dread Sir Edward Arden's lofty spirit, knew not how to respect it: and always urged her lady to consider only herself and child. Wearied out at last by the tender importunity and nervous agitations of Emily, the good woman reluctantly took solemn charge of the child: consenting to confirm the account of the mother's suppositious death to Sir Edward, and for her sake endure what she termed "all his humors."

The marquis had never been long enough in Rome to be generally known, yet he was too much distinguished by nature as well as by rank, to venture to appear in the day: and the humiliation of continually stealing to his friends and wife made him, when once Emily was fully resolved on her project, impatient for its execution. Dr. Dalton purchased a traveling carriage; and his lady secretly made every necessary preparation for the travelers.

Emily now secluded herself in her own apartment; and the alarm of her having taken the small-pox was circulated through the whole family. Her infant therefore remained shut up in a remote part of the mansion; and the domestics, save Mrs. Connor, were prohibited access to the chamber of the visitor. Dr. Dalton and his lady, with that favorite humble friend, were all who had permission to enter it: and the servants had too great a horror of a malady already so fatal at Frascati, to be tempted to break through the strict injunction. Convinced that even when the marquis, as well as herself, had gathered together all the limited wealth which they could, so circumstanced, command, they still would be poorly provided for the uncertain future, Emily carefully collected her jewels and other valuables, to secrete them among the

few common habiliments which she chose to carry away with her. The yet untarnished bridal vestments she, with a sigh, saw packed to remain behind ; that no visible deficiency in her effects might awaken a doubt of her death in the mind of her father. Within her jewel-case she inclosed a letter in her own hand, signifying that all the rich diamonds which it once contained, she had herself appropriated ; nor was any human being to be charged with purloining aught. This done, she locked the empty casket, and affixed on it her own seal, subjoining a written address to her daughter : whom she exhorted not to break that seal till she should be eighteen. There was something so melancholy in these indispensable arrangements, each of which produced a new lamentation from Connor, that poor Emily often felt ready to sink under the task she had imposed on herself. Yet she had only to recollect her increasing size, and fancy that she saw the indignant eye of her father flash upon her, to return with fresh vigor to her painful employments. Dr. Dalton observed her pale cheeks, and high irritation, with great alarm ; and, dissatisfied as he was with her plan, often fairly wished her voluntary death to be announced, lest she should die in reality.

On the appointed night all was ordered within the house to favor the departure of the interesting fugitives ; and the marquis, an hour before break of day, came in the chaise to the door. When by her orders the child was brought, Emily sunk half fainting in the arms of Connor : yet when her friends again proposed staying, her resolution instantaneously returned. She saw in imagination the husband of her heart stretched lifeless at her feet ; and the voice of her father again sounded fearfully in her ears. "Farewell, farewell then awhile, my infant blessing !" cried she, folding the unconscious smiler to her bosom :—"for thy father, for thy beloved father only,

would I for one hour abandon thee!—But it will be thy happy fate to soften the heart of mine:—when he looks in thy innocent face, he will not see aught of the wretch now hanging fondly over thee, but rather the likeness of the nephew once so dear, so inexpressibly dear to him:—to you he will strive to atone for his past severity to both of us; nor will bitterness mingle in the love which you may bear each other.” Dr. Dalton saw nature was too highly wrought in a creature so delicate, and gave a sign to the marquis; who rather bore than led her to the carriage, which rapidly carried them from the dearest ties both of nature and choice.

It was soon circulated through Rome that the daughter of Sir Edward Arden was dead of the small-pox: she had never been seen there, and of course this was the news only of a day. The ladies spoke the following one of her infant daughter, as the heiress of two great families; and on the third, both mother and child were forgotten.

Dr. Dalton, who had only consented to countenance, not promised to support the fraud, chose to absent himself from home, that he might avoid all embarrassing inquiries; he therefore with his lady went on a tour among their friends. Hardly had they quitted Rome ere Sir Edward Arden arrived there, and having, when he set out for Naples, left his daughter in the charge of Dr. Dalton, made choice of that gentleman's house as the most proper one to alight at. A strange and painful feeling seized him at suddenly seeing a servant of Emily's, who as suddenly vanished. That he was in black did not surprise Sir Edward, who had not yet changed his own mourning. After he had, however, waited for some time, a servant of Dr. Dalton's came, only to inform him of the absence of his friends: but the regret he was expressing he no longer remembered, when he perceived

Connor enter the room ; who, throwing open a mantle of black crape, discovered to his anxious eyes the fairest sleeping cherub that ever graced mortality.—It was the first moment in which Sir Edward could be said to behold the interesting offspring of an unhappy love. Ah ! how forcibly did nature assert her rights over him ! He eagerly snatched the miniature of his Emily, and looked wildly around for herself. “Aye, prize that jewel,” cried the incautious Connor : “it is the only one which you can call your own.” A horrible sense of unexpected calamity weighed down the father : he turned, disgusted, and afflicted, from the savage who thus announced the completion of his misfortunes ; still fondly clasping his darling babe, his infant Emily—alas ! now his only Emily.

His valet aided his recovery ; and having in the interim learned the ingenious fabrication of the death of the marchioness, imparted it to his master ; adding that the family at Frescati were still far from well. There was nothing in a recital and catastrophe so simple, to awaken suspicion, or lead to inquiry. Sir Edward relied on the tale, and wept—alas ! he could only weep :—in Emily the marquis died to him a second time ; and it was his hard fate to blend the horrors of the past with the misery of the present loss.

A packet from the Duke of Aberdeen, which had been lying for some weeks at Rome, was now delivered to Sir Edward. Hardly had he power to break the seal : for what could it contain likely now to interest his feelings ? The whole universe could not, to him, supply a woe like either of those which he must for life bewail. The letter proved to be in answer to one of his own, recounting the outrage offered to Emily by the marquis, whose prior marriage and supposed suicide formed its whole subject. The Duke of Aberdeen, never rigid, but always coarse

and worldly, began his epistle with reprobating Sir Edward's interference with the young people, when once they were united : nor did he less censure the listening to an idle, and, as far as he was empowered to judge, unsupported assertion of a worthless wanton, that the marquis had married her. Had his son, in reality, twenty such supernumerary wives, it would not be possible for any of their claims to interfere with those of a lady of Miss Arden's consequence in life, regularly, and with the approbation of the parents on both sides, espoused to the Marquis of Lenox. As the only wife of that thoughtless youth, he was impatient to greet her : and she might rely on his ever regarding her child, or children, as entitled to all he could bestow. Nor was this strange interference on the part of Sir Edward, the duke added, his only or his greatest oversight. The frantic passion that had induced him to dispossess his daughter of the name and title of her husband, was more likely to render the legitimacy of her child disputable, than the improbable assertions of those light ladies, whom the marquis might be weak enough for a time to prefer to her. In fine, he exhorted Sir Edward immediately to restore Miss Arden to her rank and acceptance as wife to the Marquis of Lenox ; and if she was sufficiently recovered to undertake the journey, to hasten with her to England ; where she and her daughter would be fully acknowledged, and all their rights legally established. The duke concluded with observing, that he could have pardoned a fond girl of Emily's age, for quarreling with her husband about giving away her diamonds and carriages ; but for her father to expatiate on such baubles was unworthy both his experience and sex. He desired she might be told, a more magnificent set of jewels was preparing for her ; and he requested her to forget those, which it would be an impropriety for her now to appear in, even if it were pos-

sible to recover them. As to the marquis, he did not pretend to judge of his past conduct; but he supposed that he would, in the end, prove no worse than other people's sons; and after he had run about the world for a year or two, and spent all the money he could get, he would return to Emily in his penitentials; who, if she was as sensible and gentle as she appeared to be, might live better then with him than she ever yet had.

The letter dropped from the hands of Sir Edward! A new light broke upon the deep gloom of his soul, which seemed shot from Heaven to make his sorrows supportable. "The duke then thought his son alive!—Ah! why, if he was not so?" Well he remembered, that the idea could never have been gathered from the letter of his, this epistle answered. To avoid owning or denying the deed which for ever clung to his conscience, he had simply inclosed the testimonial of the Neapolitan monks, which even detailed the interment of the marquis. Yet not by one word did the father refer to that affecting record.

Oh! how did Sir Edward wish that the heart, so powerfully bounding in his bosom, could have borne him instantaneously to England! for to doubt was to die.—Again he read the letter; again assured himself that no father would so have written, who was not convinced of his son's existence. Another pointed conclusion followed; the marquis was admitted to be gayly wandering with some woman;—who could it be but Emily Fitzallen? Ought then the father of his wife to lament that she was in the grave? With a head crowded with conjectures, and a heart overflowing with variety of passions, poor Sir Edward cast his eyes around, and felt himself alone in the world;—without one being to counsel with, one friend to comfort him. Suddenly he recollected Cardinal Albertini; and, at the same moment, that the truth, whatever it was, must rest in his bosom: since, though

monks might fabricate a tale to deceive other persons, they would not venture an imposition on one of their own body. Wild with impatience, Sir Edward demanded his carriage; ranged like a madman through the house and garden till it was ready, creating new fear and astonishment in Connor, and the domestics; then rapidly threw himself into it, and bade the postillions drive to the villa, where the cardinal usually passed the summer. Hardly allowing a moment for the greeting of friendship, the agitated Sir Edward gave that prelate the letter of the duke; and, as he slowly perused it, watched, in silent agony, its effect upon him. The cardinal read, and re-read, remaining long thoughtful; till Sir Edward, worn out with expectation, snatched his hand, and almost inarticulately cried, "lives he or not?" The acuteness of misery was in his voice, the horrors of frenzy in his eye. "I know not," gravely, though kindly, replied the cardinal, "whether I ought to own, that even when I, in compliance with your nephew's wishes, sent you the attested account of his death, the true record, lodged in the college, informed me he was recovering." A violent start which Sir Edward Arden gave, the glare of melancholy joy that shot over his care-worn countenance, shocked the pious prelate. Spreading wide his hands, and wildly surveying them—"they were not then dipped in his vital blood?" groaned he; "this heart is not blackened with the eternal consciousness of involuntary guilt? this brain, this bursting brain, may discharge, in tears, some of its anguish; and in those tears I may yet find virtue,—consolation! Now may I venture to visit the grave of my Emily, nor fear even her ashes will shrink, as she herself did, from the murderer of her husband. I am now then only miserable;—for this mitigation of suffering, let me, oh! God! bow to thee!—only, only, miserable!" The alarm and astonishment with which the

cardinal heard Sir Edward impute to himself the guilt of shortening his nephew's days, gave way to that of learning the fair, unfortunate young marchioness was really in her grave: for he doubted not but grief had destroyed her. He reproached himself for having complied with the wishes of the wounded marquis, conveyed through the monks, in ascertaining his death to his family: yet, as not one word, in either account transmitted, threw a shadow of guilt on Sir Edward, it was impossible to foresee of how much consequence to his peace the disclosure of the truth would be. In all Sir Edward had at first imparted, the cardinal had seen only an injured, aggrieved parent's feelings; he thence concluded that time, and time alone, could allay the keen sorrows separately preying on the hearts of all parties: and he was impatiently watching for the moment of general reconciliation. That moment, it now was obvious, would never come. Most severely did he censure himself for veiling the truth, even from benevolent motives.

In the uncontrollable restlessness of a wounded mind Sir Edward was now eager to fly to Frescati; whither his venerable friend insisted on accompanying him. In the way thither, the latter first learned the malady yet among the servants, to which the young lady was concluded to have fallen a victim. It was some relief to the cardinal to find that a natural, and not a mental calamity, had thus early subjected Emily to the stroke of mortality.

Alas! what a state is his, who feels a deep sense of unkindness to an object still exquisitely dear, though for ever vanished! The tear that would have melted the beloved heart, then drops like caustic on your own; the groan, re-echoing affection would have impatiently replied to, then rings unanswered on your ear; and the deep solitude of the soul, even amidst all the distracting

tumults of an ever busy, ever fluctuating world, becomes an awful punishment, even before a final audit.

Sir Edward now stood on the threshold of his villa at Frescati: still was the sad moment present to his mind, when he came there to receive the lovely, unfortunate Emily, ere yet she knew the misery he had brought upon her youth. Again she threw herself into his paternal arms, as certain of pity, protection, fondness; his secret soul told him that she found not these poor alleviations of irremediable calamity. Again she seemed, in the agony of conjugal love, to spring from those arms, as though a single word had snapped the weaker chord of nature: and starting—he felt himself childless.—He vainly wept; vainly he smote his bosom; blending all the misery of a late repentance with the keen pangs of parental anguish.

The cardinal interrogated the servants, who were visible sufferers by the malady which was said to have deprived Emily of life; and from them he gathered such particulars, as he hoped would lighten the affliction of the father. They all agreed that she had recovered health and bloom before she left Frescati; and even her melancholy had considerably abated; that she removed to guard her child from infection, and not as fearing it herself. To this information, the cardinal added his own just remark, that, by going to Dr. Dalton's, she had taken the best chance for life; since, if skill or kindness could have prolonged hers, she would not have died beneath his roof.

“*He talks to me, who never had a child,*” sighed poor Sir Edward to himself,—his was gone, for ever gone; repentance, sympathy, sorrow, no more could soften, soothe, conciliate Emily. The mansion he was once so proud of now appeared a dungeon to him. Her works, her musical instruments, her drawings, yet scattered

about in all the apartments, gave various forms to the unceasing sentiment of sorrow. The cardinal, lest his friend should sink into stupor, ventured the hazardous experiment of recalling his nephew to his mind, as one who must yet more lament for Emily. "Ah! yes, he must indeed lament her," sighed the father; "for he has purchased, by a crime, the sad pre-eminence in suffering." Well now could Sir Edward calculate the excess of that passion, which stamped with horror the hours of bridal felicity. His generous heart by a greater blow recovered its spring, and bade him again receive the solitary sufferer to his affection; so might they lighten to each other a loss, which to either no time could repair. But how was he to trace this husband, more miserable than even himself? how make him sensible of his absolute forgiveness, his anxious sympathy, his eternal regret? One link of the many that once bound them together alone remained;—it was the little orphan Emily. Motherless before she had known the cherishing warmth of a parental embrace;—surely the father could not forget the tie that bound the grandfather? Yes, the marquis would one day assert his right in the darling child; and thus, most certainly, should he be discovered. But so fearful was Sir Edward become of losing her, by the strong desire his nephew might have to make her wholly his own, that he hardly would trust her out of his sight. As Emily had predicted, her daughter soon gained all the indulgence which her father had denied to herself.

In turning over his papers at Frescati, Sir Edward laid his hand on the will, which he had so wrung both his daughter's heart, and his own, to obtain. It was, at last, of no use, if the marriage was not contested; and only a new cause of eternal chagrin. In observance, however, of the rational advice of the duke, the Lenox arms he had again painted on the carriage of his granddaughter;

and she was committed, as the heiress of both families, to the strict charge of Mrs. Connor, to whom Sir Edward assigned a liberal stipend, and the sole authority over the establishment of Lady Emily Lenox. He was not without a secret hope that the marquis, even then, kept a strict watch on his conduct; which thus, indirectly, was calculated to convince him that the afflicted father felt tenderly disposed to a union of sorrows and interests. Cardinal Albertini insisted on his residing with him, as Dr. Dalton was absent; for whose return Sir Edward indeed waited, to inform himself of such particulars respecting Emily, as he deigned not to inquire of servants: after which,—if in the interim the marquis did not appear—it was always his full intention to set out once more for Naples, there to seek the treasure which he had learned, by suffering, duly to value. But long might Sir Edward have waited for Dr. Dalton, who had quitted Rome with a fixed determination never to revisit it while the father stayed: for whom his regard had entirely ceased. He answered to Sir Edward's letter, by a cold condolence on his great *loss*, but entered no further on the interesting subject; and spoke of his own return as an indifferent matter, wholly uncertain. Sir Edward, piqued and chagrined at such an alteration of conduct in a man whom he esteemed, and who had conferred a great obligation on him, remitted not proper attentions, but hastily removed Lady Emily, and her suit, to the purified mansion at Frescati; after which he eagerly set out for Naples.

Dr. Dalton now returned home, and was not long in visiting Frescati: where he learned, with a deep shock and surprise, the rational conduct and manly grief of Sir Edward Arden; the just consequence he had given to his infant granddaughter, and the boundless fondness he expressed for her. Connor, engrossed by the importance

and honor of her new situation, which gave her the full command of all her vanished lady's rights in life, could not find as much leisure as formerly to lament that premeditated delusion, which Dr. Dalton every moment more heavily reproached himself for having become a party in. From whatever cause Sir Edward had again absented himself, not to meet him became a relief to the worthy man, as he flattered himself daily with the arrival of letters from the dear travelers; whose home he should then know, and might urge them to an immediate disclosure of their re-union, which, it was very obvious, could have no ill consequence now to any party.

Day after day, week after week, however, elapsed, without bringing one line from either the marquis or Emily. Vague fears and alarms often came across their kind friends; who now made every inquiry on the road, that could be made without naming the parties; but so many travelers had passed since the fugitives, that no account could be gathered of them. Dr. Dalton too well remembered hearing Emily say that she had packed up valuables with their common baggage: and the painful possibility that her anxiety might lead the postillions to suspect this, and thus expose them to fall into the hands of banditti, haunted him for ever. Yet it was possible the lovers had, from motives not to be guessed, changed their route; nay, even taken shipping. Whenever the idea that they ungenerously meant to insure his silence, by leaving him in eternal ignorance of their retirement, crossed his mind, he hastily rejected it, however horrible the fear that sprang up in its place.

And where, then, were these lovers, so anxiously dwelt on by the few to whom they were known? Alas! in a very public and humble spot, where they were passed, and repassed, by a variety of travelers, without exciting in a single one an emotion of curiosity. Such is com-

monly the case with persons who travel in a leisurely manner, and unattended by a suit of servants: who, in reality, attract attention much more than those whom they wait on. The morning soon broke on the marquis and Emily, after they left Rome, and gave to their glad eyes each other, now most truly wedded, since without any equal claim or feeling, to clash with a mutual, a fond affection. "The hand of Sir Edward Arden can never more be lifted against the life of the marquis," murmured Emily; and she gladly compounded for all the drawbacks attending this certainty. "Never can my uncle again tear his daughter from me," thought the marquis, and turned with contempt from all he had resigned for her sake.

Incapable of personal fear, a secret one that Sir Edward was even now seeking means to annul the marriage of his daughter, had always poisoned the pleasure of being forgiven and beloved by Emily to her husband. In the idea that she was dead (for well he knew Sir Edward would soon learn that *he* was not so) it was possible his uncle might sacrifice his resentments to the good of that child whom his pursued indignation would render illegitimate. Thus might a few years, either by the death or marriage of Miss Fitzallen, and the united forgiveness of their parents, render his appearance, with Emily in his hand, equally the wish of all parties. Occupied with thoughts like these, and a sweet sense of happiness, unknown to each till the hour of their flight, the fugitives passed unobserved. Emily had never changed her deep mourning; and the marquis, to avoid observation, assumed the same dress. They affected no consequence, but spoke of themselves as having attended a young lady in a consumption to Naples, whence, having buried her, they were now returning to their own country. Conscious of the value of their baggage, and afraid of others

suspecting it, Emily affected severe economy in her traveling expenses; and found that a sure way of being overlooked. Whether the spirits or constitution of Emily had suffered more than either could bear, or Heaven frowned on her flight from her father, can not be determined: but, four days after she left Rome, she was obliged, however unwillingly, to own to the marquis that she was too ill to proceed. A few hours convinced her, that she should not then give brother or sister to the dear babe whom she had left behind. Too late did her husband regret acceding to a plan, which his opposition, if determinate, would certainly have ended: nor knew he how to procure her medical advice, or the least domestic comfort. She bore her situation very patiently, and making the best of it, declared herself in a few days able to pursue her journey, the fatigue of which she supported better than her lord expected. They beguiled the time till they reached the foot of that stupendous natural barrier, the Alps, which they must necessarily pass in their way to Switzerland. In the visionary world lovers form for themselves, happiness and Switzerland have become almost synonymous terms. The marquis and Emily might well think them so. Still was the hour fresh in the memory of each, when they romantically crossed each other near Lausanne. The days that followed were the brightest in the lives of either. Though their hands had long been united, and their beings blended, time had not yet taken any thing from the charms which they then found in each other. To Switzerland it had therefore been their choice to retire. They meant to quit the traveler's usual track, and seek some sequestered scene, where all the agitations they had struggled so long with, might subside into the sweet transports of confiding love, and mutual sensibility. Dreams as aerial and delusive as these were absolutely necessary to render endurable, to those highly born, and delicately

bred, the odious inconveniences of Italian inns: where even the most distinguished travelers vainly demand the necessary comforts, for which they are exorbitantly charged. The marquis and Emily, with all their natural and acquired graces, often found it impossible to inspire that deference in these sordid wretches, which they only pay to the courier who precedes, the horses who draw, and the servants who follow their guests.

The little inn had nothing to keep the lovers within doors: but nature invited them abroad in a manner not to be resisted. Over the deep and woody glen, in which the house was seated, impended an enormous mountain; on whose aged head hung tresses of snow, that threatened to inter the hamlet with every blast that blew:—beyond, and around, far as the eye could reach, his numerous and ancient brethren, of different heights, and hideous aspects, with grotesque yet chilling beauty, gave elevation to the mind, while they compressed the nerves. It was a solemn, heavenly solitude, where the children of fancy must delight to linger. Emily wandered through the wilds the whole day, and playfully made the marquis, touching his flute, give voice to the echoes of the mountains. Their vile supper had been waiting till quite spoiled, yet exercise and pleasure gave it a relish. The chamber, like many which they had been obliged to tolerate, disgusted them both—it appeared close and humid, if not noxious—they hastened in the morning to breakfast under an arbor in the little garden, where the marquis gently remonstrated with the host for giving them so unpleasant a room. The man turned to his wife, and chid her for not having had the bed-clothes washed, or the room aired. The following altercation too plainly proved that a young person had only the day before been taken out of that chamber, who had died in it of the small-pox. A dreadful faintness and nausea seized Emily—excruciating head-

aches followed, with other symptoms, which convinced her that she had received the loathsome infection. To attempt, while this was a doubt, to cross the Alps, would have been madness: yet to remain in this miserable, unlucky inn appeared no less detestable than hazardous. It was a lone house; and every traveler either way must stop there. The increasing illness of Emily soon, however, rendered it impossible for her to venture over the mountains.

In these contingencies men learn all the value of that foresight and firmness, which even-handed nature bestows on rational women, to compensate for the personal courage she has not granted to them. Emily soon obtained from her penitent landlady the best accommodation the house afforded; and having ordered her baggage to her chamber, calmly retired thither, as to her tomb; after she had engaged the two daughters of the host to nurse, and attend upon her. In the fond apprehensiveness of a mother, Emily had, from the moment she became one, endeavored to inform herself on every malady that might affect the welfare of her babe; happily, therefore, she had some judgment in her own case. She entreated the marquis, if she should lose, as it was too probable she might, the power of enforcing her directions, carefully to guard her from all mistaken kindness; and that she might not fall a victim to an ignorant nurse, or village practitioner, she obliged him to commit to paper what it would be vain to hope that he could, thus circumstanced, remember; requesting him to abide by her judgment, whatever the consequence.

The marquis on his knees vowed implicit obedience: and having received and recorded her injunctions, took the keys of her trunks and medicine chest, preparing on his part to fulfill the sad but tender duty of watching by the sick bed of her, who had so often, and so unremitt-

tingly, watched over his. In a few days the delicate skin of Emily was covered by the eruption. In a few more it became confluent. Her beautiful eyes were sealed up; and hardly dared her agonized husband hope ever again to see them open. Delirium followed; and only the voice of the marquis, which still she knew, which still she heard, in whispers as fond as those in the days of bridal felicity, could have saved her from the grave: but never did she speak that he was not impatient to answer—never did she extend a feverish hand which his did not fondly receive and cherish—never breathe a sigh, his tender heart did not fearfully echo.

Three weeks elapsed in this miserable manner before the wretched Lenox could promise himself even the life of Emily; and oh! what a ravage had that short time made in her beauty! The Emily whom his boyish heart worshiped, it was plain he never more would behold. Those fine features, that skin more “smooth than monumental alabaster,” no more would charm his sight; but the pure, the elevated, the generous soul, to which in ripened manhood his own was inviolably plighted, still survived the wreck of human beauty, and diffused over the ruin celestial sweetness. A piety and patience so exemplary marked the days of Emily’s suffering, that never, never was she more adored, than during her convalescence: the only pleasure she found in recovered vision was to gaze on him, more dear than aught on earth; and had not the appearance of her arms told her what that of her face must be, she might have thought its loveliness improved, so delighted were the looks of her husband at seeing only recovered animation in it.

During this severe trial to the marquis, he had a thousand times lamented being out of the reach of Dr. Dalton; on whose professional skill he had great reliance: but never once could he resolve to write to him. Ah!

how could he be certain that the ingenious tale of Emily's death, fabricated to veil her flight, would not be a sad certainty before his letters could reach Rome? Nor would he afflict a faithful friend in telling him that they were overtaken by a calamity when out of his reach, which he could so materially have lessened had they remained within it.

Emily, though very weak, was now able to leave her chamber; nor could her husband any longer conceal from her the cruel change made in her features to all eyes but his own:—the conviction shocked her very sensibly; and she anxiously sought to learn his real sentiments and feelings on so trying an occasion. He frankly owned, that, had he not been the daily, hourly witness of her sufferings, he might have been struck with the change; but when he expected every moment to lose the gem, he heeded not the casket that contained it: and since he still had his Emily, he should delight through his whole life to convince her that sense, and self, were weak ties compared with those which sorrow and sensibility had formed between them. A certain noble reliance Emily ever had on the few whom she could love, made her, when thus generously assured of her influence, disdain to mourn such perishing advantages as mere feature and complexion, and, by exerting the charms of her mind, as well as the softness of her temper, she daily made a large compensation to the husband by whom she was adored.

Ere she attempted the severe passage of the Alps, Emily thought it right to try the milder atmosphere of the valley; and whenever she could induce the marquis to hunt, or course, for the benefit of his health, she would lean on the arm of her young nurse Beatrice, and creep to a shady seat, where a streamlet fell near the road-side: this had been as yet the extent of Emily's

walk ; and having with great fatigue one fine morning reached it, she was resting, when an equipage, magnificently appointed, drove by towards the inn which she had quitted. A loud laugh told her that the company had been tempted by the beauty of the spot to alight, nor could she possibly escape their eyes. To complete her distress, she perceived Miss Fitzallen leaning on the arm of Count Montalvo. Yet her astonishment surpassed her confusion when she saw the count, after pointing his glass towards her, drop it carelessly ; while the lady, glancing her quick eye from a face she no longer knew, to a habit which only attracted her attention from being English, turned alike away, as if she had regarded an absolute stranger. Altered as Emily supposed herself, it had never occurred to her, till this moment, that she should be wholly unknown to her acquaintance : yet the painful chill of this conviction was lost in the happy idea that followed it. How did she rejoice, when the marquis returned, at the singular good luck which had caused him to be absent. Nay, their having been detained at this poor inn became at once a subject of congratulation, since otherwise this worthless pair, who were set out to make, as their servants had published, the tour of Switzerland, would infallibly have disturbed their repose, before they could have breathed in their chosen asylum.

The marquis, in wrath, knew not now, he exclaimed, where to look for a peaceful retreat.—“ Say not so, my love, for I can point out a safe and pleasant one,” cried Emily ; “ let us avail ourselves of my misfortune, and since my features are altered past recollection, let us at least escape for ever the woman who yet might find means to embitter our fate. There is one spot where we may learn from day to day, and year to year, without a single inquiry or confidante, all that interests our feelings : my cruel malady, to my deeper thought, seems sent by

Heaven to ascertain our peace. No eye shall henceforward know Sir Edward Arden's daughter, save yours—no heart acknowledge her—those native wilds I without you detested, with you I shall find paradise; nor will Bellarney appear in your eyes now a cheerless scene.—The mansion will be wholly deserted during the infancy of our Emily, for my father never since he lost my mother set foot within it voluntarily. At the bottom of the hill it is seated on, a wild, romantic river winds to the sea;—on its banks are many cabins beautifully situated: some one will surely bear improving. There, untitled and unknown, may we fix our home, and wait the course of time, contented tenants to our own sweet Emily.”

The glow of mind which the marchioness ever threw over her projects, the heart of her husband had been used to catch: if they must bury themselves, no place was indeed so eligible. The marquis well knew that she might appear as a stranger, even on her own domains; and he had never set foot on the shore of Ireland. Bellarney had not only the advantage of being the spot where they could, without difficulty, learn all that they wanted to know, but the only one where they were sure of never being sought for. Above all, it was the residence which Emily preferred; and to make her happy was so entirely the wish of her husband, that he would hardly, to his own heart, admit it to be a duty. How, how could he ever merit, or return, the sacrifices that she had made for him? For him she had quitted for ever her father; nay, for him awhile left even her child! for him, without a murmur, lost her beauty! for him resigned a splendid fortune, and a favorite home. When he discovered how inherent the love of that home was, well could he calculate the value she set on those goods, of which this was the least: well, too, could he estimate his own consequence with her; since he had ever been the

only equivalent she desired. Nor did she desire in vain. The refined and generous nature of the marquis rendered her, in a love that never swerved, a faith till death unbroken, the return, the sole return which the tender Emily would have accepted.

Whenever they were out of Italy, to write to Dr. Dalton the marquis thought would be absolutely necessary : but this did not seem a prudent step to Emily. She found such a sense of safety in having wholly escaped, and had so strong an idea that to keep up, in a retired spot in Ireland, a correspondence in Italy, would sooner or later betray them, that she from day to day persuaded him to withhold the promised information ; in the belief that the reasons she urged would always make their peace with a true friend. It, however, occurred to Emily, that the alteration of her features might one day make it difficult to identify herself, even among her domestics. She, therefore, thought it a prudent precaution to take Beatrice with them, as a witness, at any future period, that, at this very time and place, she had been so changed by the cruel malady. Nor would this step lead to any discovery, as the young Italian spoke no language but her own ; nor could know more of them than they were pleased to impart. Beatrice had attached herself greatly to Emily ; and, as the prospect of seeing the world is always pleasant at sixteen, the girl gladly consented to abandon her parents and her native mountains, with the travelers.

And now what became of poor Sir Edward Arden ; when, on his arrival at Naples, he found every thorn yet rankling at his heart sharpened, by learning from the monks who had preserved his nephew, how generously that young man screened him from the odium of the duel, and how tenderly he had ever mentioned him ? Yet by their account, the marquis was very unfit for a journey

when he left the convent, nor was there a clue by which he might afterwards be traced. If, as was probable, the news of Emily's death had reached him, while in a weak state of mind and body, it was but too likely that the heart-broken husband should, as the priests surmised, have entombed himself in La Trappe, or some other monastery. Again was the disappointed heart of Sir Edward Arden without a resting-place:—after, therefore, a thousand times visiting the scene of his guilty fury,—a thousand times sprinkling with his tears the sod where the beloved victim fell,—he found no alternative but once more to return to Rome, and entreat Cardinal Albertini to use his influence, in exploring the Carthusian, and other monasteries, where it might be likely his melancholy nephew had taken refuge. On reaching Rome a new shock however awaited him;—the worthy Dr. Dalton had expired suddenly of an apoplexy; and Mrs. Dalton had left that city for Montpelier, from whence the doctor married her. At Frescati, he, however, found his granddaughter well, and daily improving in strength and beauty. Letters from the duke were again lying at Rome for him, which he he now tore open with agonized impatience. He found only a condolence on the death of the marchioness, and a very severe censure of her husband, as the supposed cause, by previous unkindness towards her. Again the duke exhorted Sir Edward to lose no more time in seeking a young libertine, whom they should both see too soon, whenever he appeared, unless there was a great change in his conduct; and, for his satisfaction, enclosed the only letter he had ever received from the marquis. It consisted of a few hasty lines, recommending his adored Emily, and her babe, should it survive the misery it was now sharing with its hapless mother, to the tender care of his father. He further entreated him to reconcile the misjudging Sir Edward Arden to himself; and finally implored all three to

pity, and forget for ever, the unfortunate Lenox. Alas! how did this billet, which had no effect on the father's heart, make that of the uncle bleed! The date, no less than the uneven writing, and incoherent diction, proved that it was sent while the young man was still fluctuating between life and death: yet, though writhing under the wound, no mention was made of it in the whole letter.

From the arrival of this billet, till his banker notified to the duke that his son had at Naples drawn for some thousands, through the medium of the bank of Genoa, that nobleman added he had heard no more of the marquis; nor did he suppose he should, till he wanted money again. The letter concluded with another exhortation to Sir Edward to bring Lady Emily without delay to England, and explain at large the obscure business of the prior marriage; that, by the sudden and decisive steps which they should jointly take, the rights of the heiress of Bellarney might descend, without disgrace or diminution, to her daughter.

But of heirships, bankers and bills, Sir Edward thought not;—his bleeding heart demanded still his nephew: nor could he resolve to quit Italy while there was one monastery unexplored, or one chance unstudied, by which he might be found. Cardinal Albertini exerted all his influence to relieve the mind of his friend; and priests were dispatched to inquire, in every possible direction, for the suffering and melancholy fugitive.

Connor, who now found that the marquis was known to be alive, labored with the interesting intelligence that Emily was with him: but she stood in too much awe of Sir Edward and Dr. Dalton to impart it to the first without the concurrence of the latter: when the news of the sudden death of that worthy friend made her the sole depository of the important secret. Doubtful whether she might not for ever lose the love and confidence of her

lady if she avowed the truth without her consent, and always apprehending the severity of Sir Edward, Connor, after many struggles with her conscience, resolved to maintain her promised silence. Nor was it possible for her to guess in what part of the world the marquis and his lady had sought refuge; or whether, indeed, they still inhabited it: for Dr. Dalton had often discussed with her his various and melancholy conjectures on so long and singular a silence; these conferences left a mind, always weak and superstitious, rather disposed to conclude them both murdered, than thus deliberately dumb.

The journey to England by land, with so young a child, appeared in all respects hazardous to Sir Edward. He, therefore, resolved rather to endure the tediousness of a passage by sea; and having engaged a vessel at Leghorn, provided with suitable comforts and accommodations, he took a kind leave of the venerable cardinal; and setting out for that port, embarked with the little Lady Emily for England.

The amiable young man, whom Sir Edward so vainly sought, was now traveling peacefully and pleasantly, with the beloved of his heart, through such high roads in France, as were least frequented by the English, for the port of Havre: from which, as one of mere business, they thought it most safe to cross the Channel. Having there procured a vessel to themselves, they landed in Sussex; and crossing England to Holyhead without stopping in any large town, they were soon and safely set on shore in Ireland. Here Emily breathed freely; and indulging herself with only a few days of rest, she guided the marquis through that wild and beautiful country, to the seat of her maternal ancestors,—her own Bellarney. It was the close of a summer evening when they arrived at the well-known spot; doubly pleasant to its owner, since guilt not only

by the sun, but the rich beams of early remembrance. In dear, luxurious silence Emily paused upon its

“Deepening glooms, gay lawns, and airy summits,”

while her lord imbibed from her a sense of pleasure, which the active soul of man is not so exquisitely alive to, as the more passive, but not less enlivened, nature of woman. That sex, destined in a manner to become stationary in the world, is by wise Heaven endued with such tastes, as shall, well considered, make pleasures of their duties. It is theirs to reign at home,—with varying elegance to improve the spot on which they are to dwell, and by bountifully dispensing around the blessings they inherit, or obtain, they perhaps enjoy as perfect a delight, as moving in the enlarged circle of power or politics can give the man they are to share existence with. Who has not known the vague, but boundless joy, of retreading the spot which recollection first marks in the mind? Those hours and places, when the soul knew not sorrow, the happiest delight to look back to, the most miserable recall with a suspension of suffering: the roses that then bloomed before our eyes, the tree that then lent us its shade, will have, for fond fancy, a charm which the richest scenery must ever want, when the heart sickens with oppressive knowledge, or the eyes are dimmed with continual weeping. This spot of our birth, this little country of the heart, so dear, so inexpressibly dear to universal remembrance, might well affect the tender soul of Emily; since, though to the vulgar sense impoverished, she had brought back to the estate which she dared no longer appropriate, as her own,—her own for life, the only treasure she ever sighed for,—the beloved Marquis of Lenox.

The little rural inn where the pair now put up, the heiress of Bellarney had been too great a person ever to be permitted to enter; yet she recalled the comely face

of the landlady to her mind, as one of the auditors at the chapel of the mansion, where Lady Bellarney had always ordered regular service. An inquiry, made by Emily, into the cause of her mourning gown, brought out a simple, but touching eulogium on herself, which made the fine eyes of the marquis swim in tears of tenderness: for how could the good woman guess at her hearers? All the tenants of the estate had, it seems, made it their choice, alike "to mourn for the young, the lovely Lady of Bellarney, cut off so in her bloom as it were."

Hardly could luxury have invented a more refined enjoyment, than Emily and her lord found in the voluntary privation of her inherited rights. They passed whole days in wandering through the park, the woods, the green solitudes of Bellarney; while Emily marked to her delighted Edward, each fairy walk, by the little incident that had impressed it for ever on her own memory. And often, when the gay idea glowed full upon her soul, she would turn to him with sweet exultation, and cry, "Now, now only was it enjoyment:"—for only now had she been accompanied by him, who made the happiness which he so fondly shared.

In these long rambles they met many rustics, whom Emily was ready to greet with kind remembrance; but not one who recognized her. She became thus assured that she should not risk discovery, if she ventured to show the marquis the gardens and mansion of Bellarney. So little of the fortress remained, that it was hardly entitled to the name of a castle, though it was termed so. Many and various had been its modifications, through a long line of noble possessors; insomuch that it was now only an irregular, grand, and venerable dwelling. The towers, long since converted into turrets, were half embosomed in rich woods, that were the pride of the country. On the east and north, those woods had grown to

an almost savage wildness and grandeur; but, on the south and west, were gracefully broken with light plantations and variegated shrubberies, to the bottom of the knoll on which the building stood. The sea almost flowed up to the hill, and bathed the green oaks with every tide; while a little creek, with beautiful indenture, formed a secure harbor for the vessels of the family, and a new object of beauty from the house.

The gardens were chiefly on the south side, when the descent was, at length, abruptly checked by a projection of rocks, crowned with fox-glove and wild plants, which fancifully impended over a mountain torrent, called by the natives a river,—wholly unnavigable from its rude course and stony bed, which often threw up crags, resembling curled and half burnt volumes of enormous size; between, and over which, the pure waters rushed and foamed, with ever beautiful variety; till taking suddenly a bold sweep, the stream smoothed to polished crystal ere it discharged itself into the sea. Here, through a tuft of willows and poplars, peeped the white cabin of a ferry-man, who led not a life of idleness; for across that river was the nearest way to the next market-town. At some little distance, nearer to the sea, appeared the yard of a boat-builder, enriching the scene with the busy charm of human labor and ingenuity. The land beyond was clothed with a verdure, rarely seen so close to the beach; and a quarter of a mile further, half sheltered by woods, was seated the house of the boat-builder; for that was above the rank of a cabin. Before it, with graceful undulation, wandered the high road; while the smooth and beautiful sands offered a cool and delightful ride in calm weather, the rich and wild woods, that every where fringed the swelling shore, promised safety when the winds of winter should rage. Such was the near prospect from the mansion of Bellarney: before which the sea,

with bold expansion, and all its grand varieties of surface, supplied, to the reflecting mind, images yet more impressive.

To cross this well-known ferry, and drink tea at the boat-builder's house, had once been the extent of Emily's wishes; and lucky seemed the hour when Lady Bellarney would allow her the satisfaction of gathering, in those more remote woods, worse strawberries than she found at home. The novelty that had first formed the pleasure was for ever vanished; but the sweet remembrance of it still lived at her heart, and made this ferry, and this dwelling, more pleasant to her eyes and to her soul than any other. The name of poor Kerry, who used to inhabit the house, was on her lips, when, checking herself, she asked the attending gardener to whom it belonged, and who lived there? "God knows," cried the man, "who it will belong to now; but the little lady, they say, is to have all: and as to *living*,—I know a poor honest fellow who is almost starving there. Jack Crosby was head man to poor Mr. Kerry, who was killed by the fall of a piece of timber in the yard, and his widow soon found that he was worse than nothing. What does Jack do, but take to the business, because he was *ingenus*; and now the bailiffs, they say, will take to Jack, unless he is *ingenus* enough to keep out of their way. We used to have such fine boats and vessels on the stocks there, it was a pride and a pleasure to look at them. Now, you see there is hardly any timber to work upon; and the little there is our steward says he is not paid for. Had our poor young lady not gone beyond seas, she might, please God, have lived; and she had a kind heart: so things would have gone otherwise at Bellarney. Now I suppose all our fine oaks, that are the pride of this county, and the next to it, will be felled, to float off in cash to England, like all the rest of our neighbor's woods; for

nobody will live at Bellarney till little madam is a lady grown, they say, but servants—”

While the gardener was thus simply engaging the thoughts of Emily and the marquis, the eyes of the latter were eagerly contemplating the prospect. The near scene attracted him as being at once wild and domestic, retired and busy; nor was the yard of the boat-builder the least striking feature in the beautiful whole. They now descended with the gardener (whom Emily could alike have guided had she dared) through wood-walks, to the bottom of the hill; where, stopping on the brink of the river, the marquis raised his eyes to the scene they had left, and, on comparison, found that which he beheld hardly less to his taste. The elevated and irregular rocks they lately stood on, impended now over their heads, and shook the wildly streaming garlands of summer above them, with an interesting charm, which confined scenery alone can supply: while the river, with many a rude fall, the eye could trace along a deep glen, softening its roar as it approached, expanded at their feet into grandeur; and, through its translucent waters, gave to view the rocky inequalities of its bed. An aged ferry-man, on seeing the strangers waiting to pass, rushed so hastily from his cabin to convey them, that he spared not a moment to cover his venerable locks; which, while he pushed off with his pole, fantastically caught the wind and the beams of the setting sun, as, dipping his golden orb into the sea, he threw his long radiations even to the shore.—Again was Emily going to hail the well-remembered old ferry-man, and again she checked herself.

Having crossed the romantic stream, the marquis and his beloved wandered slowly towards the boat-builder's house; ever and anon turning to review the beautiful scenery of Bellarney, and then, with new wonder, gazing on the ever-fluctuating waves of liquid gold.

“ Oh ! well my Emily knows how to choose her home,” fondly whispered the marquis, pressing the arm that, with such sweet content, hung within his ; “ poor as she is, she has yet the power of stretching forth her beneficent hand to save the industrious and unfortunate tenant of that little mansion, which her taste and her tenderness will so exquisitely embellish.” The full heart of Emily allowed of no other reply, than returning the affectionate pressure.

And this became the happy home of the Marquis of Lenox and his Emily.

To the poor young man who had rashly embarked without a capital in his master’s business, Mr. and Mrs. Irwin seemed dropped from heaven. They paid his little debts, allowed him to be one of their family, and employed his ingenuity to repair and beautify the little mansion. Emily, knowing the ready channel to every elegant accommodation, by applying, as Mrs. Irwin, to the tradesmen in Dublin whom she used to employ at Bellarney, soon obtained such furniture, as united simplicity and taste, at a very moderate expense. The refinement of her mind made her sparing in all she provided for herself : a harp and a spinning-wheel formed almost the whole of her exclusive possessions. For the marquis, Crosby fitted up a large and retired parlor as a study ; where soon were arranged such a collection of books, as secured the mind from stagnation ; together with a telescope, and whatever else might assist the study of astronomy—a science for which the marquis had ever shown a decided taste.

Poor Crosby was not convinced, by his own failure, that boat-building might be an unprofitable employment. He became urgent with the marquis to make a fortune, by purchasing the stock, and leaving him the active part of the business. This, upon reflection, appeared to the fugi-

tives a measure of prudence ; since nothing but an ostensible occupation could prevent them from soon becoming objects of curiosity in the country : and it was more dangerous to be supposed rich than poor. The lease of the premises was, therefore, made over to Mr. and Mrs. Irwin, and the timber-yard once more abounded in the oaks of Bellarney. Crosby, proud to deserve the trust of his master, showed at once such capacity, ingenuity, and industry, that the marquis found amusement in improving that young man's little knowledge in mathematics, and in learning from him mechanics, exercise : as well as that in both instances he felt himself relieved from the lassitude which a liberal mind must always feel, when conscious that circumstances have made it a cold blank in the circle of society it was meant to animate.

Such was the humble fate, such the simple pleasures, such the active pursuits of the Marquis of Lenox, on the day that made him two-and-twenty ; a day which he celebrated with his Emily, in the bowers of Bellarney, where, as mere tenants of the estate, they had almost sole possession. Life had much earlier opened upon him than on most men, and sorrow had prematurely ripened reflection. Of all which fortune in the insolence of abundance once offered to him, able to grasp only a single good, his sense of its value was quickened by the perpetual fear of losing it, occasioned by so many trials. Emily had long been the sole object to her husband, and if she could have wanted a charm, the situation he soon saw her in would have made his wishes wholly concenter in herself, save the fond one he now and then sent towards his daughter. The hearts of both were however awakened to their other ties, when, upon the steward's tendering the lease to Mr. Irwin to sign, the marchioness heard her daughter termed Emily Lenox, the lady of Bellarney. Her sense of her father's cruelty and injustice, in depriv-

ing her of a name with which his pride thus capriciously invested her child, revived with all its force; and in the bitterness of recollected sorrow, she secretly applauded her own resolution in quitting him for ever. To the marquis, on the contrary, the name of Emily Lenox was a dear acknowledgment of his paternal right in the little angel, and a sure proof that no steps had been taken to annul that marriage, by which he yet hoped one day to claim all his rights, as well as his daughter. This only subject on which the pair did not think alike, was, however, by delicacy of mind, entirely sunk between them, and they lived wholly isolated from society (save of the poor and grateful rustics, whom they liberally assisted) like the first pair in paradise, when they only had God to look up to.

Ah! what can not an active and intelligent mind do when once it resolutely adopts and pursues an idea? Never did Emily appear so interesting as while regulating her little household, and preparing, without one querulous word, for the hour that was to give her both a care and a pleasure in another dear babe. The marquis had now become almost as diligent and expert as Crosby himself in boat-building; and promised Emily, on recovering, a gallant little vessel to sail about the coast in: an indulgence which she much desired. The mornings were thus, by mutual consent, passed separately by the married lovers, save when Emily, fearing that it was too hot or too cold, would risk alternately either danger herself, to walk to the river-side, that she might know whether the marquis was taking proper care of himself; or he, finding a new moss, shell, or plant, hastened home to amuse with the simple diversification of objects the elegant pencil of Emily. The evenings were beguiled now in music, and now in deep contemplation of those unnumbered worlds which hung in majestic silence over the heads devoutly

raised to view them ; while a thousand rich and solemn thoughts chastened from their little cares or hopes of mortality, the beings who dared to look for happiness beyond it.

Nor was winter without its peculiar pleasures. The stormy ocean had its sublimity, the cheerful fire-side its indulgence. Never did the hands of Emily look so white as when employed on the spinning-wheel—never did her air seem so graceful as when she was tuning the harp :—if the marquis issued from his study, impatient to share with her the delight of a favorite passage in a favorite author, never would Emily appear to recollect it ; for the voice, and the taste, ever made it new to her heart, melodious to her ear.

To fill up every thought and moment, a son was born to the marquis and his Emily. Never fond parents contended to embrace one more lovely : sighing, yet rejoicing, they named the babe Edward.

Nor was the young stranger a joy to the parents alone. Beatrice, who had found a vague disappointment in quitting her solitude at the foot of the Alps, for even a more sequestered situation in Ireland, was invested with the office of nurse, under Emily, and found a strange kind of pride and fondness suddenly awakened ; with a certain consequence peculiar to those new in office. Crosby, when he saw her thus intrusted, felt some regret that he was not a woman to contest for the employ with her ; if, indeed, he could have contested any thing with the lively little Italian, whom he had vainly tried to teach English (totally unconscious of the brogue that rendered it impossible) till he had learned another much more universal language of her—that of the eyes. Nor was Jack so bad a linguist but that Beatrice understood and approved him. She suddenly ceased to lament Italy ;—forgot “ her father’s dear little dwelling at the foot of

the Alps," and became of importance to herself. The marquis and Emily saw with pleasure the love that made the happiness of their own lives thus extending through their little household. A cabin near the timber-yard was repaired by Crosby, and furnished by his bountiful employers; who gave him all the profit of boat-building, though he was to appearance only a servant: to Beatrice they allotted the timber as a portion. Crosby soon carried his bride to his own little home; but as Beatrice could neither live without her mistress nor the little Edward, the latter passed his life pretty nearly in being carried from the house to the cabin, and from the cabin to the house.

Few young creatures born to wealth had ever reflected so deeply on human life as Emily. She was persuaded that happiness was a good which we often tread under our feet while looking for it in the clouds;—that natural affections, early cherished, and innocently indulged, bring with them those natural duties, and busy pursuits, which guard the heart from a coldness and languor, that, if it does not produce vice, engenders discontent—the worm that never dies. The voluptuary can not long find pleasure unless he restricts his appetites; and the man of reason must bound his wishes to obtain that chaste felicity which alone can be lasting. Thus did Emily think—thus did she live—the happiest of the happy.

It seemed as if Heaven, to compensate for the beauty which it had taken from Emily, gave her a superior power of bestowing it. Her little Edward was soon so strikingly handsome that she pronounced him the very image of his father; while that fond father saw in his darling boy the most marked resemblance of his own mother, the beautiful Duchess of Aberdeen.

The pleasure-bark was at length built, and gayly ornamented. With her child, Beatrice, the marquis, and

Crosby, Emily spent a great part of her time on the sea, of which she grew very fond. Her husband now found that it is only to the indolent of body, and listless of mind, life stagnates. When the affections have full play in the heart, and generous sensibilities call us frequently out of ourselves to assist others, while the general duties of existence make incidental claims on our time, the year revolves almost before we know it—in such happiness has each day escaped us. Another lovely boy came to record to the lovers the progress of time. The fond parents baptized him Vincent: and while his hair, fair and playful as Emily's own, curled over his rosy cheeks, his mother, with soft and voluntary error, would, sighing, press him to her bosom, and call him Emily; in dear remembrance of the sister whom he so much resembled.

Not thus, alas! did Sir Edward Arden's years pass on. Obligated to leave Italy without being able to trace the retreat of his nephew, a fond hope had sprung up in his heart, that the marquis had only out-traveled him, and he should find the unfortunate young man in London. When, on the contrary, he was there told that the duke had never heard more of him than by the letter which he had transmitted to Rome, a deep though silent remorse preyed upon Sir Edward that made society insupportable. The guilty are often oppressed with the sense of being haunted by the dead; perhaps the delicate mind hardly feels less, that is haunted by the living. To know there exists a being to whom you are odious, whom you, in a manner, annihilate, yet whom your heart demands incessantly, and languishes to soothe and satisfy, is a refined and exquisite affliction, beyond all complaint—beyond all consolation.

The Duke of Aberdeen, astonished ever at what he called the strange flights and lofty fancies of Sir Edward, always composedly looked to his banker for news of his son; and, when year after year passed without a de-

mand for money in his name, coolly concluded that the young man had, in some Italian intrigue, got a stab with a stiletto, and been secretly interred, either to conceal his condition, or because he was not known. Lady Emily was now his heiress, of whom he became dotingly fond. The sweet child was not less, though more rationally, endeared to her maternal grandfather; who, to protect her, and form her infant mind, constantly resided at a seat on Windsor Forest. Here, day after day, year after year, did Sir Edward image to himself his nephew appearing in all shapes and forms; while still he sought, by boundless love to the early orphan, to win her father to avow himself, if within reach of his own family. Sometimes he supposed that the marquis, who had once desired a commission, had, in disgust to his own country, engaged in foreign service—yet this he hardly thought possible without his being discovered; sometimes, that he had sailed for the Indies, and there married: much oftener, that he was now almost his neighbor, though determined to be ever, to the man who would have murdered him, invisible. Thus were his days filled up with anxious surmises,—his nights with melancholy personifications; nor had he any probable termination for either but with his life.

Crosby was in such habits of intimacy with all the domestics at Bellarney, that the happiness of the young Emily, in being protected and beloved by both her grandfathers, was well known to her parents. A third boy being born to them, they now no longer hoped for another daughter. In caressing her sons the tender mother often felt a sigh, and sometimes a tear, follow the silent blessing which she, morning and evening, breathed for her girl; although she was unable to add the kiss that the boys contended for.

It is a happiness in our nature that the common tie of offspring, which in some respects dilates, in others, cir-

cumscribes our views. Even well-informed parents, anxious to fulfill their duties, have always much to learn; and sweet is the study that has such a motive. The marquis missed no longer the bustle, or the pleasures of the gay world, but was as busy at five-and-twenty in acquiring the kind of knowledge which should enable him to lighten the dear delightful task of Emily, in instructing their boys, as if he had reached his grand climacteric.

The mother had a quicker source of information in her own heart. She had been herself in early youth the victim, in turn, of each turbulent temper connected with her, and always concluded that this was because no maternal influence had been used to soften the bolder character of man. To her boys, therefore, in infancy she supposed herself as important as their father would afterwards become. In her progress through life she had been led to conclude that equanimity of character is rarely attained after the season of childhood is passed: but, while the unripened mind, yet feeble and unpoised, is now putting forth, and now drawing in its uncertain powers, as passion or caprice induces; the wise, and well-governed soul of a mother has a full command over it, through the medium of the affections, ere example can operate; and that at this period only, all the regulated virtues, so important to society, may be implanted, till confirmed with our growth into rational habit, they rather assume the form of our pleasures than our duties. So, when the tyrant passions press with destructive fury to the heart, they shall ever find it firmly guarded by temper and by conscience, which set limits to their ravages: in the soul of her son, to his last hour, may live endeared the image of the mother, who loves him so wisely, and rules his infancy so well.

Thus to employ the hours that fly so fast, and never can return, was now the first object of Emily's life; and

that, in giving this important bias, she might be assured just modes of thinking regulated her own decisions, she began with a deep examination of herself, and a severe consideration of whatever she meant to inculcate. Justly it is said, that,

“ — but to wish more virtue, is to gain.”

Emily's own nature, at once refined and elevated by the softening sense of her duties, blending with the matron dignity of her mind, formed even in youth so rare a character, as rendered her to her husband the object of a love so devoted, tender, and true, that to both ever blessed was the day when they withdrew from all other ties; since in no other way could their souls have ripened to such corrected knowledge, such simplicity of manners, such hallowed endearment.

As the three lovely boys grew (for Emily, after an interval of four years, gave up the hope of ever being blessed with another daughter) the tender mother saw she had indeed judged rightly in thinking herself the best tutor of their early days. Edward, the elder, had, with strong intellect, enchanting beauty and grace, but impetuous passions, and that intuitive pride which marked the Arden family.

When therefore his mother had fully impressed Edward with reverence for her understanding, and a due feeling of her boundless tenderness, she would, by occasionally yielding to him, with an air of coldness and compassion, make him painfully sensible of his own childish weakness and violence,—thus checking the gratification he would have found in indulging his passions, by making him feel that he was too unimportant to act on those of any one around him,—till the desire of recovering his usual influence at length taught him to subdue his temper. Vincent and Alleyne, though there was only a year be-

tween any of their ages, had, neither in mind nor body, a proportion of vigor like their elder brother. With exquisite flexibility, and a cherub sweetness, these little charmers would climb the knees of either parent, and press their rosy lips upon the ready cheek, whenever they had erred; while the melting heart, so addressed, sanctified, by a silent blessing, the little fault thus touchingly atoned.

Whole hours would these two little creatures stand at their mother's side, each claiming, as his own, the hand nearest to him; and fixing on her, with sweet and silent seriousness, their beautiful eyes, imbibe the admonitions she often gave them to love and respect their elder brother, as the immediate representative of his father, and, even in infancy, their protector. Edward, that he might deserve this pre-eminence, became in turn the organ of her will: often was he obliged to yield to his brothers the indulgence he most desired, and practice the hardest, therefore the first of human virtues, self-denial. Thus by the magic of mind, the marquis saw, with dear delight, the purest harmony breathed early into the tenacious bosoms of mere babes, and owned that his Emily wanted not yet his assistance. To give strength and freedom to their limbs, a thousand sports were invented by Crosby, whose employment it became at those hours to guide and guard them.

Resting on the arm of her lord, the happy Emily often stood to contemplate, in their plays, the graceful children; who owed to the voluntary seclusion of their parents, advantages, which high rank, and unlimited fortune, far from giving, would infallibly have robbed them of; since a thousand real or imaginary claims on the time of either father or mother, must then have driven out of their presence the darlings, in whose improvement they were

most interested, to whose failings they were most sensible.

When reflecting minds once seek in their children an exercise of their powers, it is astonishing to how great a degree those powers can be engrossed by them : and oh ! how sweet is the hallowed approbation of themselves, which parents so employed must ever feel ! To become the organ through which the Divinity speaks wisdom and virtue to little beings, who would otherwise owe to us only that coarse and common existence, which is almost as often a curse as a blessing, is, indeed, an employment worthy man ; and the only one calculated to fill his whole heart : for all his other pursuits have no positive end, however great his attainments.

The three boys had just arrived at the turbulent ages of eight, seven, and six years, when an unexpected blessing was added to the family, in an infant daughter. She became another happy means of impressing Emily's lessons to her boys ; and they soon vied with each other in tenderness to the little stranger.

On rising in the morning, it was ever the custom of Emily to fly to her chamber window, where a telescope had been fixed, through which she could not only discern her sons in the care of Crosby, playing in his ground, but their individual employments. In his cabin, Beatrice always superintended the plain meal which they earned and relished, by activity. Pleasant to the eyes of a fond mother was the column of smoke that ascended from the happy cot. One morning, the marquis having rested very ill, Emily forbore to steal from his side till a much later hour than common, lest she should break his slumbers : as usual, she immediately resorted to the telescope. The sun was high, and the smoke that announced the children's first meal had now subsided. The landscape, freshened by a shower that yet spangled the leaves of

the trees, revived the soul through the eyes. The tide was full in the river, and the two younger boys were poised at each end of a plank, in Crosby's yard, to which the elder now and then gave motion, and at intervals, threw himself into an attitude of grace which Praxiteles might have borrowed. Beatrice, with the infant Mira in her arms, stood carefully by as if to guard them. Touched by this sweet assemblage of interesting objects, Emily stole to the bedside of her husband, to share it with him by description: but he was still asleep, and she indulged, in silence, the soft and affectionate emotion. Again she returned to gaze through the telescope, when an object, unseen before, astonished her faculties—arrested her attention. "Can it be? Yes!" It was a small vessel moored in the creek of the castle, where none but those of the family ever had harbor. Its gay streamers seemed all hoisted, as in joy, and playfully dipped in the full tide. To the entranced Emily it appeared to be the very bark that bore her from Scotland, home again, after she had been so cruelly overlooked by the marquis. Time stood still while imagination acted; and hardly could sight satisfy her that she was in the room with her beloved, now a tried and faithful husband; or that the graceful creatures whom she beheld employed in chasing each other on the sands, were all his, no less than her own—the sacred treasures of their blended existence. Self, however, almost instantaneously gave way to a new, a complicated feeling. That vessel could no more bring home Emily Arden. Ah! whom, then, had it brought? Perhaps her daughter. Sweet was the revulsion of soul that followed this idea. Panting, speechless, she tottered to the bed, and waked the marquis by the tears and kisses with which she covered his hand. He felt that something extraordinary must have happened. She could only point to the window, and, sinking on her knees, prayed

heaven to bless with happiness the surprise of the moment. The marquis, in turn, remained in deep silence at the telescope. The sashes thrown up in almost every room of the castle,—the sailors busily employed in landing baggage,—the air of hurry in the country people, bespoke surprise and pleasure. In a moment he saw, though he could not stop, Crosby, who leaped into the ferry-boat with his youngest son in his arms; while the two elder joyfully sprang after him: and Beatrice could hardly still the cries of the little Mira, so impatient was she to be of the party. A strange impulsive conviction that their little ones were thus unconsciously rushing into the presence of the only persons to whom they themselves could be dear, gave a suffocating throb to the hearts of both parents, which made them fall into each other's arms, as though their all were for ever snatched from them. The entrance of Beatrice shortly afterwards ended their doubt—the vessel in sight had, indeed, on a sudden, and without any notice, brought over the little Lady of Bellarney, with both her grandfathers. All the tenants were flocking to see them; and the whole neighborhood, she added, was in a joyful confusion.

But who could be in such a confusion as the pair to whom Beatrice never turned her eyes? Taken thus by surprise, the marquis and Emily had no longer recollection enough to consider the present, much less to ponder on the past, or regulate the future. It was their utmost effort to endure the mysterious throbs of nature, now so powerfully drawn back to those to whom they owed their being, and now so fondly impelled towards those to whom they had given it! Oh! moments of rare and exquisite enjoyment—when reason becomes almost visionary, sensation almost sublime!

Neither parent could have told how the interesting interval passed ere the ferry-man relanded their precious

boys; who, far outstripping Crosby, flew panting into the arms of their mother. As soon as they had regained breath, all with one voice exclaimed, that they had seen the little Lady of Bellarney, and she was *so* good, and *so* pretty—and she had given them these,—showing in their hats, roses of pink and white ribbon, in honor of the May-day. The parents, all eye, as they had been before all ear, now gazed on their own living roses, which these garlands so sweetly embellished; when Edward, well recollecting it to be his duty to show that his mother's lessons had not been lost on him, plucked the knot from his hat, and for a kiss gave it to Mira. Emily more than recompensed the dear self-denying boy, in the fond embrace she bestowed on him. The marquis at length found voice to ask faintly, “if they saw no one—no creature else.” “Oh! yes,” they cried, “they saw a great duke so portly—but very good-natured notwithstanding; and there was a pale, thin, grave old gentleman, who laid his hand on Edward's head, and bade them come, and bring their parents with them, to Lady Emily's feast to-morrow.”

Was ever pleasure like the tearful pleasure with which Emily and her lord recognized, in the innocent detail of their children, each a parent, and felt that they themselves had thus, by representation, stood once more in the presence of those who thought them long since inhabitants of another world? The boys, who had vainly waited to know whether they were to accept the kind old gentleman's invitation, now impatiently cried out, “And shall we not go to the feast, mamma, and see the heiress?” “Yes, my precious children,” sighed Emily, folding them to her heart, with a smile of significant tenderness to their father, “you shall see the heiress—and go to the castle to-morrow.”

At Bellarney all was rejoicing, hurry, and delight;

while those for whom the feast should have been preparing, silent, agitated and thoughtful, remained shut up at home. The marquis, still determined to have, in this instance, no will but Emily's, sought through her ingenuous eyes to explore the meaning of her soul. It had always been her intention to absent herself, with her whole family, on the first intimation of the two fathers coming to Bellarney ; but, taken thus unawares, she found that plan more likely to excite suspicion than remaining on the spot. Her sons, the duke and Sir Edward had already seen, nor was it possible that little creatures so gifted by nature, so polished by assiduity, should escape a strict observation. And then her Emily—her dear first-born, the child of many sorrows—the lovely memorial of a thousand, thousand affecting remembrances—could her mother fly her ? Ah, no ! the heart which gave her being, made such a powerful claim in the bosom of of Emily, that even the fear of Sir Edward yielded to the wish of once more embracing her daughter.

Thoughts like these made rest that night almost unknown to Emily and her lord. A slumber in the morning was necessary to enable them to undergo the probable agitations of the day. Again was the sun high when Emily threw up her chamber window, and looked through the telescope.

What a prospect awaited her there ! Crosby had, in honor of the heiress, cleared out the little pleasure-bark of his master, and gayly decked it with all his streamers : he was putting it from shore when Emily looked : while holding the rudder, or rather leaning on it with infantine majesty, stood her young Edward. Above, over the yards, playfully hung the two agile cupids, his little brothers. On the deck sat Lady Emily, unpacking a little basket of fruit to share among the children : while, oh ! yet more impressive, by her stood two gentlemen, in mute

contemplation of the lovely sea-boys. In that small space, and the room she occupied, was comprehended, to Emily's eyes, the whole world. Sir Edward, she observed, though time had a little bent him, still preserved the grace of his fine person; and the "pale cast of thought" in his cheeks, took not even yet from the fire and intelligence of his black eyes; which, eagerly scanning the unknown charm-ers, every moment turned to consult those of the duke. That nobleman was not so unchanged; coarse and worldly in his ideas, a voluptuary in all his pleasures, he appeared to be grown older than his years; his face was swollen and red; his figure corpulent and gouty.

Again did Emily awaken her lord—but to how great a trial! In the glow, as he yet was, of youth, and ever alive to the most pungent feelings—from a dead sleep the marquis rushed into a rapid torrent of tumultuous emotions. Emily, in whom maternal fear was the most powerful of impulses, implored him to let her again look if the young ones had been taken from their hazardous situation on the yards; and her husband resigned to her the telescope: the cherubs were still swaying about, regardless of Crosby; and Emily forgot even her father; till, having seen them leap safely into the arms of their guardian, she eagerly turned towards the marquis—but he was no longer by her side: the assemblage of affecting objects, that had so suddenly greeted his eyes, had been too trying to his heart; and he had buried himself, and them, in the thick woods that spread so beautifully above the beach. He remained some hours there, striving to master his highly-wrought sensibility, and unconscious of that lapse of time which cruelly distressed his wife. Alas! he was alike unconscious that the fever of his brain was passing into his blood. When at length he returned, his wild and heavy eyes, inflamed cheeks, frequent shiverings, and continual thirst, at once announced

malady ; while Emily soon sadly convinced herself that his pulse was beating even faster than his heart : this he considered as the effect of agitation merely ; but she thought otherwise, and she was right : the fever in a few hours rose to an almost desperate height, and the doctor sent for, ordered every process that could reduce it ; strictly enjoining that the chamber of the patient should be kept quiet, and his mind entirely calm : Emily could accomplish the first command by shutting out every creature save herself ; but how, how could she compose the mind, when in that the malady originated ? On the contrary, the marquis soon became delirious—fancifully imagined now her father by him, now his own ; and sometimes imploring from both a blessing on himself, and sometimes in the most moving manner bestowing one on his children, he would conjure Emily to shut them all from that moment out, and allow him to expire in peace in her arms.

A thousand times did the agonized wife meditate sending for both their fathers, in the hope of giving even a temporary relief to the mind of the marquis : but yet, the miserable state in which she found herself, and the dangerous one she witnessed, made it an effort almost beyond human strength to venture the important disclosure. Nay, might she not by mistaken tenderness surround the bed of her husband with those whose importunate affection would aggravate the disease, and accelerate his death ? The injunctions of the physician were at each visit repeated ; and silence, with peace, the only chance, he insisted, that she had for saving her beloved.

Shut up in a sick chamber, watching with unclosed eyes every painful breath which the marquis drew, did Emily pass the days when all the country assembled to the festivities at Bellarney.

Crosby, with Beatrice, attired in their best, conducted,

according to Sir Edward's invitation, the three sweet boys to the castle; who, little innocents, were yet too young to share their mother's tears, or judge of her cause for them. Emily had, alas! no longer leisure to think of either parents or children. Her husband occupied her wholly.

Sir Edward Arden had with much reluctance resolved to visit Bellarney, on the letters of the steward having alarmed both himself and the duke, with the idea that the heirs at law were all at once agitating, as a question, their granddaughter's right to possession. How grievous to the feelings of Sir Edward were the various recollections comprehended in this question! To treat it with apparent contempt was the measure of prudence, but to weigh all its extent he felt to be indispensable.

It was true that he knew himself still in possession of the legal instrument by which he had obliged his unfortunate daughter to secure to her infant her own rich inheritance, but so sacred to him was now become the memory of that daughter, so dear her honor, as to make it a distressful alternative to his heart whether to allow the heirs at law to assert a doubtful claim to the estates of the Earl of Bellarney, or to unfold the domestic sufferings and misfortunes of his family, by producing and establishing the memorable will.

The sight of the mansion, where he had once known such perfect conjugal felicity, combined, with his present motive for visiting that place, to depress the spirits of Sir Edward; while the more immediate image of the lost Marchioness of Lenox, who still seemed to embellish the scene, from which he thought her for ever vanished, would have wholly dejected him, but for a vague and exquisite pleasure he suddenly felt on beholding the three little strangers; in the elder of whom he could not be persuaded that he did not trace a strong likeness to the

Duchess of Aberdeen, though the duke was not struck with it. He became impatient to see their parents, and naturally expected them at the feast.

When the children, however, appeared, though the parents came not, Sir Edward overlooked their absence, in the mysterious delight which melted his nature, and almost brought back the long-forgotten flows of youthful sensibility. He inquired their degree—admired Edward with a fond distinction—spoke of offering to take, educate, and promote him, and wondered why Crosby should shake his head, as implying that his father would not give him so great an advantage; since he seemed to be of a rank to make the offer flattering.

In the little plays of the younger party, invented to amuse Lady Emily, she was commanded to sing, and instantly complied: commanding in her turn Edward to do the same. The child paused a moment—said he did not know a song—but having whispered with his brothers, they began a little Italian trio which their fond mother had amused herself with teaching them, during the summer days, as they sailed about with her: when their father, softly touching his flute, would fill up each little pause, and regulate the time.—It was only a trifle, but one that spoke refinement—feeling—fancy. Sir Edward started—he thought his sense deceived him—to hear three wild, lovely Irish children breathe, in the nicest harmony, a delicate piece of music, and in another language—it appeared absolute enchantment! He called them to him, and eagerly demanded who had taught them? They all, with one voice, answered, “their mother!”—“Their mother!—and who could that mother be, so exquisitely accomplished?” Again he thoughtfully examined the lineaments of Edward, who, with the intuitive discernment of childhood, found himself a favorite, and adhered to his grandfather’s side. Again Sir Edward pondered on

the possibility of his being the son of the marquis, although, alas! not of his daughter. Yet to suppose that his nephew should fix on Ireland to conceal himself in, and, above all, the neighborhood of Bellarney, seemed too extravagant an idea to be admitted. The duke thought it so, and dismissed it with a cool air, as one of the many romantic visions he had often seen poor Sir Edward troubled with.

The three boys early in the evening took leave of the party at Bellarney—but never during the whole night did they quit Sir Edward:—every look, every motion, recurred to his memory; and, above all, their sweet little musical performance. He longed for the morning, that he again might see them; and the little Lady Emily, not less fond of her new companions, caught her grandfather going to take his early walk, and conjured him “to bring home the little Irwins.”

On descending the hill, Sir Edward perceived those whom he sought catching the pure breath of the morning on the sands: he then turned towards the poor home inhabited by their parents. Nothing could be more improbable than that the only son of the Duke of Aberdeen should have chosen such a dwelling, or become for subsistence a boat-builder. Yet he determined to see its master, and end all his doubts. At the ferry the three delighted cherubs awaited him; and, while Edward readily agreed to be his guide to their house, the two younger ones playfully ran races before them.

In the distressed state of Emily's mind, she had preserved only recollection enough to charge Crosby to take the tenderest care of the children, without permitting them to approach the spot where their little innocent sports might disturb their suffering father. On suddenly hearing their voices close to the door, she felt offended at Crosby's inattention, and abruptly appeared there.—

What was her astonishment, when, surrounded with her children, she fixed her eyes on her own father. Unable to speak, she lifted a finger to quiet the two younger boys, and, waiving to the eldest to come to her, bent her trembling knees with reverence to Sir Edward, and, hastily tottering into the parlor, fainted away.

Sir Edward, perceiving in the mother of these interesting children a person quite a stranger to him, and, as her retiring courtesy showed, willing still to be so, had in politeness no choice but to retreat. Crosby met him by the ferry, and informed him of the sudden and desperate attack of Mr. Irwin, which had thrown his wife into despair, and the whole neighborhood into a consternation.—Sir Edward pardoned to an unhappy wife a want of civil regard, and bade Crosby hasten to offer her in his name any accommodation which Bellarney could afford the sufferer; and to entreat that he might have charge there of the sweet boys till her domestic anxieties should be lessened.

The agitated Emily had hardly recovered breath when Crosby arrived; and, fearing that another abrupt visit from her father might render her as much an invalid as the marquis, she acceded to the invitation: only desiring Crosby to bring her children home once a day.

A thousand dismal thoughts filled up the tedious nights which Emily passed by the bed of the marquis. It seemed to her as if again the presence of her father were to annihilate her happiness: and bitterly did she regret not having quitted the country with her young ones, the moment she saw the vessel moored off Bellarney. The morning after she had thus parted with her children, she heard their little voices with that of Crosby, and, flying down to receive and bless them, clasped suddenly in her arms her Emily—her own dear little Emily—who had asked to join the boys in the walk. A gush of tears

sweetly maternal fell from the cheeks of the elder Emily on those of the other ; who, fair as herself at the same age, soft and endearing, wept readily with her. The tender mother now withdrew her arms, but it was only in fond admiration to survey the well-known features, formed and improved by growth ;—to mark the turn of her graceful person ;—to delight in her gentle manners—her air of sensibility. The boys, so very dear, suddenly found themselves almost overlooked by their mother ; but each caught a hand, which their sister, smiling through her tears, readily held out to them. Edward told his mother, that “Lady Emily *would* come to see her, and offer to nurse papa ; for she could do it very well, as she often nursed her grandfather.” “And does thy tender heart act thus early, my little angel ?” cried the fond mother, again caressing her. The young Emily kissed in soft silence the arms that enfolded her, and wondered why the pressure was so sweetly endearing,—so unlike Connor’s.

In the precarious state of the marquis, his wife dared not allow him the exquisite indulgence of seeing his daughter ; who, something surprised, though highly delighted, with her mother’s tearful fondness, asked why she wept. Emily, in a faltering voice, uttered, though mysteriously, the simple truth, in telling her that she recalled to her mind a precious daughter she had long lost. “And it is so long since I lost my mamma,” returned the engaging child, “that I have quite forgotten her ; but methinks I should like to be called your Emily, and have all these dear little boys for brothers.” The full heart of the mother allowed not one syllable in answer.

Lady Emily returned home, eager to expatiate upon the endearing reception she had met with ; and Sir Edward Arden, actuated by an unconquerable curiosity, or rather an unconscious interest in the fate of the strangers,

hastened to interrogate the steward concerning them. He soon learned that the Irwin family had long excited the same curiosity in all around them; but, either from choice, or chance, were no more known, than on the first day of their arrival: that they certainly came from abroad, as they brought only a foreign maid-servant with them, who could not at that time speak English;—that they never mentioned any relations, nor were known, in many years, to write or to receive a letter. The employment of boat-building, the steward added, Mr. Irwin pursued at once for his own amusement, the support of Crosby, and the accommodation of the poor fishermen, to whom on all other occasions he and his were beneficent beyond what their own bounded expenses would make probable; that whenever they wanted money, Mr. Irwin drew for it, through the medium of himself; and he had taken an opportunity to inquire of the Dublin banker, but found he had no other knowledge of the strangers than that his trust gave him.

A pair so nobly minded and exquisitely accomplished, standing thus alone in creation, must, Sir Edward thought, have some extraordinary reason for their conduct. The time of their settling in Ireland was very nearly that when the marquis disappeared. To behold Mr. Irwin, though but for a moment, would have ended all his suspense—yet how was he to press a visit, when he had seen the mistress of the house, without her thinking it necessary to invite him in? He tried to busy himself in the affairs of the estate; but only found rest from the trouble of his own soul, when surrounded by all the dear, the playful children, who now daily brought him better accounts of their suffering father.

Sir Edward, however, was not the only surprised or inquisitive person in the family. Mrs. Connor, infirm and old, had lost her hearing; but her sight was still good,

and it convinced her that the babe, whom Beatrice brought in her arms one morning to the castle, was the very image of Lady Emily, when her lovely mother was carried, at Rome, into the chaise by the marquis. After puzzling herself for a day or two with conjectures, and then every one else with inquiries that brought no conviction, poor Connor resolved to encounter Sir Edward's wrath, and at last discharge her conscience of the treasured secret.

How great was Sir Edward's astonishment—how extreme his indignation at the long silence, the late confession of the poor woman! His Emily alive!—with the marquis!—both hating—both shunning him alike—What a perpetual source of bitterness and sorrow! Far from supposing the doting old woman right in turning his eyes towards this secluded pair, he became assured by her own information that he had no interest in them; for the wife he had seen, and she was not his Emily. Thus to have approached a felicity destined to melt in his grasp, aggravated all his past griefs and disappointments to poor Sir Edward Arden.

Connor, as decided in her opinions as Sir Edward himself, refused to credit any eyes but her own; and, having astonished the duke with the same story, obtained his leave to go immediately and “see these Irwins.”

Emily had waited impatiently, till the marquis should be enough recovered to be removed to a camp-bed which she had prepared for him in the study, as the largest and coolest room in the house. She had hardly seen him in this comfortable situation, when a most unusual sound, the approach of a carriage, caused her to hasten into the parlor, and shut the intermediate door. Emily perceived it to be the coach of the duke. Perturbed as her mind must be, she could not forbear smiling, to find that it had brought poor Connor only;

who had been growing so great a person while she had herself been shrinking to a little one.

Connor immediately perceived that she greeted a stranger; and Emily, at the same moment, discovered that she was not in danger of being known by her voice; which she had always feared would betray her. Mrs. Connor was not in a humor to be too condescending, and seemed to doubt whether she should, by sitting down, authorize this obscure person's doing so in her company. Cold thanks for Mrs. Irwin's civilities to Lady Emily, with an invitation to Bellarney, terminated the visit: and Connor ascended her splendid vehicle in the full conviction, that it was not here the fugitives would be found; nor did she fail to regret risking the dislocation of her bones, by the execrable road which she had rumbled through to no purpose.

And here would have ended all inquiry, had only the Duke of Aberdeen and Mrs. Connor been concerned; but here it did not end with Sir Edward, in whose soul every powerful feeling was again afloat. Hope, pleasure, passion, throbbed there with all the energy of youth. Oh! might he be blest enough to find the two so long loved, so long lamented—to find them surrounded with such a beautiful race of children—at once to multiply treasures so unhopèd—it was a happiness too exquisite to trust his imagination with—a thousand times he execrated the fidelity of the old crone, and the connivance of Dr. Dalton. Had one word been dropped by either, he could instantly have followed, and should certainly have traced the beloved fugitives, who would not then have known long years of comparative poverty; nor he, of unremitting remorse. In going over the past, it suddenly glanced across his mind, that his Emily was said to die of the small-pox; and that the mother of these interesting boys was certainly much marked by it. It had then

been his daughter whom he had greeted—she shrunk from him!—Ah! why, if she knew him not? The sweet persuasion played before his eyes, in all the forms which eager affection could give it, till the morning, when Connor annihilated that fond belief, by assuring him, that the story of the small-pox had been wholly a fiction, as her lady left Rome with the marquis, in all the bloom of youth and beauty; and that Mrs. Irwin was not in the least like her, “for she had seen that person with her own eyes.”

Again was Sir Edward in despair; yet he wandered down towards the ferry; and having crossed the river, threw himself on a rustic seat near it, to meditate on the least unpolite means of gaining a view of the sick Mr. Irwin. Beatrice saw him from her cabin, and approached with Mira in her arms, to invite him to repose there as a safer place. Her foreign accent at once struck him—he availed himself of the lucky chance that had brought her in his way, and spoke to her in Italian. Her native language she delighted in, and he soon requested her to inform him where she had first met with Mr. and Mrs. Irwin. “Gracious! where should she meet with them, but at her father’s?” “But where might her father’s be?” “Did he speak Italian, and not know her father’s at the foot of the Alps?” She described, and Sir Edward remembered well, the inn—presumptions grew strong—hope again throbbed in wild pulsations at his heart. As if to amuse the child whom he had taken in his arms, he drew from his bosom a miniature of his daughter, set in the back of her mother’s picture. Beatrice looked sharply at it, and crossing herself, cried—“Holy virgin! kiss it, miss—it is your own mamma’s.” Sir Edward trembled, and could hardly avoid dropping the babe—“Yet, no it is not your mamma’s either—but it was hers before that cruel small-pox so altered her. Ah! when she stepped

out of the chaise at our door, she was as like it as two peas to one another—but we must think it a mercy she ever left the house alive.”

And now what a torrent of emotions convulsed the bosom of Sir Edward Arden! It was more than happiness obtained—it was happiness recovered—it was a fullness of satisfaction, that made him exult in so resigning the life which he felt in a manner fleeting from him. Beatrice ran for water, and offered him salts—he feebly and silently arose—pressed her hand, and eagerly tottered towards the retreat where he was, as by resurrection, to find his long lost son and daughter.

The weather was still warm, and the marquis so sensible of the additional oppression, that not only the door of the room, but that of the house, had been left open, to circulate the air. The poor Emily, worn out with intense fatigue and fearful tenderness, having disposed all things for the marquis to take a little repose, sat down in the adjoining parlor, and resting her head on her hand, fell into a languid slumber herself. There was a desolation in her appearance, an utter disregard of self, that, when the effect of true sensibility, affects the heart beyond the most delicate attire. Her fair hair, which still remained in all its beauty, had almost escaped from the cap which was meant to confine it. Her wrapping-gown showed the unaltered grace of her form; and on her left arm, which hung down as she slept, were three small moles, that would as fully have identified her to her father, as all the charms she had lost.

Fancy carried the weary sleeper to Frescati—dreaming she was in the cool shade by the fountain, she suddenly heard the marble faun breathing forth strains as sweet as those of the marquis. While listening with entranced delight, by a strange extravagance, common to the disturbed slumbers of the unhappy, she thought that the

statue leaped from its pedestal, and came towards her—she faintly struggled—half groaned—opened her eyes, and—fixed them on her father. Yes! it was Sir Edward himself, hanging passionately over her—his wan countenance expressing at once the tenderest emotions, and a full conviction of the truth. She clasped her hands piteously, but had neither power nor time to utter one word, for her imperfect cry had awakened the marquis, who called to her, in a voice of agony, to come and let him see her. That voice—that well-known voice, more dear than any thing on earth to Sir Edward, seemed to arise from the grave: he rushed impetuously towards the inner room; made but one step from the door to the bed, and falling on it, faltered out—“Now let me die, since I have seen thy face, because thou art yet alive.”

The softness of a daughter, blending with that of a wife, threw Emily in a moment at the feet of Sir Edward; and fondly conjuring the marquis to support himself under a trial to which he was so unequal, she caught a hand of each, uniting them with kisses and tears, she pressed them with transport to her bosom. Oh! what an embrace was that which her father gave her!—it seemed to bury for ever all remembrance of suffering and of sorrow. To the marquis he was even more tender, for to him he struggled to subdue his feelings. . Never had he seen that much-loved face since he left it convulsed in death in the convent garden. Still was it pale, but no longer lived there the traces of unutterable misery. Affection, gratitude, a thousand complicated softnesses wandered through each feature. Sir Edward sunk on his knees by the side of his nephew, and the tears that he then dropped, sealed in heaven, and on earth, his pardon.

These are the pure and elevating points of being, when even the passions, sublimed by virtue, seem to partake of immortality. Precious, white-winged moments! which,

soaring out of the dark wreck of human existence, still hover over, and illumine it with celestial glory, even as it sinks into eternity!

A silence so exquisite followed the transport, that it seemed as if the happy three lived by looking;—it was interrupted by the lovely head of Edward showing itself at the door. On seeing his father awake, he crept softly to the bed-side, and kneeling, kissed his hand. Sir Edward fondly caught the tender boy to his bosom, energetically repeating “my own!” The astonished child turned to his mother, who bade him honor, in the kind stranger, her father. Crosby, who was within hearing, caught the news, and was ordered to convey it to the duke. Fleeter than the wind, with all the train of lovely boys, ran Crosby towards Bellarney: but, unable to control his own transport, he lost the merit, perhaps the reward, of first imparting the discovery. The ferry-men, the fishermen, the gardeners, the grooms, all had caught the news from the eager messenger; and twenty voices at once proclaimed to the duke, that Sir Edward had found the Marquis of Lenox and the Lady of Bellarney!

Crosby, again as rapidly on the wing to return, met Lady Emily, and, still accompanied by her brothers, bore her in triumph over the ferry. At the presence of his daughter the marquis indeed revived: a thousand, thousand times he kissed and blessed her. To see her again encircled in the arms of her mother appeared to the father the summit of human felicity. The tender little Emily fondly clasped by turns her lovely brothers; while their rosy cheeks were doubly suffused, thus to be caressed by the heiress, whom they had never dared to treat with the least familiarity.

Hardly crediting the extravagant report, came more slowly the Duke of Aberdeen; and, not without some

displeasure, greeted his son; examined with indelicate attention the altered face of Emily; acknowledged the race of lovely children; but immediately assured Lady Emily, that, should there be twenty more, he would never love one as well as he did her. He then, with contempt, surveyed the humble home which love alone could have embellished, and remained astonished at its having been the choice of his only son, and Sir Edward Arden's only daughter, to pass the best years of their lives in this dismal dwelling, when the sumptuous one of Bellarney was quite unoccupied.

To the blind of body, human art can sometimes give perception: to the blind of soul it never yet was given. The marquis and Emily, therefore, attempted not to explain the motives of their conduct to the duke; and it is possible that Sir Edward Arden would not have been better understood, had he informed that nobleman why he requested the marquis to remove neither bush, nor stone, table, nor chair, from this blessed little home, when the lovers should quit it for Bellarney: since "where he had first found the happiness which he had vainly sought for many years, he was determined henceforward to live and to die; chastening thus in his own soul its pride and its passions, and preparing it for the better world he must be now fast approaching: till, on that bed where now lay his beloved son, and in the dear arms of those who encircled it, he should breathe his last." The duke shrugged his shoulders at this flight:—that two young people might fancy an Arcadia of their own making, he thought among the strange possibilities of life: but for Sir Edward, in his old age, to turn a gray-headed shepherd, and solicit the reversion of this delectable possession, appeared to him curious enough!—too much so for discussion.

Bold in character, impetuous of soul, the Irish find pleasure always transport, anger fury. The romantic story

of the Lady of Bellarney, interred alive on her own estate, circulated rapidly, and caused a commotion of joy in the country. All ranks and descriptions of people waited impatiently to hail the resurrection of the married lovers: and as only Crosby and his wife knew even the outline of their history, they, and their cabin, soon grew into great notoriety.—Feasts and visitations now occupied the duke, and the dwellers at the castle, whither all the world resorted. To Sir Edward and his daughter that world was comprised in the sick chamber of the marquis: which the father would no more leave than the wife. In the fond jealousy of an equal affection, they contended who should most anxiously attend on him; yet sweet was it to Sir Edward to observe that it was Emily his nephew would ever have—Emily, whom he always looked for with eyes full of tenderness and gratitude. When sighing over the ruin of her beauty himself, how could a fond father fail to adore the generous husband who found it all in her heart?

It was at length safe to remove the marquis, and at Bellarney he now took possession, with the rightful lady. Service was ordered next Sunday in the chapel of that mansion; where the lovers prepared to offer up their grateful effusions for the protection of that God, who thus, the storms of life overblown, assembled themselves, their parents, and their children, in their happy home. Had the little chapel been a cathedral, it would have been filled. Emily, simply attired, with her fair locks, so long hid, once more flowing over her graceful shoulders, was led to the seat which she had always occupied by the Duke of Aberdeen. The marquis, yet feeble and interesting, followed; having, in his right hand, his elder daughter; and, in the other, his son Edward. His uncle, in speechless exultation, came behind with the younger boys who gazed, now on him, and now on each other, as if they knew not yet how they had gained this sudden grandeur. Beatrice, though

a Catholic, shared, with the faithful Crosby, the happiness of that day ; and truer prayers never ascended to Heaven than those offered up in the chapel of Bellarney.

The appearance of Emily, with her lord and her children, terminated the inquiries of the heirs to her estates ; and she continued there awhile to make arrangements on her own domains, ere she should accompany the duke to visit his. The parade of being presented at court, and all the vain shows of life, Emily never delighted in, and now retired from, as wholly incompatible with the great duties of a wife and a mother. Yet she already found how difficult it would be, in re-assuming her rank, to act up to her own sense of right, in watching over her young ones ; and once to withdraw from that important employ was to make vain the labor of her youth. She felt nevertheless that the duke had a right to claim his son for awhile, and it was a point of respect for her to follow with her family.

In Scotland new festivities succeeded ; and to the happy children life seemed all holiday. Their parents found it not wholly so. The duke had discussed with the marquis his strange indifference to the business and the honors of the great world : urging so strongly his appearance in London that he knew not how to refuse. Emily would not influence him, but decided for herself ; and entreated that she might remain with her family.

If it was a trial to the marquis to quit for a short time the dear domestic circle in which for ten years he had wholly moved, what must it be to his wife to see him depart ?—He, who must ever be to her happiness or misery, was now associated with a libertine father, and going to be impressed with a high sense of his own advantages : even if his heart should stand the test, and remain wholly uncorrupted and inalienated, how could she be sure that ambition would not seize on him ? She had learned to dread those dangerous enchantments,—power and poli-

tics.—Yet must she boldly venture all: for never can we call the blessing our own which we are in daily fear of losing. One only good did she solicit her lord to add to that he would bring back in himself:—a wise and well-governed mind, to take from them both the charge of their sons' actual tuition. Crosby was still to continue the inventor, the guardian of their sports.

It is much more difficult to change our tastes than to fix them; and this it is which makes right habits of such importance in youth. Circumstances had early guided the heart of the Marquis of Lenox to true and tender feelings, busy and pleasant duties. Thus the delights which he could not share with Emily and his children faded before the recollection of those he must daily lose in his painful, but necessary absence from them. Nor was it in the house or circle of his father that he could ever become indifferent to the virtuous or rational happiness his own afforded. An expensive establishment, formed of persons who cared not whether the prodigal master lived or died, —a luxurious table no faithful or scientific friends surrounded,—a licentious arrangement with some painted nymph of St. James's Street, who came into, and went out of the house with the fashion, was not likely to win to the corrupt modes of polite life a man, who saw that he could always maintain there his natural consequence; while, in his purer conduct and simpler manners, he must ever rank higher in the scale of society. The trial was over.—The duke gladly escaped for ever from the observing eye of his son, and Emily found herself again in the arms of the husband she adored; who vowed never more to undergo the penance of living without her, and the dear young ones now contending for the "envied kiss."

Sir Edward Arden had not been insensible to the danger that might arise to his daughter's happiness from allowing the duke full power to act on his son, yet he ap-

plauded in his heart the magnanimity of mind, and sacred consciousness of desert, which induced Emily to risk the trial. By remaining with her and her children, he at once gave her due protection, and the marquis boundless freedom. How fully did he share the delight of that re-union which made the endeared circle his own for life !

And now the marquis prepared to conduct his whole family to Bellarney, where they purposed chiefly to reside. It was an unexpected gratification to find that the duke meant to be for a time of their party. The fond mother naturally imputed the distinction to his partiality for her Emily, as it was with much reluctance he had resigned that darling to the marchioness, who would not allow any other woman to form the mind of her daughter. Had the marquis considered his father's character, he might have better understood the cause of the compliment : for he alone knew that the duke, on leaving town, had dismissed a worthless, extravagant mistress ; whose place he secretly meditated to fill with the innocent wife of Crosby. To the son Beatrice had only appeared a worthy good girl, devoted to his Emily, and tender of his children—it remained for the father to discover that she had expressive black eyes, a smart figure, and a little Italian coquetry, with which she often contrived to keep Crosby on the fret ; though hardly to himself would he own that he was jealous. From the moment the duke first saw Beatrice, he had taken this idea into his head ; and in consequence made her occasional presents, so suited either to her wants or her wishes, that she had not the prudence strictly to scrutinize his motive for offering them. The tender billets, with which they were accompanied, he always had the address to write in Italian, thus making poor Crosby bear his own sentence, without being able to decipher one word of it. With

this base and selfish view only did the duke accompany a pure and virtuous pair, rejoicing in the ripening age of their young ones, to whom they had promised a last gala on the day which should make Emily eleven years old.

However happy the anniversary, that memorable day which actually called the child into existence was too deeply impressed on the mind of the marchioness not to make her mingle seriousness with endearment, when she gave the blessing and embrace of the morning. Her gravity, however, was soon forgotten, and the gay innocents engrossed every thought of the happy elders.

In sitting down to dinner, Emily cast her smiling eyes over the table, and saw it encircled with every being in creation who interested her heart. On her right hand sat the father of the marquis—on her left, her own: opposite to her, the husband so beloved, and on his right their darling Emily, the lady of the day. The dear boys made their claim; and even Mira was for once allowed a place, while Beatrice entreated to attend on the least of her ladies. During the dessert Sir Edward called on the three boys for their sweet Italian trio; and the pleased marquis had ordered his flute, to guide their little voices justly, and fill up each pause, when Crosby coming hastily in, spoke in a low voice to the marchioness:—a deadly paleness came over her—she struggled to speak—could not utter a word, but reaching out her hand, at once silenced the children, and summoned their father. No sooner, however, did his arms enfold her, than with a groan, as if her soul were separating from her body, she sunk into a swoon. The whole astonished circle environed her in a moment. The marquis was too intent on her recovery, to inquire what had caused her fainting: but Sir Edward angrily turning to Crosby, who stood like a culprit though unconscious of a fault, commanded him to

repeat whatever he had said to his lady—"Lord, sir," cried he, "it could not be what I said that struck the life out of my lady, as it were. I wish I had let the poor dying creature die outright, rather than see such a frightful consternation on Lady Emily's birth-day. I only came to humor a sick body the housekeeper took in from pure compassion; and just to inquire of my lady if she pleased we should let her have an old coffer, that she says is in the chapel. Lord knows she may be light-headed, and I should not wonder if there is no old coffer there at all. It is not likely a poor vagabond should have any trunk in our house." A tale so wholly trifling and uninteresting engrossed not any ear. The duke and Sir Edward imputed the attack merely to the powerful scent of a melon which had stood very near Emily. The anxious soul of the marquis told him she had never so yielded to mere constitutional weakness, and the groan she had given could have no common cause. When life returned, Emily indulged a gush of tears so profuse and so bitter, that all around her remained in dismayed silence. Her husband, pressing her yet more tenderly in his arms, ventured to draw aside the handkerchief from her eyes; but saw such an expression of agony and terror, that eagerly he hid her face on his bosom. As soon as she could muster strength, she arose, and leaning through feebleness as well as fondness on the arm of the marquis, waived from her both their fathers; while, with a sweet maternal grace, she invited towards her the whole affrighted race of little ones, who gladly flew to clasp her knees and those of their father. "Come to me, my precious babes," sighed she, striving to encircle them all. "It is yours early to embark in the sorrows of your parents—oh! Edward, the hour is come—the fearful, heavy hour of renewed persecution—the avenging fiend yet haunts us and our innocent children. This visitation comes too in the

moment of security. But my mind has now claims upon its fortitude that will enable it to meet my fate. Feel not thus fearfully my pulse, my father—*that* may fluctuate, but my mind is steady. Poor Crosby! he knew not what he asked for! I, only I, could tell, that the coffer demanded is the property of Emily Fitzallen; and no human being, save herself, could have known such a trust remained in this house.” “You shall never more see her, Emily,” cried Sir Edward, fiercely. “Pardon me, my father,” meekly returned the marchioness, “if a greater duty than the one due to you makes me break through that. Encompassed thus by my children, protected by my husband—sanctioned by our parents, and supported by my God, I feel that it becomes not me to falter, and I will know now—even now, the end of all my miseries.” The meek and matron dignity of his daughter at once silenced and awed Sir Edward:—to the marquis she clung, that no transport of his might interfere with her purpose; and having desired Crosby would guide them all to the stranger, Emily and her lord followed with the family through long galleries to a remote apartment adjoining the nurseries.

At the electrifying sound of Emily Fitzallen’s name, imagination had presented her to the whole group in the very form in which they had last beheld her—gay, glowing, beautiful, imperious; savagely exulting in her power over the unfortunate, and appearing only to torment. The daughter of Sir Edward felt that she was now come with the same invincible malignity, to wrest from her, if possible, a title doubly endeared and hallowed, by its importance to her children. But what a revulsion of soul did the whole family experience, when they suddenly surveyed a miserable object, in whom they were hardly able to trace the vindictive beauty, who had poisoned the promised happiness of their former years. Almost with-

out power to move, ghastly and livid, as if already in the grave; a surgical and bloody bandage encircling her temples, lay the living specter of Emily Fitzallen—opening her hollow eyes, upon which seemed to hang the films of death, they wandered, without recollection, over the whole company, who remained silent and horror-struck.

The gentle and generous marchioness felt all sense of her own sufferings at once evaporate from her mind, on thus beholding the companion of her childhood, the misery of her youth, the victim of the world!—by some incomprehensible means thus brought back to the roof that first sheltered her, and the circle she had injured, to repent, as it should seem, and die. The expiring wretch, having tried to clear her dim sight, demanded of the servant attending her, who all these persons were. “This, infamous woman,” cried the marquis, in a voice almost inarticulate through passion, and pressing the hand of Emily to his heart, “is my wife; and all these little ones our children.” Her deep-set eyes glared yet more horribly—she turned appalled from him whom she had so basely injured, and seemed as though she would, if possible, have ceased to hear. “Oh! dear mamma,” cried the young Emily, who stood nearest to the bed, “pray, send for another doctor; I am afraid this poor woman will bleed to death, and you will not let any one die on my birth-day, surely.” “You are then another Emily Arden,” cried the expiring wretch, abruptly turning to gaze on the tender child, who shrunk from her: “you have her every feature—and would *you* save my life? poor child!—I came here only to disgrace you—but who stands by your side?” “Her mother,” answered the marchioness firmly, “who, though changed in features, has still a heart disposed to forgive the penitent—a hand ready to assist the wretched. A just and powerful God has, by some strange ordination, brought

you, at this awful hour, and in this fearful situation, to the very house—nay, to the very chamber, where you first knew recollection; to awaken in your own breast compunction for your sins—in ours, compassion for your sufferings. I bless the power he has granted me of forgiving you, as only by that means could you implore his pardon.”

“And can you, even you, breathe thus a blessing on me,” groaned the wretch, in a hollow tone, “cut off, as I am, in the moment of a new sin meditated against your little one? for I knew not that you yet existed. An hour ago, to steal into the grave unknown, as I too surely must unlamented, was all I wished; for could I hope such angelic goodness was to be found on earth? How I have injured you both, needs not be repeated—how God has avenged you, I would have you see.” She lifted a gown that was lightly laid over her neck and arms, and showed the skin, once so exquisitely white and delicate, now frightfully discolored with bruises, and black with mortification. This, and the bloody bandage on her forehead, marked, too plainly, the premature death that had overtaken her. Emily, sickening, turned to weep in the arms of her husband, who, even yet, could hardly deign a look towards the wretch who had destroyed his early happiness; nor would he have endured to stay, had he not felt his presence to be a support to his trembling wife.

“I shall not have life, nor perhaps intellect,” resumed, after a pause, the dying Miss Fitzallen, “to relate my whole story—nor need I shock the pure beings, who thus condescend to speak comfort to my soul, with a repetition of all my errors:—that they have not been as fatal as I supposed, alleviates a little my sufferings:—to the weak, yet bountiful Lady Bellarney, I owe my first fault. She early encouraged me to be vain of my natural advantages: yet every hour told me that I must never rank

with her granddaughter. Envy thus became my first sin, and malice soon grew out of it. I began to overrate my own understanding, when I found myself able at once to play on the weaker one of my benefactress, and overbear the meek nature of Miss Arden: till, in the insolence of limited power, I invented a diabolical amusement, in practicing on the temper, and undermining the comfort, of the rich heiress whom others supposed I was born to yield to. As my reflection ripened, I became yet more alive to the importance of those external goods which I insolently supposed to be Miss Arden's only advantages over me.

“While conscious of boundless influence with Lady Bellarney, and assured that she had made me her heiress, I suffered not my evil views to go further: but when at her death I found a youth of servility had been lost, I became yet more desperate in my projects—yet more inveterate towards Miss Arden. I knew that she had sought her cousin—I knew, too, that he had slighted her;—to rob her of this plighted and admired lover, and cross Sir Edward Arden's views, became the first object of my heart. I thus launched into life an unprincipled adventurer; resolved on vengeance, wealth, and rank, if human art, or any sacrifice, could attain them; and to fortify my resolution, I ran over, in my brain, the many of my sex whom the same boldness had exalted to the highest situation. I traced from that moment the steps of Miss Arden,—understood the delicate motive of her disguise, and instantly availed myself of the same advantage. In the one I assumed, I was not actuated by any predilection for the marquis. A handsome Italian friend of his, however, soon won my heart; yet was I resolved to marry Sir Edward's nephew, and him only. My sex was guessed at by all around me, but those two who were most likely to suspect it. Signor Gheraldi, to

satisfy his doubts, ordered some men to attack me, when he was my companion ; and, without attempting to draw my sword, I fainted away. My fears for his safety, when I recovered, showed him that he was not only master of my secret, but my heart ; and he urged me to quit the marquis.

“ Finding I was fixed on some project in which that youth was comprehended, not all my protestations could convince Gheraldi love was not my inducement. Agitated with contending passions, at the moment when I had almost resolved to give up the marquis, fortuitous circumstances made him in my power for ever. Hardly had we pledged the fatal vow, when the news of Sir Edward’s abrupt landing perplexed me. In a week he had been most welcome. Hoping he would not yet arrive, I resolved to assume the habit of my sex, and be at once acknowledged as the wife of the marquis ; but hardly had I dressed myself, ere Gheraldi, in a transport of jealousy, rushed in, determined to tear me from his rival for ever. My refusal, and the flutter which so complicated a situation must cause, confirmed him in his purpose. He solemnly vowed reluctance or delay would cost the lover who induced it, his life : two trusty villains being now in waiting either to escort me and my baggage to the bark, ready to put to sea ; or, if the marquis should cross the threshold while I was deliberating, to strike their stiletos into his heart, and lay him a corpse at my feet. As the least of two horrible evils, and not at that moment the act of my choice, I yielded to my frantic lover, and embarked for Baia, where Gheraldi had a beautiful villa. The savage looks of my conductors chilled my blood ; but all other fears soon gave way to that of the earthquake. I saw that I had, by a strangeness in my fate, owed my life to my jealous lover ; nor could suppose it possible for my husband to survive the wreck of Messina.

Yet, even at that moment, I exulted in the triumph I should have over Sir Edward and his daughter, in the certificate I treasured in my bosom, which I had taken care should be ample and unquestionable. Arrived at the villa, Gheraldi bade me be mistress alike over that and his heart : but alas ! I soon found what it was to throw myself wholly into the power of a man whom I so little knew. I saw him the victim, by turns, of every passion, yet uniformly jealous, revengeful, and implacable : no kindness could soothe, no protestation satisfy him.

“ By a singularity in my fortune, the only man I ever really loved was the single one whom I could not persuade of my tenderness. Even the solitude and secrecy Gheraldi kept me in, could not convince him I was wholly his own. He saw lovers and letters in every look ; plots and elopements in every gesture. The veriest wretch who ever bathed in tears the chain of matrimony, was not more completely enslaved than that high spirit which had broken all the laws of religion and morality, only to remain free. Every extravagance of every passion, Gheraldi nevertheless expected me to impute, as he did, to love ; and if he deigned to offer this excuse, I was neither permitted to revert to the past, nor to guard against the future. Yet, thus cruelly circumstanced, I found that I was not forgotten.

“ More than one lover discovered means to offer me liberty ; and perhaps only my own fears prevented my escaping from the tyrant : but I had not, for some time, raised a cup to my lips without the idea that it might be poisoned ; or dropped into a slumber, from which I did not expect to be roused by the stab of a dagger ; nor knew I ever but that my next breath would be my last. In those beautiful eyes, where I had looked away the quiet of my life, I now saw only a mean and sinister expression. My tenderness was soon converted to horror

and disgust. To have been discovered in attempting to escape, would have insured my death; for no human eloquence would have convinced my tyrant his own vile temper had reduced me to the necessity. That temper, however, gave me a sudden release. A fit of passion, at a gaming table, left the beautiful Gheraldi a dead man, and Count Montalvo hastened to protect and conduct me to Naples. I had many rich presents from my tyrant, which his brother did not dispute with me, and I insisted on being mistress of myself in a hired hotel at Villa Reale. To my astonishment, I there understood that the Marquis of Lenox not only survived the earthquake, but was to be married in great splendor to Miss Arden. The step I then took I will not dwell upon. When I afterwards knew the marquis to be wholly in my power, by the interesting situation of his wife, I used that power most basely. But the love of evil is as apt to grow into habit as the love of good; and even after I thought the parents dead, I meditated to disgrace their innocent child.

“From the moment I had reigned, by the weak indulgence of my benefactress, in this mansion, I had set my heart on possessing it. The many palaces I have dwelt in since, never had the same charm; and making it my object to amass wealth enough for the purchase of the Bellarney estates, I well knew, that I could render this a condition with the heirs at law, ere I supplied them the proofs that might bastardize the grand-daughter of Sir Edward Arden, who, thus disgracefully circumstanced, must evacuate the estate.

“I will not detail scenes of vice and extravagance, painful to remembrance; yet, keeping my object ever in view, I had secured wealth enough to hint a year ago my intention, and my power of purchasing, to the heirs of Emily Arden. I was courted, immediately, to visit Ire-

land, and assured of all I wished here. I quitted the continent with immense property; and resolving to land on the estate which I had already appropriated, engaged a vessel to myself and servants. It is only four days ago that the vessel cast anchor in sight of this well-known mansion; and while the sailors were getting a boat out to land me, I stood on the deck, surveying with delight the remembered scenes of many a childish pleasure. Through my mind suddenly passed the painful recollection, that I had quitted this spot an insulted beggar. It gave place to the haughty consciousness, that I returned in the bloom of life and of beauty—with wealth enough to command my wishes, and power to expel, with obloquy, the young heiress of Bellarney.—Alas! even in this moment of full-blown arrogance and guilt, the hand of heaven impended invisibly over me, and a single stroke laid me once more on the threshold of that mansion, as very a beggar, and a wretch, as I left it!

“Accustomed to command, and unused to the common concerns, or meaner interests of life, it had never occurred to me, that, in choosing to have a vessel to myself, I should be totally in the power of the persons I hired. My Maitre d’Hotel and two female servants had been about me for years; nor had I a doubt of their attachment: but how little can we depend on any tie which virtue forms not? These wretches, apprised of the value of my baggage, in which, besides other riches, I had brought the magnificent jewels I wrested from the marquis at Naples, with many more equally valuable, leagued together at once to plunder me. When the boat was declared to be ready, I saw with surprise that it was empty; and ordered my baggage to be put in, ere I would descend. What was my astonishment and rage, to hear all my servants declare that every thing on board was their own, save a small portmanteau with a little raiment!

The master, four sailors, and a boy were, probably by confederacy, collected near me. Incensed at a fraud so gross, I forgot my danger, and threatened not only my base domestics with punishment, but the crew. This imprudent passion, perhaps, first determined them on brutality: but with a torrent of oaths, they swore to throw me overboard; and finding my resistance violent, they beat and bruised me as you have seen, nor could all my efforts prevent their lifting me, at last, over the side of the vessel. In lowering after me the little portmanteau, either by accident or design, they let it fall, and with so good an aim, that it struck me this mortal blow on the temple. I sunk into the bottom of the boat, nor ever recovered recollection till I opened my eyes in the very chamber in which they first opened. The villains had, as I was told, landed me at a fisherman's cabin below, inhabited only by a woman and some children, then hastily rowed off, to fetch, as they assured her, assistance, but in reality, never to return. The charity of your steward induced him to order me to be brought up to Bellarney, where a surgeon was summoned, who having dressed my fractured head, applied emollients to this mortifying flesh.

“When loneliness and misery obliged me to ponder upon the awful and extraordinary incident which thus concludes my worldly career, my nature, hard as it has long been, felt it: but I had neither power, nor will, to make a right use of the infliction. Pride, alas! survives every other passion. It was some relief to find I knew not one of the surrounding servants; nor did they recollect me. I might therefore steal into the grave unknown; as, too surely, I should otherwise be unpitied. The surgeon, yesterday morning, tenderly hinting to me that I could not survive, requested to be informed who I was, and what friends of mine he should address. I an-

swered, with a bitter sullenness, that I never knew who I was myself,—never belonged to any human being,—nor had one friend in the whole world:—all I requested was to be left to die.

“When the rejoicing of the servants, in the evening, announced the return of the family, I shrunk into myself, but ventured not an inquiry. In my lonely ruminations I suddenly called to mind a coffer where Lady Bellarney had deposited a written account of my birth, but which I had never demanded, as she herself had often related the story to me. That no memorial of me might remain, I just now asked for it, as a thing without value; meaning to destroy only the writing. Ah! how could I foresee the blessed consequence of this request? I knew not that the marquis and his Emily lived at all: still less could I suppose that they lived at Bellarney: lived to commiserate a dying sinner, to whom Heaven, at their intercession, may yet, perhaps, extend its mercy. With an almost purifying power, the meltings of humanity rushed even now into my guilty heart, when that ministering angel so sweetly said it was yet possible that she might forgive me.”

The wretched woman now made an effort to raise her hands to Heaven, and those around her, but sunk back as helpless: an awful example that human charms and powers, even in their extent, may fail to accomplish the views of the wicked in this life; the hardest nature be unable to resist the horrors of that which is to come.

The pious and gentle Emily, drawing the marquis after her, while every little innocent intuitively followed the blessed example, knelt around the bed of the penitent sinner; where she offered up prayers so fervent and benignant, that no eye could withhold those drops, which, while they prove the weakness of our nature, sanctify it. Then pressing the hand of the marquis to her

heart, his wife made him a party in the solemn forgiveness she audibly pronounced. Sir Edward hanging over his angel daughter, answered her imploring eye only by an imperfect Amen.

The Duke of Aberdeen, who had been a surprised spectator of this memorable scene, merely because he felt it impossible to retreat, now approached Emily ; and, being seconded by her father, would have led her out of the room ; when, throwing the door suddenly open, Crosby appeared, with another man, carrying the coffer demanded, covered with dust and cobwebs. The languid sufferer, lost in more momentous considerations, bade them take it away again ; but recollecting herself,—“no,” cried she,—“open it. I ought to have no pride if I am truly penitent : let those then, who thus witness the manner of my death, know, too, the extraordinary manner of my birth.” Crosby, who was burning with impatience to see what this coffer could possibly contain, had brought a hammer in his hand, and struck off at once the old lock. A written packet lay on the top, which he handed to the sick lady, while he hastily drew forth the faded, but valuable garments of a woman ; which would have engrossed the attention of all the servants, had not the fall of the duke, in a kind of fit, obliged them to raise and recover him. Sir Edward Arden, too, abruptly wrung the hand, and threw himself in disorder on the shoulder of the marquis. Emily, on seeing this became utterly regardless of the servants, who were unfolding for her notice a rich and remarkable Indian shawl. Her father again glancing his eye fearfully on it, as hastily turned away. “Put it out of my sight,” cried he, in a low, shocked voice, to his nephew : “that shawl unfolds a tale, my son, best understood by the duke and myself. Alas ! the mysterious ordination of Heaven deeply involves me in the guilt of that creature—and now can I

account for the severe visitation on me and mine. Wretched libertine!" added he, gazing contemptuously on the yet insensible duke—"is the hour then come for thee to feel?"—Grasping the marquis yet closer, he whispered, "Let your father be taken out of the room: that wretch is his daughter—his own child—by Miss Archer. Oh! Lenox, she is your sister: and even earthquakes, in the wonder-working hand of Heaven, can, to individuals, become mercy!"

Sir Edward now eagerly led his Emily away: and the marquis accompanied his father. The dying sufferer requested the chaplain to satisfy all around, by reading aloud a letter, inscribed—"To be opened by my god-daughter, Emily Fitzallen, whenever she reaches woman's estate."

"Our days being all numbered, I may never live, my dear girl, to see you the good and accomplished woman I hope you will be. As, however, rich or poor, we all like to know who we belong to, I will give you what account I can of your parentage; though that, God knows, is not much.

"After the untimely death of my poor dear daughter, I found myself very sad and lonely at Bellarney: so all my kindred made it a point to have me a visiting among them. Poor Emily Arden was so little a baby, that I was of no use to her, nor she company for me. I staid awhile at Sir Arthur Gore's seat; where you long after, I remember, so admired, and drew the rocks. Poor child! you little knew how dear they had cost you.

"Lady Gore had many good qualities, but was a woe-ful manager of children. Four such rude boys as hers I never met with in my whole life. They were always in some mischief or other:—now scouring the country on vicious horses:—now floating out to sea in little skimming pleasure-boats:—for my part, I thought they would

all be, sooner or later, brought home with broken bones, or drowned carcasses : but children and fools, they say, are the care of Providence ; and, when I think how these young tigers became the means of saving your little life, I can not but think so.

“ One windy October there came, on a sudden, such a tempest as I never saw. I really thought the crazy old house of Kirkalty would have been blown about our ears ; while the sea rolled on mountains high, and lashed the shore with fearful roarings :—but all the storm without was nothing to that we had within doors, as soon as Lady Gore found her ungovernable boys had put off at early tide with an old fisherman they paid handsomely. All night and all day the tempest raged ; and my poor cousin’s grief would have melted a heart of stone. We all gave the boys up for lost, though we did not tell her so ; and the fisherman’s wife made as bad an outcry in the kitchen, at Kirkalty, as ever we had in the parlor. At noon, next day, the wind fell and the sky cleared ; but no sign of the boat could we espy ; though we looked and looked as long as there was a blink of light. At midnight, lo ! the tide brought in the boat ; and the voices of the boys resounded, as usual, through the house, and now almost killed their poor mother with joy. Such chafing as we had of their chilled limbs ;—such cramming of their empty stomachs ; for they had had a starving and a perilous time of it, you may easily imagine. Arthur, who had the most feeling and sense of the four, staid at home all next day ; and kept looking, and looking at me, as if he had something on his mind. Lady Gore, between anger and joy, fell sick, and took to her chamber. Well, in the evening, master Arthur taps at mine, and muttered something about a secret, if I would hear him with patience : and such a surprising secret did

it prove, that I thought the boy was romancing ; which, to say truth, they all could, to perfection.

“ It seems the storm had driven them very far out to sea ; and the two men said if the boat had been either bigger or heavier, they should never have weathered it. They were all employed in emptying the water that every moment broke over their heads :—thus they passed the night. At peep of day the men found they were driving fast to St. Peter’s Nose, a famous and dangerous rock. Again they gladly got out to sea ; for, if it had been dark half an hour longer, the men swore they could never have escaped the rock. About noon, fortunately, the weather changed ; and now they were as glad to get to St. Peter’s Nose, as they before were to shun it. As they neared, they saw a wreck stuck fast, and ready every moment to go to pieces : they hailed her, but not a soul answered ; and, after going round, as doubting what they should do, they boarded her. She proved, by their account, a poor little vessel, with a cabin they could hardly stand up in. Having removed the dead lights, they saw that every thing had been rummaged, and all the chests and lockers were wide open, and mostly empty ; so they agreed that the poor men had taken for safety to the boat, and were all returning to their own, when the cry of a baby amazed them :—they at last looked into a bed, where they saw a woman in a dying state, with a young child in her arms :—she seemed like one newly lain in :—mighty weak, and quite speechless. Nothing but cold water had they to give her, but they hoped she would revive with that, and tell them who she was, and how she came to be left in this melancholy way : though that, they guessed, was only because she could not bear moving, as all her clothes were lying by her, and the baby very well dressed :—how they managed the poor soul, I can not tell :—whether they killed her with their

cold water, or she was dying before:—but die she did, in half an hour, and without power to utter a word; but clasping you, my poor child—for you was this unfortunate baby—to her bosom to the very last. The fisherman, God forgive him, wanted to leave you behind, but the boys would not consent to that, bad as they were. You must have been rarely nursed among them all the rest of the day; however, as they came home, they dropped you at the fisherman's cabin, till they had consulted what should be done with you. I must confess I was studying, while Master Arthur told me this story, which of his companions (for my cousins were too young for me to impute such a fault to them) had set him on to get his base-born child taken care of by me; but I could not fix on any body, and all four boys told exactly one tale: so in the morning I walked with them down to the fisherman's cabin, and there first saw you; as thriving a little lass as I ever set my eyes on. The man told the same story with the boys; but I was so uneasy at their having left the poor woman, that I offered the men money if they would fetch her, and the empty trunks, in hopes either the directions, or some letters, might inform me of your parentage; but they returned with the melancholy news that there was no sign of the wreck now:—so your wretched mother (though I doubt she was an ill one, or God and man would not so have forsaken her) had found, in the interim, a watery grave. My anxiety made the fisherman's wife come, and bargain to let me have the poor woman's clothes, which, it seems, her husband had bundled up for himself, while the boys were staring at you, if I would give her more than their value. I was willing to have them on any terms; and, must say, when I saw them, I found the unhappy creature must have been above the common degree:—all I got I have had packed up with this letter, not that I could hope

such mere trifles would ever lead you to any discovery, but only I thought it might be a melancholy satisfaction one day to you to have all I could save for you.

"A few days after, we heard that the bodies of several sailors, and one woman, had been washed ashore, and buried at a village some miles on : most likely those who took to the boat, and left your poor mother to expire alone.

"I would not leave a poor babe to perish, or depend on the charity of school-boys ; so I sent you privately, with one of my own maids, to Bellarney, and forbade her ever saying how I came by you, telling my inquisitive little cousins you was dead. When, some months after, I returned, I found you a brave girl, and much stouter than Emily Arden, who doated on you. I then had you christened by my own name, and have always loved you both alike. May you deserve that love is the prayer of your unfailing friend,

E. BELLARNEY."

The spectators, satisfied, though not by this letter informed, joined in solemn prayers for the departing spirit.

To the only person whom it could inform, the chaplain afterwards conveyed it. Sir Edward Arden, however, wanted not this simple proof of the parentage of Emily Fitzallen, which the shawl had at once ascertained. Rich, and very remarkable in pattern, it had been among the costly presents of Governor Selwyn to his bride ; who, when Duchess of Aberdeen, bestowed it on Miss Archer. Well did Sir Edward remember seeing it wrapped round her, to conceal her enlarged figure, as she feebly tottered through the garden to a bark that eventually became her tomb.

Softened by this recollection, to a full forgiveness of the wretched woman's guilty daughter, Sir Edward now

returned to her chamber, lest the agitation they had all been in might have added to the horrors of her mind : but he had no sooner cast his eyes on her, than he saw that human joy or sorrow would never more affect her. Delirium and stupefaction had come rapidly on, from the moment they retired ; and only the glorious benignity and firmness of Emily's mind, had given the erring wretch the poor chance of a death-bed repentance and pardon.

But if Sir Edward thus accused himself, how did the duke settle with his own conscience ; since it was plain that the shawl explained the painful truth, no less to him than to his brother. The frank and liberal soul of the latter induced him to seek the father of this miserable woman ; and disdaining to conceal his own share in the well-meant plan, the duke had no sooner perused the authentic memorial of the old countess, than Sir Edward avowed the share he had taken in the removal of Miss Archer, and the wounding reproaches which his own soul had long made him, when he found the unhappy woman had been by some strange means lost. A generous or feeling mind would have silenced the man who thus imputed to himself a sin, white in comparison with the one that led to it ; but the duke was incapable of so delicate a sensation ; and relieved from the sense of his past fault, by viewing Sir Edward's through the magnifying medium of his own representation, he at once made the marquis painfully sensible of the difference between his father and his uncle. The *eclaircissement*, however, put the duke on good terms again with himself ; and had any other person in the house been able to be at ease, he would not have found himself otherwise.

To recover a little from the horror of these exhausting scenes, Emily and her lord, with their race of little ones, had wandered to a rustic seat, on a brow commanding the

river and the boat-builder's house. There, with endeared remembrance, the amiable pair reviewed their past lives, and the happy years they had spent in that sweet sequestered home: then worshiped the Heaven which hallowed, even from the hour it had taken place, their marriage, by the affinity of the marquis and the other Emily: thus leaving not a doubt of the legitimacy of their children. Without an anxiety but for those around them, the married lovers, as evening closed, returned home; when the marchioness anxiously inquired if the wretched woman had yet recovered her senses. The surgeon ventured to inform her that he had never hoped it, and rather thought it a miracle that they had remained at all.

They found Sir Edward traversing the saloon; still exquisitely alive to the pang of the moment; and always picturing to himself Miss Archer trepanned by his emissary, and both thus consigning themselves to a watery grave. The duke, on the contrary, was sitting, coolly answering his letters from London;—regretting the purgatory he was enduring, and assuring his friends that he should hasten to join them at some public meetings now approaching. When the supper was announced, Sir Edward retired, on the plea of indisposition. The marquis and his lady sat down to table, but the duke alone could enjoy the splendid entertainment which Emily hardly remembered having ordered in honor of the birth-day of her daughter. Her grandfather, however, made a voluptuous meal; and the lovers hastened, as soon as they decently could, to the bedside of Sir Edward; whom they found so nervous, that both insisted on sitting by him.

The duke, now necessarily alone, and obliged to reflect, used all his customary address to vail from a heart always selfish, and by his vicious intercourse with the world now almost callous, an uneasy sense of error which the refined Sir Edward had left there. Ingenious in palliating his

own faults, he soon almost fancied his brother the only culpable person, and himself the aggrieved one. What had Sir Edward Arden to do with his little gallantries?—he should have taken good care both of the mother and the child, without any sentimental interference. As to this girl, it was not very likely that she should recover; but if she did, he would give her a handsome annuity. Above all, he would get out of the dungeon of Bellarney, the moment that he could make his little arrangement with Beatrice. Under this agreeable impression, the duke fell into as sound a sleep as if the wretched being whom his vices had called into existence, and who was now dying within a hundred yards of him, had never been born at all.

But though the extraordinary events of the day had not acted very sensibly on the feelings of the duke, they had seized on his constitution; and the blood had strangely ebbed and flowed in his veins, without his observing it. Repletion was at such a moment dangerous, and his profound sleep very far from a wholesome one. Suddenly he dreamt that Miss Archer, wrapt in the shawl that had been so lately displayed before his eyes, and holding in her hand her daughter, changed to a negro blackness, stood at his bedside. The shock of seeing them was doubled, when the mother, in a voice of thunder, told him that they were come to claim their own; and gashing, with a single stroke, his bosom, they joined to pluck forth his heart, yet spouting with blood, and quivering with life. The exquisite torture of mind and body waked him; or rather, perhaps, corporeal agony had caused the mental delusion: for he felt the gout had at that instant flown into his stomach, and the rack of pain was insupportable. From the chamber of Sir Edward, whom they had soothed into a sweet slumber, Emily and her lord were hastily summoned to that of one who never was to sleep more.

Short but intolerable was the torture of the duke ; attended with a delirium which realized his dream, and presented the tremendous phantom of Miss Archer for ever to his eyes. At the very hour, nay, almost at the very moment, under the same roof, expired the Duke of Aberdeen, and his guilty, but unfortunate daughter—an awful warning to all the survivors.

Miss Fitzallen was, by the orders of Emily, privately interred at the feet of Lady Bellarney, and the secret of her affinity to the marquis was never circulated.

The remains of the duke were sent to Scotland to join those of his ancestors.

Sir Edward Arden, purified from his only fault, and eminent for his many virtues, by the temperance of his habits, and the unremitting cares and tenderness of his children and grandchildren, had the peculiar happiness to reach a very late period of life, without suffering, in any great degree, its infirmities.

Virtue and sweetness, personified in Emily, formed the center of a wide circle—their mingled beams diffusing a glowing happiness over her own immediate family,—a warm interest towards her friends,—and an affecting benevolence among her dependents ; while supplying, in her regulated mind, now an example to her father and husband, and now to her children, she had the rare felicity of seeing that not one of the many was ever tempted, through the course of her long life, to diverge from the sphere of so dear an attraction.

THE END.

Standard and Popular Library Books

SELECTED FROM THE CATALOGUE OF

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY.

John Adams and Abigail Adams. Familiar Letters of, during the Revolution, 12mo, \$2.00.

Oscar Fay Adams. Handbook of English Authors, 16mo, 75 cents; Handbook of American Authors, 16mo, 75 cents.

Louis Agassiz. Methods of Study in Natural History, Illustrated, 16mo, \$1.50; Geological Sketches, Series I. and II., each, 16mo, \$1.50; A Journey in Brazil, Illustrated, 8vo, \$5.00; Life and Letters, edited by his wife, 2 vols. \$4.00.

Anne A. Agge and Mary M. Brooks. Marblehead Sketches. 4to, \$3.00.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Story of a Bad Boy, Illustrated, 12mo, \$1.50; Marjorie Daw and Other People, 12mo, \$1.50; Prudence Palfrey, 12mo, \$1.50; The Queen of Sheba, 12mo, \$1.50; The Stillwater Tragedy, 12mo, \$1.50; Poems, *Household Edition*, Illustrated, 12mo, \$2.00; full gilt, \$2.50; The above six vols. 12mo, uniform, \$9.00; From Ponkapog to Pesth, 16mo, \$1.25; Poems, Complete, Illustrated, 8vo, \$5.00; Mercedes, and Later Lyrics, cr. 8vo, \$1.25.

Rev. A. V. G. Allen. Continuity of Christian Thought, 12mo, \$2.00.

American Commonwealths.

Virginia. By John Esten Cooke.

Oregon. By William Barrows.

Maryland. By Wm. Hand Browne.

Kentucky. By N. S. Shaler.

Michigan. By Hon. T. M. Cooley.

Kansas. By Leverett W. Spring.

*Houghton, Mifflin and Company's**(In Preparation.)*

- California. By Josiah Royce.
 Tennessee. By James Phelan.
 Pennsylvania. By Hon. Wayne MacVeagh.
 South Carolina. By Hon. W. H. Trescot.
 Connecticut. By Alexander Johnston.
 New York. By Ellis H. Roberts.
 Missouri. By Lucien Carr.
 Massachusetts. By Brooks Adams.

Each volume, 16mo, \$1.25.

American Men of Letters.

- Washington Irving. By Charles Dudley Warner.
 Noah Webster. By Horace E. Scudder.
 Henry D. Thoreau. By Frank B. Sanborn.
 George Ripley. By O. B. Frothingham.
 J. Fenimore Cooper. By Prof. T. R. Lounsbury.
 Margaret Fuller Ossoli. By T. W. Higginson.
 Ralph Waldo Emerson. By Oliver Wendell Holmes.
 Edgar Allan Poe. By George E. Woodberry.
 Nathaniel Parker Willis. By H. A. Beers.

(In Preparation.)

- Nathaniel Hawthorne. By James Russell Lowell.
 William Cullen Bryant. By John Bigelow.
 Bayard Taylor. By J. R. G. Hassard.
 William Gilmore Simms. By George W. Cable.
 Benjamin Franklin. By John Bach McMaster.

Each volume, with Portrait, 16mo, \$1.25.

American Statesmen.

- John Quincy Adams. By John T. Morse, Jr.
 Alexander Hamilton. By Henry Cabot Lodge.
 John C. Calhoun. By Dr. H. von Holst.
 Andrew Jackson. By Prof. W. G. Sumner.
 John Randolph. By Henry Adams.
 James Monroe. By Pres. D. C. Gilman.
 Thomas Jefferson. By John T. Morse, Jr.
 Daniel Webster. By Henry Cabot Lodge.
 Albert Gallatin. By John Austin Stevens.

James Madison. By Sydney Howard Gay.

John Adams. By John T. Morse, Jr.

John Marshall. By Allan B. Magruder.

Samuel Adams. By J. K. Hosmer.

(*In Preparation.*)

Henry Clay. By Hon. Carl Schurz.

Martin Van Buren. By Hon. Wm. Dorsheimer.

Each volume, 16mo, \$1.25.

Martha Babcock Amory. Life of Copley, 8vo, \$3.00.

Hans Christian Andersen. Complete Works, 10 vols. 12mo, each \$1.50. New Edition, 10 vols. 12mo, \$10.00.

Francis, Lord Bacon. Works, 15 vols. cr. 8vo, \$33.75; *Popular Edition*, with Portraits, 2 vols. cr. 8vo, \$5.00; *Promus of Formularies and Elegancies*, 8vo, \$5.00; *Life and Times of Bacon*, 2 vols. cr. 8vo, \$5.00.

L. H. Bailey, Jr. Talks Afield, Illustrated, 16mo, \$1.00.

M. M. Ballou. Due West, cr. 8vo, \$1.50; Due South, cr. 8vo, \$1.50.

E. D. R. Bianciardi. At Home in Italy, 16mo, \$1.25.

William Henry Bishop. The House of a Merchant Prince, a Novel, 12mo, \$1.50; Detmold, a Novel, 18mo, \$1.25; Choy Susan and other Stories, 16mo, \$1.25.

Bjornstjerne Bjornson. Norwegian Novels, 7 vols. 16mo, each \$1.00; New Edition, 3 vols. 16mo, the set, \$4.50.

Anne C. Lynch Botta. Handbook of Universal Literature, New Edition, 12mo, \$2.00.

British Poets. *Riverside Edition*, cr. 8vo, each \$1.75; the set, 68 vols. \$100.00.

Phillips Brooks. Oldest School in America. 16mo, \$1.00.

John Brown, M. D. Spare Hours, 3 vols. 16mo, each \$1.50.

Robert Browning. Poems and Dramas, etc., 15 vols. 16mo, \$22.00; Complete Works, *New Edition*, 7 vols. cr. 8vo, \$12.00; *Ferishtah's Fancies*, 16mo, \$1.00; cr. 8vo, \$1.00.

William Cullen Bryant. Translation of Homer, The Iliad, cr. 8vo, \$3.00; 2 vols. royal 8vo, \$9.00; cr. 8vo, \$4.50; The Odyssey, cr. 8vo, \$3.00; 2 vols. royal 8vo, \$9.00; cr. 8vo, \$4.50.

John Burroughs. Works, 6 vols. 16mo, each \$1.50.

- Thomas Carlyle.** Essays, with Portrait and Index, 4 vols. 12mo, \$7.50; *Popular Edition*, 2 vols. 12mo, \$3.50.
- Alice and Phœbe Cary.** Poems, *Household Edition*, Illustrated, 12mo, 2.00; cr. 8vo, full gilt, \$2.50; *Library Edition*, including Memorial by Mary Clemmer, Portraits and 24 Illustrations, 8vo, \$4.00.
- Lydia Maria Child.** Looking Toward Sunset, 12mo, \$2.50; Letters, with Biography by Whittier, 16mo, \$1.50.
- James Freeman Clarke.** Ten Great Religions, Parts I. and II., 8vo, each \$3.00; Common Sense in Religion, 12mo, \$2.00; Memorial and Biographical Sketches, 12mo, \$2.00.
- John Esten Cooke.** My Lady Pokahontas, 16mo, \$1.25.
- James Fenimore Cooper.** Works, new *Household Edition*, Illustrated, 32 vols. 16mo, each \$1.00; the set, \$32.00; *Fire-side Edition*, Illustrated, 16 vols. 12mo, \$20.00.
- Charles Egbert Craddock.** In the Tennessee Mountains, 16mo, \$1.25; Down the Ravine, Illustrated, \$1.00; The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains, 16mo, \$1.25.
- T. F. Crane.** Italian Popular Tales, \$2.50.
- F. Marion Crawford.** To Leeward, 16mo, \$1.25; A Roman Singer, 16mo, \$1.25; An American Politician, 16mo, \$1.25.
- M. Creighton.** The Papacy during the Reformation, 2 vols. 8vo, \$10.00.
- Richard H. Dana.** To Cuba and Back, 16mo, \$1.25; Two Years Before the Mast, 12mo, \$1.00.
- Thomas De Quincey.** Works, 12 vols. 12mo, each \$1.50; the set, \$18.00.
- Madame De Stael.** Germany, 12mo, \$2.50.
- Charles Dickens.** Works, *Illustrated Library Edition*, with Dickens Dictionary, 30 vols. 12mo, each \$1.50; the set, \$45.00; *Globe Edition*, 15 vols. 16mo, each \$1.25; the set, \$18.75.
- J. Lewis Diman.** The Theistic Argument, etc., cr. 8vo, \$2.00; Orations and Essays, cr. 8vo, \$2.50.
- Theodore A. Dodge.** Patroclus and Penelope, Illustrated, 8vo, \$3.00.
- Eight Studies of the Lord's Day.** 12mo, \$1.50.

George Eliot. The Spanish Gypsy, a Poem, 16mo, \$1.00.

Ralph Waldo Emerson. Works, *Riverside Edition*, 11 vols. each \$1.75; the set, \$19.25; "*Little Classic*" *Edition*, 11 vols. 18mo, each, \$1.50; Parnassus, *Household Edition*, 12mo, \$2.00; *Library Edition*, 8vo, \$4.00; Poems, *Household Edition*, Portrait, 12mo, \$2.00.

English Dramatists. Vols. 1-3, Marlowe's Works; Vols. 4-11, Middleton's Works; each vol. \$3.00; *Large-Paper Edition*, each vol. \$4.00.

Edgar Fawcett. A Hopeless Case, 18mo, \$1.25; A Gentleman of Leisure, 18mo, \$1.00; An Ambitious Woman, 12mo, \$1.50.

Fénelon. *Adventures of Telemachus*, 12mo, \$2.25.

James T. Fields. Yesterdays with Authors, 12mo, \$2.00; 8vo, Illustrated, \$3.00; Underbrush, 18mo, \$1.25; Ballads and other Verses, 16mo, \$1.00; The Family Library of British Poetry, royal 8vo, \$5.00; Memoirs and Correspondence, cr. 8vo, \$2.00.

John Fiske. Myths and Mythmakers, 12mo, \$2.00; Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy, 2 vols. 8vo, \$6.00; The Unseen World, and other Essays, 12mo, \$2.00; Excursions of an Evolutionist, 12mo, \$2.00; The Destiny of Man, 16mo, \$1.00; The Idea of God, 16mo, \$1.00; Darwinism, and Other Essays, New Edition, enlarged, 12mo, \$2.00.

Dorsey Gardner. Quatre Bras, Ligny and Waterloo, 8vo, \$5.00.

Gentleman's Magazine Library. 14 vols. 8vo, each \$2.50; Roxburgh, \$3.50; *Large-Paper Edition*, \$6.00. I. Manners and Customs. II. Dialect, Proverbs, and Word-Lore. III. Popular Superstitions and Traditions. IV. English Traditions and Foreign Customs. V. Archæology. (*Last two styles sold only in sets.*)

John F. Genung. Tennyson's In Memoriam, A Study, cr. 8vo, \$1.25.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. Faust, Part First, Translated by C. T. Brooks, 16mo, \$1.25; Faust, Translated by Bayard Taylor, cr. 8vo, \$3.00; 2 vols. royal 8vo, \$9.00; 2 vols. 12mo, \$4.50; Correspondence with a Child, 12mo, \$1.50; Wilhelm Meister, Translated by Carlyle, 2 vols. 12mo, \$3.00. Life, by Lewes, together with the above five 12mo vols., the set, \$10.00.

Oliver Goldsmith. The Vicar of Wakefield. *Handy-Volume Edition*. 32mo, \$1.25.

Charles George Gordon. Diaries and Letters, 8vo, \$2.00.

George H. Gordon. Brook Farm to Cedar Mountain. 1861-2. 8vo, \$3.00; Campaign of Army of Virginia, 1862. 8vo, \$4.00; A War Diary, 1863-5. 8vo, \$3.00.

George Zabriskie Gray. The Children's Crusade, 12mo, \$1.50; Husband and Wife, 16mo, \$1.00.

Anna Davis Hallowell. James and Lucretia Mott, cr. 8vo, \$2.00.

R. P. Hallowell. The Quaker Invasion of Massachusetts. 16mo, \$1.25.

Arthur Sherburne Hardy. But Yet a Woman, 16mo, \$1.25.

Bret Harte. Works, 5 vols. cr. 8vo, each \$2.00; In the Carquinez Woods, 18mo, \$1.00; Flip, and Found at Blazing Star, 18mo, \$1.00; On the Frontier, 18mo, \$1.00; By Shore and Sedge, 18mo, \$1.00; Maruja, 18mo, \$1.00; Poems, *Household Edition*, Illustrated, 12mo, \$2.00; cr. 8vo, full gilt, \$2.50; *Red-Line Edition*, small 4to, \$2.50; *Diamond Edition*, \$1.00.

Nathaniel Hawthorne. Works, "*Little Classic*" Edition, Illustrated, 25 vols. 18mo, each \$1.00; the set \$25.00; *New Riverside Edition*, Introductions by G. P. Lathrop, 11 Etchings and Portrait, 12 vols. cr. 8vo, each \$2.00; *Wayside Edition*, with Introductions, Etchings, etc., 24 vols. 12mo, \$36.00. (*Sold only in sets.*) The Scarlet Letter, 12mo, \$1.00.

John Hay. Pike County Ballads, 12mo, \$1.50; Castilian Days, 16mo, \$2.00.

S. E. Herrick. Some Heretics of Yesterday, cr. 8vo, \$1.50.

George S. Hillard. Six Months in Italy, 12mo, \$2.00.

Oliver Wendell Holmes. Poems, *Household Edition*, Illustrated, 12mo, \$2.00; cr. 8vo, full gilt, \$2.50; *Illustrated Library Edition*, 8vo, \$4.00; *Handy-Volume Edition*, 2 vols. 32mo, \$2.50; The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table, cr. 8vo, \$2.00; *Handy-Volume Edition*, 32mo, \$1.25; The Professor at the Breakfast-Table, cr. 8vo, \$2.00; The Poet at the Breakfast-Table, cr. 8vo, \$2.00; Elsie Venner, cr. 8vo, \$2.00; The Guardian Angel, cr. 8vo, \$2.00; Medical Essays, cr. 8vo, \$2.00;

Pages from an Old Volume of Life, cr. 8vo, \$2.00; John Lathrop Motley, A Memoir, 16mo, \$1.50; Illustrated Poems, 8vo, \$5.00; A Mortal Antipathy, cr. 8vo, \$1.50; The Last Leaf, Illustrated, 4to, \$10.00.

William D. Howells. Venetian Life, 12mo, \$1.50; Italian Journeys, 12mo, \$1.50; Their Wedding Journey, Illustrated, 12mo, \$1.50; 18mo, \$1.25; Suburban Sketches, Illustrated, 12mo, \$1.50; A Chance Acquaintance, Illustrated, 12mo, \$1.50; 18mo, \$1.25; A Foregone Conclusion, 12mo, \$1.50; The Lady of the Aroostook, 12mo, \$1.50; The Undiscovered Country, 12mo, \$1.50.

Thomas Hughes. Tom Brown's School-Days at Rugby, 16mo, \$1.00; Tom Brown at Oxford, 16mo, \$1.25; The Manliness of Christ, 16mo, \$1.00; paper, 25 cents.

William Morris Hunt. Talks on Art, Series I. and II. 8vo, each \$1.00.

Henry James, Jr. A Passionate Pilgrim and other Tales, 12mo, \$2.00; Transatlantic Sketches, 12mo, \$2.00; Roderick Hudson, 12mo, \$2.00; The American, 12mo, \$2.00; Watch and Ward, 18mo, \$1.25; The Europeans, 12mo, \$1.50; Confidence, 12mo, \$1.50; The Portrait of a Lady, 12mo, \$2.00.

Mrs. Anna Jameson. Writings upon Art Subjects, 10 vols. 18mo, each \$1.50; New Edition, 10 vols. 16mo, the set, \$12.50.

Sarah Orne Jewett. Deephaven, 18mo, \$1.25; Old Friends and New, 18mo, \$1.25; Country By-Ways, 18mo, \$1.25; Play-Days, Stories for Children, square 16mo, \$1.50; The Mate of the Daylight, 18mo, \$1.25; A Country Doctor, 16mo, \$1.25; A Marsh Island, 16mo, \$1.25.

Rossiter Johnson. Little Classics, 18 vols. 18mo, each \$1.00; the set, \$18.00. 9 vols. square 16mo, \$13.50. (*Sold only in sets.*)

Samuel Johnson. Oriental Religions: India, 8vo, \$5.00; China, 8vo, \$5.00; Persia, 8vo, \$5.00; Lectures, Essays, and Sermons, cr. 8vo, \$1.75.

Charles C. Jones, Jr. History of Georgia, 2 vols. 8vo, \$10.00.

Omar Khayyam. Rubáiyát, *Red-Line Edition*, square 16mo. \$1.00; the same, with 56 Illustrations by Vedder, folio, \$25.00.

T. Starr King. Christianity and Humanity, with Portrait. 16mo, \$2.00; Substance and Show, 16mo, \$2.00.

Charles and Mary Lamb. Tales from Shakespeare. *Handy-Volume Edition.* 32mo, \$1.25.

Henry Lansdell. Russian Central Asia. 2 vols. \$10.00.

Lucy Larcom. Poems, 16mo, \$1.25; An Idyl of Work, 16mo, \$1.25; Wild Roses of Cape Ann and other Poems, 16mo, \$1.25; Breathings of the Better Life, 18mo, \$1.25; Poems, *Household Edition*, Illustrated, 12mo, \$2.00; full gilt, cr. 8vo, \$2.50.

George Parsons Lathrop. A Study of Hawthorne, 18mo, \$1.25.

Henry C. Lea. Sacerdotal Celibacy, 8vo, \$4.50.

Charles G. Leland. The Gypsies, cr. 8vo, \$2.00; Algonquin Legends of New England, cr. 8vo, \$2.00.

George Henry Lewes. The Story of Goethe's Life, Portrait, 12mo, \$1.50; Problems of Life and Mind, 5 vols. 8vo, \$14.00.

J. G. Lockhart. Life of Sir W. Scott, 3 vols. 12mo, \$4.50.

Henry Cabot Lodge. Studies in History, cr. 8vo, \$1.50.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Poetical Works, *Cambridge Edition*, 4 vols. 12mo, \$9.00; Poems, *Octavo Edition*, Portrait and 300 Illustrations, \$8.00; *Household Edition*, Illustrated, 12mo, \$2.00; cr. 8vo, full gilt, \$2.50; *Red-Line Edition*, Portrait and 12 Illustrations, small 4to, \$2.50; *Diamond Edition*, \$1.00; *Library Edition*, Portrait and 32 Illustrations, 8vo, \$4.00; Christus, *Household Edition*, \$2.00; cr. 8vo, full gilt, \$2.50; *Diamond Edition*, \$1.00; Prose Works, *Cambridge Edition*, 2 vols. 12mo, \$4.50; Hyperion, 16mo, \$1.50; Kavanagh, 16mo, \$1.50; Outre-Mer, 16mo, \$1.50; In the Harbor, 16mo, \$1.00; Michael Angelo: a Drama, Illustrated, folio, \$7.50; Twenty Poems, Illustrated, small 4to, \$3.00; Translation of the Divina Commedia of Dante, 1 vol. cr. 8vo, \$3.00; 3 vols. royal 8vo, \$13.50; cr. 8vo, \$6.00; Poets and Poetry of Europe, royal 8vo, \$5.00; Poems of Places, 31 vols. each \$1.00; the set, \$25.00.

- James Russell Lowell.** Poems, *Red-Line Edition*, Portrait, Illustrated, small 4to, \$2.50; *Household Edition*, Illustrated, 12mo, \$2.00; cr. 8vo, full gilt, \$2.50; *Library Edition*, Portrait and 32 Illustrations, 8vo, \$4.00; *Diamond Edition*, \$1.00; Fireside Travels, 12mo, \$1.50; Among my Books, Series I. and II. 12mo, each \$2.00; My Study Windows, 12mo, \$2.00.
- Thomas Babington Macaulay.** Complete Works, 8 vols. 12mo, \$10.00.
- Harriet Martineau.** Autobiography, New Edition, 2 vols. 12mo, \$4.00; Household Education, 18mo, \$1.25.
- G. W. Melville.** In the Lena Delta, Maps and Illustrations, 8vo, \$2.50.
- Owen Meredith.** Poems, *Household Edition*, Illustrated, 12mo, \$2.00; cr. 8vo, full gilt, \$2.50; *Library Edition*, Portrait and 32 Illustrations, 8vo, \$4.00; Lucile, *Red-Line Edition*, 8 Illustrations, small 4to, \$2.50; *Diamond Edition*, 8 Illustrations, \$1.00.
- Olive Thorne Miller.** Bird-Ways, 16mo, \$1.25.
- John Milton.** Paradise Lost. *Handy-Volume Edition*. 32mo, \$1.25. Riverside Classics Edition, 16mo, \$1.00.
- S. Weir Mitchell.** In War Time, 16mo, \$1.25.
- J. W. Mollett.** Illustrated Dictionary of Words used in Art and Archæology, small 4to, \$5.00.
- Michael de Montaigne.** Complete Works, Portrait, 4 vols. 12mo, \$7.50.
- William Mountford.** Euthanasia, 12mo, \$2.00.
- T. Mozley.** Reminiscences of Oriel College, etc., 2 vols. 16mo, \$3.00.
- Elisha Mulford.** The Nation, 8vo, \$2.50; The Republic of God, 8vo, \$2.00.
- T. T. Munger.** On the Threshold, 16mo, \$1.00; The Freedom of Faith, 16mo, \$1.50; Lamps and Paths, 16mo, \$1.00.
- J. A. W. Neander.** History of the Christian Religion and Church, with Index volume, 6 vols. 8vo, \$20.00; Index alone, \$3.00.
- Joseph Neilson.** Memories of Rufus Choate, 8vo, \$5.00.
- Edmund Noble.** The Russian Revolt, 16mo, \$1.00.

Charles Eliot Norton. Notes of Travel and Study in Italy, 16mo, \$1.25; Translation of Dante's New Life, royal 8vo, \$3.00.

G. H. Palmer. Translation of Homer's Odyssey, Books 1-12, 8vo, \$2.50.

James Parton. Life of Benjamin Franklin, 2 vols. 8vo, \$5.00; Life of Thomas Jefferson, 8vo, \$2.50; Life of Aaron Burr, 2 vols. 8vo, \$5.00; Life of Andrew Jackson, 3 vols. 8vo, \$7.50; Life of Horace Greeley, 8vo, \$2.50; General Butler in New Orleans, 8vo, \$2.50; Humorous Poetry of the English Language, 8vo, \$2.00; Famous Americans of Recent Times, 8vo, \$2.50; Life of Voltaire, 2 vols. 8vo, \$6.00; The French Par-nassus, 12mo, \$2.00; crown 8vo, \$3.50; Captains of Industry, 16mo, \$1.25.

Blaise Pascal. Thoughts, 12mo, \$2.25; Letters, 12mo, \$2.25.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. The Gates Ajar, 16mo, \$1.50; Beyond the Gates, 16mo, \$1.25; Men, Women, and Ghosts, 16mo, \$1.50; Hedged In, 16mo, \$1.50; The Silent Partner, 16mo, \$1.50; The Story of Avis, 16mo, \$1.50; Sealed Orders, and other Stories, 16mo, \$1.50; Friends: A Duet, 16mo, \$1.25; Doctor Zay, 16mo, \$1.25; Songs of the Silent World, 16mo, gilt top, \$1.25.

Carl Ploetz. Epitome of Universal History, 12mo, \$3.00.

Antonin Lefevre Pontalis. The Life of John DeWitt, Grand Pensionary of Holland, 2 vols. 8vo, \$9.00.

Adelaide A. Procter. Poems, *Diamond Edition*, \$1.00; *Red-Line Edition*, small 4to, \$2.50.

Sampson Reed. Observations on the Growth of the Mind. New Edition. Portrait. 16mo, \$1.00.

C. F. Richardson. Primer of American Literature, 18mo, .30.

Riverside Aldine Series. Each volume, 16mo, \$1.00. First edition, \$1.50.

1. Marjorie Daw, etc. By T. B. ALDRICH.
2. My Summer in a Garden. By C. D. WARNER.
3. Fireside Travels. By J. R. LOWELL.
4. The Luck of Roaring Camp, etc. By BRET HARTE.
- 5, 6. Venetian Life. 2 vols. By W. D. HOWELLS.
7. Wake Robin. By JOHN BURROUGHS.
- 8, 9. The Biglow Papers. 2 vols. By J. R. LOWELL.

Henry Crabb Robinson. Diary, Reminis., etc. cr. 8vo, \$2.50.

John C. Ropes. The First Napoleon, with Maps, cr. 8vo, \$2.00.

Josiah Royce. Religious Aspect of Philosophy, 12mo, \$2.00.

Edgar Evertson Saltus. Balzac, cr. 8vo, \$1.25; The Philosophy of Disenchantment, cr. 8vo, \$1.25.

John Godfrey Saxe. Poems, *Red-Line Edition*, Illustrated, small 4to, \$2.50; *Diamond Edition*, \$1.00; *Household Edition*, Illustrated, 12mo, \$2.00; full gilt, cr. 8vo, \$2.50.

Sir Walter Scott. Waverley Novels, *Illustrated Library Edition*, 25 vols. 12mo, each \$1.00; the set, \$25.00; *Globe Edition*, 100 Illustrations, 13 vols. 16mo, \$16.25; Tales of a Grandfather, 3 vols. 12mo, \$4.50; Poems, *Red-Line Edition*, Illustrated, small 4to, \$2.50; *Diamond Edition*, \$1.00.

W. H. Seward. Works, 5 vols. 8vo, \$15.00; Diplomatic History of the War, 8vo, \$3.00.

John Campbell Shairp. Culture and Religion, 16mo, \$1.25; Poetic Interpretation of Nature, 16mo, \$1.25; Studies in Poetry and Philosophy, 16mo, \$1.50; Aspects of Poetry, 16mo, \$1.50.

William Shakespeare. Works, edited by R. G. White, *Riverside Edition*, 3 vols. cr. 8vo, \$7.50; 6 vols. 8vo, \$15.00.

A. P. Sinnett. Esoteric Buddhism, 16mo, \$1.25; The Occult World, 16mo, \$1.25.

Dr. William Smith. Bible Dictionary, *American Edition*, 4 vols. 8vo, \$20.00.

Edmund Clarence Stedman. Poems, *Farringsford Edition*, Portrait, 16mo, \$2.00; *Household Edition*, Illustrated, 12mo, \$2.00; full gilt, cr. 8vo, \$2.50; Victorian Poets, 12mo, \$2.00; Poets of America, 12mo, \$2.25. The set, 3 vols., uniform, 12mo, \$6.00; Edgar Allan Poe, an Essay, vellum, 18mo, \$1.00.

Harriet Beecher Stowe. Novels and Stories, 10 vols. 12mo, uniform, each \$1.50; A Dog's Mission, Little Pussy Willow, Queer Little People, illustrated, small 4to, each \$1.25; Uncle Tom's Cabin, 100 Illustrations, 8vo, \$3.50; *Library Edition*, Illustrated, 12mo, \$2.00; *Popular Edition*, 12mo, \$1.00.

Jonathan Swift. Works, *Edition de Luxe*, 19 vols. 8vo, the set, \$76.00.

T. P. Taswell-Langmead. English Constitutional History. New Edition, revised, 8vo, \$7.50.

Bayard Taylor. Poetical Works, *Household Edition*, 12mo, \$2.00; cr. 8vo, full gilt, \$2.50; Melodies of Verse, 18mo, velum, \$1.00; Life and Letters, 2 vols. 12mo, \$4.00; Dramatic Poems, 12mo, \$2.25; *Household Edition*, 12mo, \$2.00; Life and Poetical Works, 6 vols. uniform. Including Life, 2 vols.; Faust, 2 vols.; Poems, 1 vol.; Dramatic Poems, 1 vol. The set, cr. 8vo, \$12.00.

Alfred Tennyson. Poems, *Household Edition*, Portrait and Illustrations, 12mo, \$2.00; full gilt, cr. 8vo, \$2.50; *Illustrated Crown Edition*, 2 vols. 8vo, \$5.00; *Library Edition*, Portrait and 60 Illustrations, 8vo, \$4.00; *Red-Line Edition*, Portrait and Illustrations, small 4to, \$2.50; *Diamond Edition*, \$1.00.

Celia Thaxter. Among the Isles of Shoals, 18mo, \$1.25; Poems, small 4to, \$1.50; Drift-Weed, 18mo, \$1.50; Poems for Children, Illustrated, small 4to, \$.50.

Edith M. Thomas. A New Year's Masque and other Poems, 16mo, \$1.50.

Joseph P. Thompson. American Comments on European Questions, 8vo, \$3.00.

Joseph Thomson. To the Central African Lakes, 2 vols. 12mo, \$6.00; Through Masai Land, 8vo, \$5.00.

Henry D. Thoreau. Works, 9 vols. 12mo, each \$1.50; the set, \$13.50.

George Ticknor. History of Spanish Literature, 3 vols. 8vo, \$10.00; Life, Letters, and Journals, Portraits, 2 vols. 12mo, \$4.00.

Bradford Torrey. Birds in the Bush, 16mo, \$1.25.

Sophus Tromholt. Under the Rays of the Aurora Borealis; Illustrated, 2 vols. \$7.50.

Charles Dudley Warner. My Summer in a Garden, 16mo, \$1.00; *Illustrated Edition*, square 16mo, \$1.50; Saunterings, 18mo, \$1.25; Back-Log Studies, Illustrated, square 16mo, \$1.50; Baddeck, and that Sort of Thing, 18mo, \$1.00; My

Winter on the Nile, cr. 8vo, \$2.00; In the Levant, cr. 8vo, \$2.00; Being a Boy, Illustrated, square 16mo, \$1.50; In the Wilderness, 18mo, 75 cents; A Roundabout Journey, 12mo, \$1.50.

William F. Warren, LL. D. Paradise Found, cr. 8vo, \$2.00.

William A. Wheeler. Dictionary of Noted Names of Fiction, 12mo, \$2.00.

Edwin P. Whipple. Essays, 6 vols. cr. 8vo, each \$1.50.

Richard Grant White. Every-Day English, 12mo, \$2.00; Words and their Uses, 12mo, \$2.00; England Without and Within, 12mo, \$2.00; The Fate of Mansfield Humphreys, 16mo, \$1.25; Studies in Shakespeare, 12mo, \$1.75.

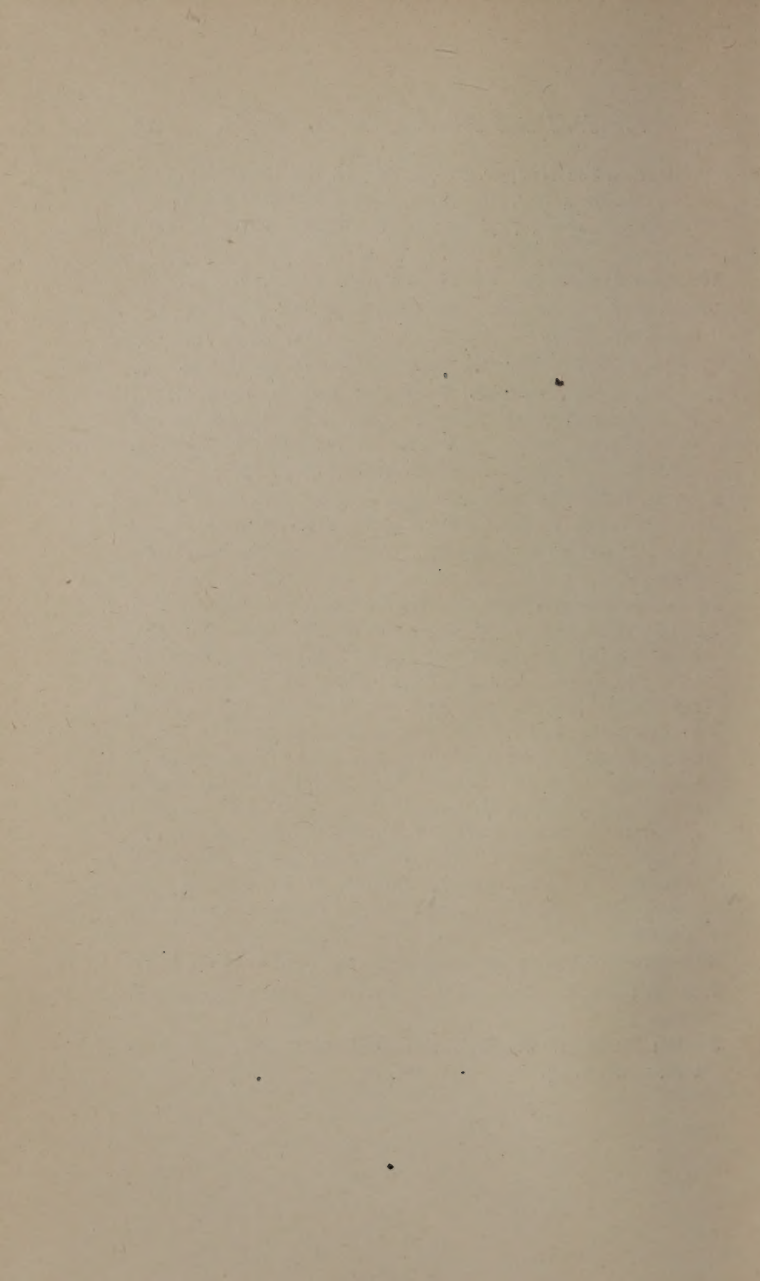
Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney. Stories, 12 vols. 12mo, each \$1.50; Mother Goose for Grown Folks, 12mo, \$1.50; Pansies, square 16mo, \$1.50; Just How, 16mo, \$1.00; Bonnyborough, 12mo, \$1.50.

John Greenleaf Whittier. Poems, *Household Edition*, Illustrated, 12mo, \$2.00; full gilt, cr. 8vo, \$2.50; *Cambridge Edition*, Portrait, 3 vols. 12mo, \$6.75; *Red-Line Edition*, Portrait, Illustrated, small 4to, \$2.50; *Diamond Edition*, \$1.00; *Library Edition*, Portrait, 32 Illustrations, 8vo, \$4.00; Prose Works, *Cambridge Edition*, 2 vols. 12mo, \$4.50; The Bay of Seven Islands, Portrait, 16mo, \$1.00; John Woolman's Journal, Introduction by Whittier, \$1.50; Child Life in Poetry, selected by Whittier, Illustrated, 12mo, \$2.00; Child Life in Prose, 12mo, \$2.00; Songs of Three Centuries, selected by Whittier: *Household Edition*, Illustrated, 12mo, \$2.00; full gilt, cr. 8vo, \$2.50; *Library Edition*, 32 Illustrations, 8vo, \$4.00; Text and Verse, 18mo, 75 cents; Poems of Nature, 4to, Illustrated, \$6.00.

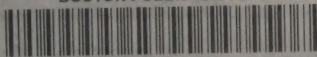
Woodrow Wilson. Congressional Government, 16mo, \$1.25.

J. A. Wilstach. Translation of Virgil's Works, 2 vols. cr. 8vo, \$5.00.

Justin Winsor. Reader's Handbook of American Revolution, 16mo, \$1.25.



BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 9999 09787 467 9

